

The publication of The Complete POEMS OF EMILY DICKINSON marks a distinct literary event, the first col lection in a single volume of all of Emily Dickinson's poetry. The editor, Thomas H. Johnson, the author of Emily Dickinson: An Interpretive Biography, and editor of Emily Dickinson's letters, has assembled a reading text containing all of her 1775 poems. THE COMPLETE POEMS OF EMILY Dickinson allows the reader to see as a whole the work of an extraordinary poetic genius, the complexity of her personality, the fluctuation of her mood, and the development of her style. A searing strength of language and an economy of words which recalls Oriental literature overshadow the vivid but gentle lyricism of most of her anthologized work. Emily Dickinson was sometimes mild but often bitter: sometimes unworldly and at other times resentful of her lack of recognition; sometimes fragile but occasionally sharply critical of superficial gentility. She was a person and a poet of cope and diversity, but has seldom

Writing apart from the mainstrean of nineteenth century poetry, she cre ated a poetic language of her own transforming the domestic into the poetic, creating an entire world from the microcosm of a leaf, a blade of grass or a single metaphor. It was her originality which kept her work in obscurity during her own lifetime. Its unconventional metrics and rhymes caused Thomas Higginson, a man of letters to whom she sent four of her poems in 1862, to doubt that she was writing poetry at all and to recommend that she delay publication. Even in 1890, when Colonel Higginson first prepared her poems for the printer, he still considered them so unorthodox that he smoothed rhymes, regularized meter, and substituted "sensible" metaphors.

Mr. Johnson has, of course, presented the poems in their original texts. Where alternate readings were suggested, he has chosen only those which the poet evidently preferred. His introduction includes a brief explanation of his selection of texts as well as an outline of Emily Dickinson's career. Mr. Johnson, a distinguished Dickinson scholar, is also the editor of the only other complete edition of Emily Dickinson which exists, a three-volume critical text.

JACKET BY K. STACHIEWICZ

(Continued on second flap)

been represented as such to the gene-

al public. Incredibly, she combines

in almost negligible worldly experi-

mce with an intense understanding of

ife and human feelings.

### THE COMPLETE POEMS OF Emily Dickinson

#### THE COMPLETE POEMS OF

# Emily Dickinson

EDITED BY

Thomas H. Johnson



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## THE COMPLETE POEMS OF Emily Dickinson

Awake ye muses nine, sing me a strain divine, Unwind the solemn twine, and tie my Valentine!

Oh the Earth was made for lovers, for damsel, and hopeless swain, For sighing, and gentle whispering, and unity made of twain. All things do go a courting, in earth, or sea, or air, God hath made nothing single but thee in His world so fair! The bride, and then the bridegroom, the two, and then the one, Adam, and Eve, his consort, the moon, and then the sun; The life doth prove the precept, who obey shall happy be, Who will not serve the sovereign, be hanged on fatal tree. The high do seek the lowly, the great do seek the small, None cannot find who seeketh, on this terrestrial ball; The bee doth court the flower, the flower his suit receives, And they make merry wedding, whose guests are hundred leaves; The wind doth woo the branches, the branches they are won, And the father fond demandeth the maiden for his son. The storm doth walk the seashore humming a mournful tune, The wave with eye so pensive, looketh to see the moon, Their spirits meet together, they make them solemn vows, No more he singeth mournful, her sadness she doth lose. The worm doth woo the mortal, death claims a living bride, Night unto day is married, morn unto eventide; Earth is a merry damsel, and heaven a knight so true, And Earth is quite coquettish, and beseemeth in vain to sue. Now to the application, to the reading of the roll, To bringing thee to justice, and marshalling thy soul: Thou art a human solo, a being cold, and lone, Wilt have no kind companion, thou reap'st what thou hast sown. Hast never silent hours, and minutes all too long, And a deal of sad reflection, and wailing instead of song?

There's Sarah, and Eliza, and Emeline so fair,
And Harriet, and Susan, and she with curling hair!
Thine eyes are sadly blinded, but yet thou mayest see
Six true, and comely maidens sitting upon the tree;
Approach that tree with caution, then up it boldly climb,
And seize the one thou lovest, nor care for space, or time!
Then bear her to the greenwood, and build for her a bower,
And give her what she asketh, jewel, or bird, or flower —
And bring the fife, and trumpet, and beat upon the drum —
And bid the world Goodmorrow, and go to glory home!

1850

1894

2

There is another sky,
Ever serene and fair,
And there is another sunshine,
Though it be darkness there;
Never mind faded forests, Austin,
Never mind silent fields –
Here is a little forest,
Whose leaf is ever green;
Here is a brighter garden,
Where not a frost has been;
In its unfading flowers
I hear the bright bee hum;
Prithee, my brother,
Into my garden come!

1851

1894

3

"Sic transit gloria mundi,"
"How doth the busy bee,"
"Dum vivimus vivamus,"
I stay mine enemy!

Oh "veni, vidi, vici!" Oh caput cap-a-pie! And oh "memento mori"
When I am far from thee!

Hurrah for Peter Parley!
Hurrah for Daniel Boone!
Three cheers, sir, for the gentleman
Who first observed the moon!

Peter, put up the sunshine;
Patti, arrange the stars;
Tell Luna, tea is waiting,
And call your brother Mars!

Put down the apple, Adam, And come away with me, So shalt thou have a pippin From off my father's tree!

I climb the "Hill of Science,"
I "view the landscape o'er;"
Such transcendental prospect,
I ne'er beheld before!

Unto the Legislature
My country bids me go;
I'll take my india rubbers,
In case the wind should blow!

During my education,
It was announced to me
That gravitation, stumbling,
Fell from an apple tree!

The earth upon an axis
Was once supposed to turn,
By way of a gymnastic
In honor of the sun!

It was the brave Columbus, A sailing o'er the tide, Who notified the nations Of where I would reside! Mortality is fatal – Gentility is fine, Rascality, heroic, Insolvency, sublime!

Our Fathers being weary, Laid down on Bunker Hill; And tho' full many a morning, Yet they are sleeping still, –

The trumpet, sir, shall wake them, In dreams I see them rise, Each with a solemn musket A marching to the skies!

A coward will remain, Sir, Until the fight is done; But an *immortal hero* Will take his hat, and run!

Good bye, Sir, I am going; My country calleth me; Allow me, Sir, at parting, To wipe my weeping e'e.

In token of our friendship
Accept this "Bonnie Doon,"
And when the hand that plucked it
Hath passed beyond the moon,

The memory of my ashes
Will consolation be;
Then, farewell, Tuscarora,
And farewell, Sir, to thee!

St. Valentine - '52

1852

4

On this wondrous sea Sailing silently, Ho! Pilot, ho! Knowest thou the shore Where no breakers roar – Where the storm is o'er?

In the peaceful west
Many the sails at rest —
The anchors fast —
Thither I pilot thee —
Land Ho! Eternity!
Ashore at last!

1853

5

1896

I have a Bird in spring
Which for myself doth sing.
The spring decoys.
And as the summer nears —
And as the Rose appears,
Robin is gone.

Yet do I not repine
Knowing that Bird of mine
Though flown –
Learneth beyond the sea
Melody new for me
And will return.

Fast in a safer hand
Held in a truer Land
Are mine —
And though they now depart,
Tell I my doubting heart
They're thine.

In a serener Bright,
In a more golden light
I see
Each little doubt and fear,
Each little discord here
Removed.

Then will I not repine,
Knowing that Bird of mine
Though flown
Shall in a distant tree
Bright melody for me
Return.

1854

1932

6

Frequently the woods are pink –
Frequently are brown.
Frequently the hills undress
Behind my native town.
Oft a head is crested
I was wont to see –
And as oft a cranny
Where it used to be –
And the Earth – they tell me –
On its Axis turned!
Wonderful Rotation!
By but twelve performed!

c. 1858

1891

7

The feet of people walking home With gayer sandals go—
The Crocus—till she rises
The Vassal of the snow—
The lips at Hallelujah
Long years of practise bore
Till bye and bye these Bargemen
Walked singing on the shore.

Pearls are the Diver's farthings Extorted from the Sea – Pinions – the Seraph's wagon Pedestrian once – as we – Night is the morning's Canvas Larceny – legacy – Death, but our tapt attention To Immortality.

My figures fail to tell me How far the Village lies – Whose peasants are the Angels · Whose Cantons dot the skies – My Classics veil their faces – My faith that Dark adores – Which from its solemn abbeys Such resurrection pours.

c. 1858

1914

8

There is a word
Which bears a sword
Can pierce an armed man –
It hurls its barbed syllables
And is mute again –
But where it fell
The saved will tell
On patriotic day,
Some epauletted Brother
Gave his breath away.

Wherever runs the breathless sun Wherever roams the day —
There is its noiseless onset —
There is its victory!
Behold the keenest marksman!
The most accomplished shot!
Time's sublimest target
Is a soul "forgot!"

c. 1858

Through lane it lay – through bramble – Through clearing and through wood – Banditti often passed us Upon the lonely road.

The wolf came peering curious – The owl looked puzzled down – The serpent's satin figure Glid stealthily along –

The tempests touched our garments — The lightning's poinards gleamed — Fierce from the Crag above us The hungry Vulture screamed —

The satyr's fingers beckoned —
The valley murmured "Come" —
These were the mates —
This was the road
These children fluttered home.

c. 1858

1924

ΙO

My wheel is in the dark! I cannot see a spoke Yet know its dripping feet Go round and round.

My foot is on the Tide! An unfrequented road – Yet have all roads A clearing at the end –

Some have resigned the Loom · Some in the busy tomb Find quaint employ –

Some with new – stately feet – Pass royal through the gate – 11

I never told the buried gold Upon the hill – that lies – I saw the sun – his plunder done Crouch low to guard his prize.

He stood as near As stood you here – A pace had been between – Did but a snake bisect the brake My life had forfeit been.

That was a wondrous booty — I hope 'twas honest gained. Those were the fairest ingots That ever kissed the spade!

Whether to keep the secret – Whether to reveal – Whether as I ponder Kidd will sudden sail –

Could a shrewd advise me We might e'en divide – Should a shrewd betray me – Atropos decide!

c. 1858

1914

12

The morns are meeker than they were. The nuts are getting brown –
The berry's cheek is plumper –
The Rose is out of town.

The Maple wears a gayer scarf -The field a scarlet gown - c. 1858

1890

13

Sleep is supposed to be By souls of sanity The shutting of the eye.

Sleep is the station grand Down which, on either hand The hosts of witness stand!

Morn is supposed to be By people of degree The breaking of the Day.

Morning has not occurred!

That shall Aurora be –
East of Eternity –
One with the banner gay –
One in the red array –
That is the break of Day!

c. 1858

1890

14

One Sister have I in our house, And one, a hedge away. There's only one recorded, But both belong to me.

One came the road that I came – And wore my last year's gown – The other, as a bird her nest, Builded our hearts among.

She did not sing as we did – It was a different tune –

[12]

Herself to her a music As Bumble bee of June.

Foday is far from Childhood – But up and down the hills I held her hand the tighter – Which shortened all the miles –

And still her hum
The years among,
Deceives the Butterfly;
Still in her Eye
The Violets lie
Mouldered this many May.

I spilt the dew –
But took the morn –
I chose this single star
From out the wide night's numbers Sue – forevermore!

1858

1914

15

The Guest is gold and crimson An Opal guest and gray – Of Ermine is his doublet – His Capuchin gay –

He reaches town at nightfall –
He stops at every door –
Who looks for him at morning
I pray him too – explore
The Lark's pure territory –
Or the Lapwing's shore!

c. 1858

1932

16

I would distil a cup, And bear to all my friends,

[ 13 ]

c. 1858

1894

17

Baffled for just a day or two – Embarrassed – not afraid – Encounter in my garden An unexpected Maid.

She beckons, and the woods start. She nods, and all begin – Surely, such a country I was never in!

C. I

1945

18

The Gentian weaves her fringes.
The Maple's loom is red.—
My departing blossoms
Obviate parade.

A brief, but patient illness –
An hour to prepare,
And one below this morning
Is where the angels are –
It was a short procession,
The Bobolink was there –
An aged Bee addressed us –
And then we knelt in prayer –
We trust that she was willing –
We ask that we may be.
Summer – Sister – Seraph!
Let us go with thee!

In the name of the Bee – And of the Butterfly – And of the Breeze – Amen!

c. 1858

A sepal, petal, and a thorn
Upon a common summer's morn.
A flask of Dew – A Bee or two –
A Breeze – a caper in the trees –
And I'm a Rose!

c. 1858

1896

20

Distrustful of the Gentian –
And just to turn away,
The fluttering of her fringes
Chid my perfidy –
Weary for my ———
I will singing go –
I shall not feel the sleet – then I shall not fear the snow.

Flees so the phantom meadow Before the breathless Bee – So bubble brooks in deserts On Ears that dying lie – Burn so the Evening Spires To Eyes that Closing go – Hangs so distant Heaven – To a hand below.

c. 1858

1945

21

We lose – because we win – Gamblers – recollecting which Toss their dice again!

c. 1858

All these my banners be.
I sow my pageantry
In May –
It rises train by train –
Then sleeps in state again –
My chancel – all the plain
Today.

To lose – if one can find again –
To miss – if one shall meet –
The Burglar cannot rob – then –
The Broker cannot cheat.
So build the hillocks gaily
Thou little spade of mine
Leaving nooks for Daisy
And for Columbine –
You and I the secret
Of the Crocus know –
Let us chant it softly –
"There is no more snow!"

To him who keeps an Orchis' heart — The swamps are pink with June.

c. 1858

1945

23

I had a guinea golden —
I lost it in the sand —
And tho' the sum was simple
And pounds were in the land —
Still, had it such a value
Unto my frugal eye —
That when I could not find it —
I sat me down to sigh.

I had a crimson Robin — Who sang full many a day But when the woods were painted, He, too, did fly away — Time brought me other Robins – Their ballads were the same – Still, for my missing Troubadour I kept the "house at hame."

I had a star in heaven –
One "Pleiad" was its name –
And when I was not heeding,
It wandered from the same.
And tho' the skies are crowded –
And all the night ashine –
I do not care about it –
Since none of them are mine.

My story has a moral –
I have a missing friend –
"Pleiad" its name, and Robin,
And guinea in the sand.
And when this mournful ditty
Accompanied with tear –
Shall meet the eye of traitor
In country far from here –
Grant that repentance solemn
May seize upon his mind –
And he no consolation
Beneath the sun may find.

c. 1858

1896

24

There is a morn by men unseen — Whose maids upon remoter green Keep their Seraphic May — And all day long, with dance and game, And gambol I may never name — Employ their holiday.

Here to light measure, move the feet Which walk no more the village street – Nor by the wood are found – Here are the birds that sought the sun When last year's distaff idle hung And summer's brows were bound.

Ne'er saw I such a wondrous scene – Ne'er such a ring on such a green – Nor so serene array – As if the stars some summer night Should swing their cups of Chrysolite – And revel till the day –

Like thee to dance – like thee to sing –
People upon the mystic green –
I ask, each new May Morn.
I wait thy far, fantastic bells –
Announcing me in other dells –
Unto the different dawn!

c. 1858

1945

25

She slept beneath a tree — Remembered but by me. I touched her Cradle mute — She recognized the foot — Put on her carmine suit And see!

c. 1858

1896

26

It's all I have to bring today—
This, and my heart beside—
This, and my heart, and all the fields—
And all the meadows wide—
Be sure you count—should I forget
Some one the sum could tell—

This,	and	my	heart,	and	all	the	Bees
		-	Clove				

c. 1858 1896

27

Morns like these – we parted – Noons like these – she rose – Fluttering first – then firmer To her fair repose.

Never did she lisp it —
It was not for me —
She — was mute from transport—
I — from agony —

Till – the evening nearing One the curtains drew – Quick! A Sharper rustling! And this linnet flew!

c. 1858

28

So has a Daisy vanished From the fields today – So tiptoed many a slipper To Paradise away –

Oozed so in crimson bubbles
Day's departing tide –
Blooming – tripping – flowing Are ye then with God?

c. 1858

<sub>1</sub>29

If those I loved were lost
The Crier's voice would tell me If those I loved were found
The bells of Ghent would ring -

[19]

Did those I loved repose The Daisy would impel me. Philip – when bewildered Bore his riddle in!

c. 1858

1945

30

Adrift! A little boat adrift! And night is coming down! Will no one guide a little boat Unto the nearest town?

So Sailors say – on yesterday – Just as the dusk was brown One little boat gave up its strife And gurgled down and down.

So angels say – on yesterday – Just as the dawn was red One little boat – o'erspent with gales – Retrimmed its masts – redecked its sails -And shot – exultant on!

c. 11

1896

31

Summer for thee, grant I may be When Summer days are flown! Thy music still, when Whippoorwill And Oriole – are done!

For thee to bloom, I'll skip the tomb And row my blossoms o'er! Pray gather me – Anemone – Thy flower – forevermore!

c. 1858

When Roses cease to bloom, Sir,
And Violets are done —
When Bumblebees in solemn flight
Have passed beyond the Sun —
The hand that paused to gather
Upon this Summer's day
Will idle lie — in Auburn —
Then take my flowers — pray!

c. 1858

1896

33

If recollecting were forgetting, Then I remember not.
And if forgetting, recollecting, How near I had forgot.
And if to miss, were merry, And to mourn, were gay, How very blithe the fingers That gathered this, Today!

c. 1858

1894

34

Garlands for Queens, may be –
Laurels – for rare degree
Of soul or sword.
Ah – but remembering me –
Ah – but remembering thee –
Nature in chivalry –
Nature in equity –
The Rose ordained!

c. 1858

Nobody knows this little Rose – It might a pilgrim be
Did I not take it from the ways
And lift it up to thee.
Only a Bee will miss it –
Only a Butterfly,
Hastening from far journey –
On its breast to lie –
Only a Bird will wonder –
Only a Breeze will sigh –
Ah Little Rose – how easy
For such as thee to die!

c. 1858

1891

36

Snow flakes.

I counted till they danced so Their slippers leaped the town, And then I took a pencil To note the rebels down. And then they grew so jolly I did resign the prig, And ten of my once stately toes Are marshalled for a jig!

c. 1858

1945

37

Before the ice is in the pools — Before the skaters go, Or any cheek at nightfall Is tarnished by the snow —

Before the fields have finished, Before the Christmas tree, Wonder upon wonder Will arrive to me! What we touch the hems of On a summer's day – What is only walking Just a bridge away –

That which sings so – speaks so When there's no one here – Will the frock I wept in Answer me to wear?

c. 1858

1896

38

By such and such an offering To Mr. So and So, The web of life woven – So martyrs albums show!

c. 1858

1945

39 <sup>°</sup>

It did not surprise me – So I said – or thought – She will stir her pinions And the nest forgot,

Traverse broader forests – Build in gayer boughs, Breathe in Ear more modern God's old fashioned vows –

This was but a Birdling – What and if it be One within my bosom Had departed me?

This was but a story – What and if indeed There were just such coffin In the heart instead?

c. 1858

When I count the seeds That are sown beneath, To bloom so, bye and bye –

When I con the people Lain so low, To be received as high –

When I believe the garden
Mortal shall not see —
Pick by faith its blossom
And avoid its Bee,
I can spare this summer, unreluctantly.

c. 1858

1945

41

I robbed the Woods –
The trusting Woods.
The unsuspecting Trees
Brought out their Burs and mosses
My fantasy to please.
I scanned their trinkets curious –
I grasped – I bore away –
What will the solemn Hemlock –
What will the Oak tree say?

c. 1858

1955

42

A Day! Help! Help! Another Day! Your prayers, oh Passer by! From such a common ball as this Might date a Victory! From marshallings as simple The flags of nations swang. Steady – my soul: What issues Upon thine arrow hang!

c. 1858

Could live – did live –
Could die – did die –
Could smile upon the whole
Through faith in one he met not,
To introduce his soul.

Could go from scene familiar
To an untraversed spot –
Could contemplate the journey
With unpuzzled heart –

Such trust had one among us, Among us not today – We who saw the launching Never sailed the Bay!

c. 1858

1945

44

If she had been the Mistletoe - HART And I had been the Rose —
How gay upon your table
My velvet life to close — HOW Since I am of the Druid, And she is of the dew —
I'll deck Tradition's buttonhole —
And send the Rose to you.

c. 1858

1894

45

There's something quieter than sleep Within this inner room!
It wears a sprig upon its breast—
And will not tell its name.

Some touch it, and some kiss it – Some chafe its idle hand – It has a simple gravity 1 do not understand!

I would not weep if I were they -How rude in one to sob! Might scare the quiet fairy Back to her native wood!

While simple-hearted neighbors Chat of the "Early dead" – We – prone to periphrasis, Remark that Birds have fled!

C. I

1896

46

I keep my pledge.
I was not called —
Death did not notice me.
I bring my Rose.
I plight again,
By every sainted Bee —
By Daisy called from hillside —
By Bobolink from lane.
Blossom and I —
Her oath, and mine —
Will surely come again.

c. 1858

1945

47

Heart! We will forget him!
You and I - tonight!
You may forget the warmth he gave.
I will forget the light!

When you have done, pray tell me That I may straight begin! Haste! lest while you're lagging I remember him!

c. 1858

Once more, my now bewildered Dove Bestirs her puzzled wings Once more her mistress, on the deep Her troubled question flings –

Thrice to the floating casement The Patriarch's bird returned, Courage! My brave Columba! There may yet be Land!

c. 1858

1945

49

I never lost as much but twice, And that was in the sod. Twice have I stood a beggar Before the door of God!

Angels – twice descending Reimbursed my store – Burglar! Banker – Father! I am poor once more!

c. 1858

1890

50

I haven't told my garden yet – Lest that should conquer me. I haven't quite the strength now To break it to the Bee –

I will not name it in the street For shops would stare at me – That one so shy – so ignorant Should have the face to die.

The hillsides must not know it-Where I have rambled so — Nor tell the loving forests The day that I shall go — C. 12

1891

51

I often passed the village When going home from school – And wondered what they did there And why it was so still –

I did not know the year then — In which my call would come — Earlier, by the Dial, Than the rest have gone.

It's stiller than the sundown.
It's cooler than the dawn –
The Daisies dare to come here –
And birds can flutter down –

So when you are tired — Or perplexed — or cold — Trust the loving promise Underneath the mould, Cry "it's I," "take Dollie," And I will enfold!

c. 1858

1945

52

Whether my bark went down at sea Whether she met with gales – Whether to isles enchanted She bent her docile sails –

By what mystic mooring She is held today –

[28]



c. 1858

189a

53

Taken from men – this morning – Carried by men today – Met by the Gods with banners – Who marshalled her away –

One little maid – from playmates · One little mind from school – There must be guests in Eden – All the rooms are full –

Far – as the East from Even – Dim – as the border star – Courtiers quaint, in Kingdoms Our departed are.

c. 1858

1891

54

If I should die, And you should live -And time should gurgle on -And morn should beam – And noon should burn -As it has usual done – If Birds should build as early And Bees as bustling go -One might depart at option From enterprise below! 'Tis sweet to know that stocks will stand When we with Daisies lie -That Commerce will continue -And Trades as briskly fly -It makes the parting tranquil And keeps the soul serene -

c. 1858 Conduct the pleasing scene!

55

By Chivalries as tiny, A Blossom, or a Book, The seeds of smiles are planted – Which blossom in the dark.

c. 1858

1945

1891

56

If I should cease to bring a Rose Upon a festal day, 'Twill be because beyond the Rose I have been called away —

If I should cease to take the names My buds commemorate – 'Twill be because Death's finger Claps my murmuring lip!

c. 1858

1945

57

To venerate the simple days
Which lead the seasons by,
Needs but to remember
That from you or I,
They may take the trifle
Termed mortality!

c. 1858

1896

58

Delayed till she had ceased to know Delayed till in its vest of snow Her loving bosom lay –

[30]



An hour behind the fleeting breath – Later by just an hour than Death – Oh lagging Yesterday!

Could she have guessed that it would be –
Could but a crier of the joy
Have climbed the distant hill –
Had not the bliss so slow a pace
Who knows but this surrendered face
Were undefeated still?

Oh if there may departing be.
Any forgot by Victory
In her imperial round —
Show them this meek appareled thing
That could not stop to be a king —
Doubtful if it be crowned!

c. 1859

59

A little East of Jordan, Evangelists record, A Gymnast and an Angel Did wrestle long and hard —

Till morning touching mountain – And Jacob, waxing strong, The Angel begged permission To Breakfast – to return –

Not so, said cunning Jacob!
"I will not let thee go
Except thou bless me" – Stranger!
The which acceded to –

Light swung the silver fleeces "Peniel" Hills beyond, And the bewildered Gymnast Found he had worsted God!

c. 1859

1914

Like her the Saints retire, In their Chapeaux of fire, Martial as she!

Like her the Evenings steal Purple and Cochineal After the Day!

"Departed" – both – they sayl i.e. gathered away, Not found,

Argues the Aster still – Reasons the Daffodil Profound!

c. 1859

1932

61

Papa above!
Regard a Mouse
O'erpowered by the Cat!
Reserve within thy kingdom
A "Mansion" for the Rat!

Snug in seraphic Cupboards To nibble all the day, While unsuspecting Cycles Wheel solemnly away!

c. 1859

1914

62

"Sown in dishonor"!
Ah! Indeed!
May this "dishonor" be?
If I were half so fine myself
I'd notice nobody!

"Sown in corruption"!
Not so fast!
Apostle is askew!
Corinthians 1. 15. narrates
A Circumstance or two!

c. 1859

1914

63

If pain for peace prepares Lo, what "Augustan" years Our feet await!

If springs from winter rise, Can the Anemones Be reckoned up?

If night stands first – then noon To gird us for the sun, What gaze!

When from a thousand skies On our *developed* eyes Noons blazel

c. 1859

1914

64

Some Rainbow – coming from the Fair!
Some Vision of the World Cashmere –
I confidently see!
Or else a Peacock's purple Train
Feather by feather – on the plain
Fritters itself away!

The dreamy Butterflies bestir!
Lethargic pools resume the whir
Of last year's sundered tune!
From some old Fortress on the sun
Baronial Bees – march – one by one –
In murmuring platoon!

The Robins stand as thick today As flakes of snow stood yesterday – On fence – and Roof – and Twig! The Orchis binds her feather on For her old lover – Don the Sun! Revisiting the Bog!

Without Commander! Countless! Still! The Regiments of Wood and Hill In bright detachment stand! Behold! Whose Multitudes are these? The children of whose turbaned seas – Or what Circassian Land?

c. 1859

1890

65

I can't tell you – but you feel it – Nor can you tell me Saints, with ravished slate and pencil Solve our April Day!

Sweeter than a vanished frolic From a vanished green! Swifter than the hoofs of Horsemen Round a Ledge of dream!

Modest, let us walk among it With our faces veiled — As they say polite Archangels Do in meeting God!

Not for me – to prate about it! Jassn'
Not for you – to say
To some fashionable Lady
"Charming April Day"!

Rather – Heaven's "Peter Parley"! By which Children slow To sublimer Recitation Are prepared to go!

c. 1859

[ 34 ]

1914



So from the mould Scarlet and Gold Many a Bulb will rise – Hidden away, cunningly, From sagacious eyes.

So from Cocoon Many a Worm Leap so Highland gay, Peasants like me, Peasants like Thee Gaze perplexedly!

c. 1859

1914

67

Success is counted sweetest
By those who ne'er succeed.
To comprehend a nectar
Requires sorest need.

Not one of all the purple Host Who took the Flag today Can tell the definition So clear of Victory

As he defeated – dying – On whose forbidden ear The distant strains of triumph Burst agonized and clear!

c. 1859

1878

68

Ambition cannot find him.
Affection doesn't know
How many leagues of nowhere
Lie between them now.

Yesterday, undistinguished! Eminent Today For our mutual honor, Immortality!

c. 1859

1914

69

Low at my problem bending, Another problem comes – Larger than mine – Serener – Involving statelier sums.

I check my busy pencil, My figures file away. Wherefore, my baffled fingers Thy perplexity?

c. 1859

1914

70

"Arcturus" is his other name –
I'd rather call him "Star."
It's very mean of Science
To go and interfere!

I slew a worm the other day – A "Savant" passing by Murmured "Resurgam" – "Centipede"! "Oh Lord – how frail are we"!

I pull a flower from the woods – A monster with a glass Computes the stamens in a breath – And has her in a "class"!

Whereas I took the Butterfly Aforetime in my hat – He sits erect in "Cabinets" – The Clover bells forgot. What once was "Heaven"
Is "Zenith" now –
Where I proposed to go
When Time's brief masquerade was done
Is mapped and charted too.

What if the poles should frisk about And stand upon their heads! I hope I'm ready for "the worst" – Whatever prank betides!

Perhaps the "Kingdom of Heaven's" changed I hope the "Children" there
Won't be "new fashioned" when I come –
And laugh at me – and stare –

I hope the Father in the skies
Will lift his little girl —
Old fashioned — naughty — everything —
Over the stile of "Pearl."

c. 1859

1891

71

A throe upon the features —
A hurry in the breath —
An ecstasy of parting
Denominated "Death" —

An anguish at the mention Which when to patience grown, I've known permission given To rejoin its own.

c. 1859

1891

72

Glowing is her Bonnet, Glowing is her Cheek, Glowing is her Kirtle, Yet she cannot speak. Better as the Daisy From the Summer hill Vanish unrecorded Save by tearful rill –

Save by loving sunrise Looking for her face. Save by feet unnumbered Pausing at the place.

c. 1859

1914

73

Who never lost, are unprepared A Coronet to find! Who never thirsted Flagons, and Cooling Tamarind!

Who never climbed the weary league—Can such a foot explore
The purple territories
On Pizarro's shore?

How many Legions overcome — The Emperor will say? How many Colors taken On Revolution Day?

How many Bullets bearest? Hast Thou the Royal scar? Angels! Write "Promoted" On this Soldier's brow!

c. 1859

1891

74

A Lady red – amid the I Iill Her annual secret keeps! A Lady white, within the Fiel In placid Lily sleeps! The tidy Breezes, with their Brooms Sweep vale – and hill – and tree! Prithee, My pretty Housewives! Who may expected be?

The Neighbors do not yet suspect! The Woods exchange a smile! Orchard, and Buttercup, and Bird – In such a little while!

And yet, how still the Landscape stands! How nonchalant the Hedge! As if the "Resurrection" Were nothing very strange!

c. 1859

1896

75

She died at play, Gambolled away Her lease of spotted hours, Then sank as gaily as a Turk Upon a Couch of flowers.

Her ghost strolled softly o'er the hill Yesterday, and Today, Her vestments as the silver fleece – Her countenance as spray.

c. 1859

1914

76

Exultation is the going
Of an inland soul to sea,
Past the houses – past the headlands –
Into deep Eternity –

Bred as we, among the mountains, Can the sailor understand

[ 39 ]

c. 1859

1890

77

I never hear the word "escape" Without a quicker blood, A sudden expectation, A flying attitude!

I never hear of prisons broad By soldiers battered down, But I tug childish at my bars Only to fail again!

c. 1859

1891

78

A poor – torn heart – a tattered heart – That sat it down to rest – Nor noticed that the Ebbing Day Flowed silver to the West – Nor noticed Night did soft descend – Nor Constellation burn – Intent upon the vision Of latitudes unknown.

The angels – happening that way
This dusty heart espied –
Tenderly took it up from toil
And carried it to God –
There – sandals for the Barefoot –
There – gathered from the gales –
Do the blue havens by the hand
Lead the wandering Sails.

c. 1859

x89x

Joing to Heaven!
I don't know when —
Pray do not ask me how!
Indeed I'm' too astonished
To think of answering you!
Going to Heaven!
How dim it sounds!
And yet it will be done
As sure as flocks go home at night
Unto the Shepherd's arm!

Perhaps you're going too!
Who knows?
If you should get there first
Save just a little space for me
Close to the two I lost —
The smallest "Robe" will fit me
And just a bit of "Crown" —
For you know we do not mind our dress
When we are going home —

I'm glad I don't believe it
For it would stop my breath —
And I'd like to look a little more
At such a curious Earth!
I'm glad they did believe it
Whom I have never found
Since the mighty Autumn afternoon
I left them in the ground.

1859

1891

80

Our lives are Swiss –
So still – so Cool –
Till some odd afternoon
The Alps neglect their Curtains
And we look farther on!

Italy stands the other side! While like a guard between — The solemn Alps — The siren Alps Forever intervene!

c. 1859

1896

81

We should not mind so small a flower – Except it quiet bring Our little garden that we lost Back to the Lawn again.

So spicy her Carnations nod – So drunken, reel her Bees – So silver steal a hundred flutes From out a hundred trees –

That whoso sees this little flower By faith may clear behold The Bobolinks around the throne And Dandelions gold.

c. 1859

1914

82

Whose cheek is this?
What rosy face
Has lost a blush today?
I found her — "pleiad" — in the woods
And bore her safe away.

Robins, in the tradition
Did cover such with leaves,
But which the cheek —
And which the pall
My scrutiny deceives.

c. 1859

1932

Heart, not so heavy as mine Wending late home -As it passed my window Whistled itself a tunc – A careless snatch – a ballad – A ditty of the street -Yet to my irritated Ear An Anodyne so sweet -It was as if a Bobolink Sauntering this way Carolled, and paused, and carolled -Then bubbled slow away! It was as if a chirping brook Upon a dusty way – Set bleeding feet to minuets Without the knowing why! Tomorrow, night will come again -Perhaps, weary and sore -Ah Bugle! By my window I pray you pass once more.

c. 1859

1891

84

Her breast is fit for pearls,
But I was not a "Diver" –
Her brow is fit for thrones
But I have not a crest.
Her heart is fit for home –
I – a Sparrow – build there
Sweet of twigs and twine
My perennial nest

c. 1859

1894

85

"They have not chosen me," he said, "But I have chosen them!" Brave – Broken hearted statement -Uttered in Bethlehem!

I could not have told it, But since Jesus dared – Sovereign! Know a Daisy Thy dishonor shared!

c. 1859

1894

86

South Winds jostle them – Bumblebees come – Hover – hesitate – Drink, and are gone –

Butterflies pause
On their passage Cashmere I - softly plucking,
Present them here!

c. 1859

1891

87

A darting fear – a pomp – a tear – A waking on a morn To find that what one waked for, Inhales the different dawn.

c. 1859

1945

88

As by the dead we love to sit, Become so wondrous dear — As for the lost we grapple Tho' all the rest are here —

In broken mathematics We estimate our prize

[44]



Some things that fly there be – Birds – Hours – the Bumblebee -Of these no Elegy.

Some things that stay there be – Grief – Hills – Eternity – Nor this behooveth me.

There are that resting, rise. Can I expound the skies? How still the Riddle lies!

c. 1859

1890

90

Within my reach!
I could have touched!
I might have chanced that way!
Soft sauntered thro' the village –
Sauntered as soft away!
So unsuspected Violets
Within the meadows go –
Too late for striving fingers
That passed, an hour ago!

c. 1859

1890

91

So bashful when I spied her! So pretty – so ashamed! So hidden in her leaflets Lest anybody find –

So breathless till I passed her. So helpless when I turned And bore her struggling, blushing, Her simple haunts beyond!

For whom I robbed the Dingle – For whom betrayed the Dell – Many, will doubtless ask me, But I shall never tell!

c. 1859

1890

92

My friend must be a Bird – Because it flies! Mortal, my friend must be, Because it dies! Barbs has it, like a Bee! Ah, curious friend! Thou puzzlest me!

c. 1859

1896

93

Went up a year this evening! I recollect it well! Amid no bells nor bravoes The bystanders will tell! Cheerful – as to the village – Tranquil - as to repose -Chastened - as to the Chapel This humble Tourist rose! Did not talk of returning! Alluded to no time When, were the gales propitious – We might look for him! Was grateful for the Roses In life's diverse bouquet – Talked softly of new species To pick another day; Beguiling thus the wonder The wondrous nearer drew -

Hands bustled at the moorings –
The crowd respectful grew –
Ascended from our vision
To Countenances new!
A Difference – A Daisy –
Is all the rest I knew!

c. 1859

1891

94

Angels, in the early morning May be seen the Dews among, Stooping – plucking – smiling – flying · Do the Buds to them belong?

Angels, when the sun is hottest
May be seen the sands among,
Stooping – plucking – sighing – flying –
Parched the flowers they bear along.

c. 1859

1890

95

My nosegays are for Captives – Dim – long expectant eyes, Fingers denied the plucking, Patient till Paradise.

To such, if they should whisper Of morning and the moor, They bear no other errand, And I, no other prayer.

c. 1859

1891

96

Sexton! My Master's sleeping here. Pray lead me to his bed! I came to build the Bird's nest, And sow the Early seed –

That when the snow creeps slowly From off his chamber door -Daisies point the way there -And the Troubadour.

c. 1859 1935

97

The rainbow never tells me That gust and storm are by, Yet is she more convincing Than Philosophy.

My flowers turn from Forums -Yet eloquent declare What Cato couldn't prove me Except the birds were here!

c. 1859 1929

98

One dignity delays for all -One mitred Afternoon -None can avoid this purple -None evade this Crown!

Coach, it insures, and footmen -Chamber, and state, and throng -Bells, also, in the village As we ride grand along!

What dignified Attendantsl What service when we pause! How loyally at parting Their hundred hats they raise!

How pomp surpassing ermine When simple You, and I,

Present our meek escutcheon And claim the rank to diel c. 1859

1890

New feet within my garden go – New fingers stir the sod – A Troubadour upon the Elm Betrays the solitude.

New children play upon the green – New Weary sleep below – And still the pensive Spring returns – And still the punctual snow!

c. 1859

1890

100

A science – so the Savants say,
"Comparative Anatomy" –
By which a single bone –
Is made a secret to unfold
Of some rare tenant of the mold,
Else perished in the stone –

So to the eye prospective led, This meekest flower of the mead Upon a winter's day, Stands representative in gold Of Rose and Lily, manifold, And countless Butterfly!

c. 1859

1929

IOI

Will there really be a "Morning"? Is there such a thing as "Day"? Could I see it from the mountains If I were as tall as they?

Has it feet like Water lilies?
Has it feathers like a Bird?
Is it brought from famous countries
Of which I have never heard?

Oh some Scholar! Oh some Sailor! Oh some Wise Man from the skies! Please to tell a little Pilgrim Where the place called "Morning" lies!

c. 1859

102

Great Caesar! Condescend The Daisy, to receive, Gathered by Cato's Daughter, With your majestic leave!

c. 1859

103

I have a King, who does not speak — So — wondering — thro' the hours meek I trudge the day away — Half glad when it is night, and sleep, If, haply, thro' a dream, to peep In parlors, shut by day.

And if I do – when morning comes – It is as if a hundred drums Did round my pillow roll, And shouts fill all my Childish sky, And Bells keep saying "Victory" From steeples in my soul!

And if I don't - the little Bird Within the Orchard, is not heard, And I omit to pray "Father, thy will be done" today For my will goes the other way, And it were perjury!

c. 1859 [50]



Where I have lost, I softer tread –
I sow sweet flower from garden bed –
I pause above that vanished head
And mourn.

Whom I have lost, I pious guard
From accent harsh, or ruthless word –
Feeling as if their pillow heard,
Though stone!

When I have lost, you'll know by this A Bonnet black – A dusk surplice –
A little tremor in my voice
Like this!

Why, I have lost, the people know Who dressed in frocks of purest snow Went home a century ago Next Bliss!

c. 1859

1932

105

To hang our head – ostensibly – And subsequent, to find That such was not the posture Of our immortal mind –

Affords the sly presumption That in so dense a fuzz – You – too – take Cobweb attitudes Upon a plane of Gauze!

c. 1859

1896

106

The Daisy follows soft the Sun – And when his golden walk is done – Sits shyly at his feet – He – waking – finds the flower there – Wherefore – Marauder – art thou here? Because, Sir, love is sweet!

We are the Flower – Thou the Sun!
Forgive us, if as days decline –
We nearer steal to Thee!
Enamored of the parting West –
The peace – the flight – the Amethyst –
Night's possibility!

c. 1859

1890

107

'Twas such a little – little boat That toddled down the bay! 'Twas such a gallant – gallant sea That beckoned it away!

"Twas such a greedy, greedy wave That licked it from the Coast – Nor ever guessed the stately sails My little craft was lost!

c. 1859

1890

801

Surgeons must be very careful When they take the knife! Underneath their fine incisions Stirs the Culprit – *Life*!

c. i859

1891

109

By a flower – By a letter – By a nimble love – If I weld the Rivet faster – Final fast – above –

Never mind my breathless Anvil! Never mind Repose!

[52]

110

Artists wrestled here! Lo, a tint Cashmere! Lo, a Rose! Student of the Year! For the easel here Say Repose!

c. 1859

1945

III

The Bee is not afraid of me.
I know the Butterfly.
The pretty people in the Woods
Receive me cordially –

The Brooks laugh louder when I come. The Breezes madder play; Wherefore mine eye thy silver mists, Wherefore, Oh Summer's Day?

c. 1859

1890

112

Where bells no more affright the morn – Where scrabble never comes – Where very nimble Gentlemen Are forced to keep their rooms –

Where tired Children placid sleep Thro' Centuries of noon This place is Bliss – this town is Heaven -Please, Pater, pretty soon!

"Oh could we climb where Moses stood, And view the Landscape o'er" Not Father's bells - nor Factories, Could scare us any more!

c. 1859

113

Our share of night to bear – Our share of morning – Our blank in bliss to fill Our blank in scorning –

Here a star, and there a star, Some lose their way! Here a mist, and there a mist, Afterwards – Day!

c. 1859

114

Good night, because we must,
How intricate the dust!
I would go, to know!
Oh incognito!
Saucy, Saucy Seraph
To elude me so!
Father! they won't tell me,
Won't you tell them to?

c. 1859

115

What Inn is this
Where for the night
Peculiar Traveller comes?
Who is the Landlord?
Where the maids?
Behold, what curious rooms!
No ruddy fires on the hearth No brimming Tankards flow.

[54]

## 116

I had some things that I called mine – And God, that he called his, Till, recently a rival Claim Disturbed these amities.

The property, my garden, Which having sown with care, He claims the pretty acre, And sends a Bailiff there.

The station of the parties Forbids publicity, But Justice is sublimer Than arms, or pedigree.

I'll institute an "Action" – I'll vindicate the law – Jove! Choose your counsel – I retain "Shaw"!

c. 1859

1945

## 117

In rags mysterious as these The shining Courtiers go – Veiling the purple, and the plumes – Veiling the ermine so.

Smiling, as they request an alms – At some imposing door! Smiling when we walk barefoot Upon their golden floor!

2. 1859

118

My friend attacks my friend!
Oh Battle picturesque!
Then I turn Soldier too,
And he turns Satirist!
How martial is this place!
Had I a mighty gun
I think I'd shoot the human race
And then to glory run!

c. 1859

1945

119

Talk with prudence to a Beggar Of "Potosi," and the mines! Reverently, to the Hungry Of your viands, and your wines!

Cautious, hint to any Captive You have passed enfranchised feet! Anecdotes of air in Dungeons Have sometimes proved deadly sweet!

c. 1859

1891

120

If this is "fading"
Oh let me immediately "fade"!
If this is "dying"
Bury me, in such a shroud of red!
If this is "sleep,"
On such a night
How proud to shut the eye!
Good Evening, gentle Fellow men!
Peacock presumes to die!

c. 1859

1945

As Watchers hang upon the East, As Beggars revel at a feast By savory Fancy spread – As brooks in deserts babble swect On ear too far for the delight, Heaven beguiles the tired.

As that same watcher, when the East Opens the lid of Amethyst And lets the morning go – That Beggar, when an honored Guest, Those thirsty lips to flagons pressed, Heaven to us, if true.

c. 1859

1945

## 122

A something in a summer's Day As slow her flambeaux burn away Which solemnizes me,

A something in a summer's noon – A depth – an Azure – a perfume – Transcending ecstasy.

And still within a summer's night A something so transporting bright I clap my hands to see –

Then veil my too inspecting face Lest such a subtle – shimmering grace Flutter too far for me –

The wizard fingers never rest – The purple brook within the breast Still chafes its narrow bed –

Still rears the East her amber Flag – Guides still the Sun along the Crag His Caravan of Red – So looking on – the night – the morn Conclude the wonder gay – And I meet, coming thro' the dews Another summer's Day!

c. 1859

1890

123

Many cross the Rhine In this cup of mine. Sip old Frankfort air From my brown Cigar,

c. 1859

1945

124

In lands I never saw – they say Immortal Alps look down – Whose Bonnets touch the firmament Whose Sandals touch the town –

Meck at whose everlasting feet A Myriad Daisy play — Which, Sir, are you and which am I Upon an August day?

c. 1859

1891

125

For each ecstatic instant We must an anguish pay In keen and quivering ratio To the ecstasy.

For each beloved hour
Sharp pittances of years —
Bitter contested farthings —
And Coffers heaped with Tears!

c. 1859

1891

[ 58 ]



To fight aloud, is very brave – But gallanter, I know Who charge within the bosom The Cavalry of Woe –

Who win, and nations do not see -Who fall – and none observe – Whose dying eyes, no Country Regards with patriot love –

We trust, in plumed procession For such, the Angels go – Rank after Rank, with even feet – And Uniforms of Snow.

c. 1859

1890

127

"Houses" – so the Wise Men tell me –
"Mansions"! Mansions must be warm!
Mansions cannot let the tears in,
Mansions must exclude the storm!

"Many Mansions," by "his Father,"
I don't know him; snugly built!
Could the Children find the way there Some, would even trudge tonight!

c. 1859

1945

128

Bring me the sunset in a cup,
Reckon the morning's flagons up
And say how many Dew,
Tell me how far the morning leaps –
Tell me what time the weaver sleeps
Who spun the breadths of blue!

Write me how many notes there be
In the new Robin's ecstasy
Among astonished boughs –
How many trips the Tortoise makes –
How many cups the Bee partakes,
The Debauchee of Dews!

Also, who laid the Rainbow's piers, Also, who leads the docile spheres By withes of supple blue? Whose fingers string the stalactite – Who counts the wampum of the night To see that none is due?

Who built this little Alban House And shut the windows down so close My spirit cannot see? Who'll let me out some gala day With implements to fly away, Passing Pomposity?

c. 1859

1891

129

Cocoon above! Cocoon below!
Stealthy Cocoon, why hide you so
What all the world suspect?
An hour, and gay on every tree
Your secret, perched in ecstasy
Defies imprisonment!

An hour in Chrysalis to pass, Then gay above receding grass A Butterfly to go! A moment to interrogate, Then wiser than a "Surrogate," The Universe to know!

c. 1859

These are the days when Birds come back. A very few – a Bird or two – To take a backward look.

These are the days when skies resume The old – old sophistries of June – A blue and gold mistake.

Oh fraud that cannot cheat the Bee – Almost thy plausibility Induces my belief.

Till ranks of seeds their witness bear – And softly thro' the altered air Hurries a timid leaf.

Oh Sacrament of summer days, Oh Last Communion in the Haze – Permit a child to join.

Thy sacred emblems to partake – Thy consecrated bread to take And thine immortal wine!

1859

131

Besides the Autumn poets sing A few prosaic days A little this side of the snow And that side of the Haze –

A few incisive Mornings – A few Ascetic Eves – Gone – Mr. Bryant's "Golden Rod" -And Mr. Thomson's "sheaves."

Still, is the bustle in the Brook – Sealed are the spicy valves – Mesmeric fingers softly touch The Eyes of many Elves – Perhaps a squirrel may remain – My sentiments to share – Grant me, Oh Lord, a sunny mind – Thy windy will to bear!

c. 1859

1891

132

I bring an unaccustomed wine To lips long parching Next to mine, And summon them to drink;

Crackling with fever, they Essay, I turn my brimming eyes away, And come next hour to look.

The hands still hug the tardy glass — The lips I would have cooled, alas — Are so superfluous Cold —

I would as soon attempt to warm The bosoms where the frost has lain Ages beneath the mould –

Some other thirsty there may be To whom this would have pointed me Had it remained to speak –

And so I always bear the cup If, haply, mine may be the drop Some pilgrim thirst to slake –

If, haply, any say to me "Unto the little, unto me," When I at last awake.

c. 1859

1891

133

As Children bid the Guest "Good Night"
And then reluctant turn -

My flowers raise their pretty lips – Then put their nightgowns on.

As children caper when they wake Merry that it is Morn – My flowers from a hundred cribs Will peep, and prance again.

c. 1859

1890

134

Perhaps you'd like to buy a flower, But I could never sell – If you would like to borrow, Until the Daffodil

Unties her yellow Bonnet Beneath the village door, Until the Bees, from Clover rows Their Hock, and Sherry, draw,

Why, I will lend until just then, But not an hour more!

c. 1859

1890

135

Water, is taught by thirst.

Land – by the Oceans passed.

Transport – by throe –

Peace – by its battles told –

Love, by Memorial Mold –

Birds, by the Snow.

c. 1859

1896

136

Have you got a Brook in your little heart, Where bashful flowers blow, And blushing birds go down to drink, And shadows tremble so – And nobody knows, so still it flows, That any brook is there, And yet your little draught of life Is daily drunken there –

Why, look out for the little brook in March, When the rivers overflow, And the snows come hurrying from the hills, And the bridges often go —

And later, in August it may be – When the meadows parching lie, Beware, lest this little brook of life, Some burning noon go dry!

c. 1859

1890

## 137

Flowers – Well – if anybody
Can the ecstasy define –
Half a transport – half a trouble –
With which flowers humble men:
Anybody find the fountain
From which floods so contra flow –
I will give him all the Daisies
Which upon the hillside blow.

Too much pathos in their faces
For a simple breast like mine —
Butterflies from St. Domingo
Cruising round the purple line —
Have a system of aesthetics —
Far superior to mine.

c. 1859

1945

138

Pigmy seraphs – gone astray – Velvet people from Vevay – Belles from some lost summer day – Bees exclusive Coterie – Paris could not lay the fold Belted down with Emerald – Venice could not show a cheek Of a tint so lustrous meek – Never such an Ambuscade As of briar and leaf displayed For my little damask maid –

I had rather wear her grace
Than an Earl's distinguished face.
I had rather dwell like her
Than be "Duke of Exeter" –
Royalty enough for me
To subdue the Bumblebee.

c. 1859

1891

139

Soul, Wilt thou toss again? By just such a hazard Hundreds have lost indeed -But tens have won an all -

Angel's breathless ballot Lingers to record thee – Imps in eager Caucus Raffle for my Soul!

c. 1859

189c

140

An altered look about the hills. A Tyrian light the village fills – A wider sunrise in the morn – A deeper twilight on the lawn – A print of a vermillion foot – A purple finger on the slope – A flippant fly upon the pane – A spider at his trade again – An added strut in Chanticleer – A flower expected everywhere –

An axe shrill singing in the woods -Fern odors on untravelled roads — All this and more I cannot tell — A furtive look you know as well — And Nicodemus' Mystery Receives its annual reply!

c. 1859

1891

### 141

Some, too fragile for winter winds
The thoughtful grave encloses —
Tenderly tucking them in from frost
Before their feet are cold.

Never the treasures in her nest The cautious grave exposes, Building where schoolboy dare not look, And sportsman is not bold.

This covert have all the children Early aged, and often cold, Sparrows, unnoticed by the Father – Lambs for whom time had not a fold.

c. 1859

1891

#### 142

Whose are the little beds, I asked Which in the valleys lie? Some shook their heads, and others smiled. And no one made reply.

Perhaps they did not hear, I said, I will inquire again — Whose are the beds — the tiny beds So thick upon the plain?

"Tis Daisy, in the shortest – A little further on – Nearest the door - to wake the 1st. Little Leontodon.

'Tis Iris, Sir, and Aster – Anemone, and Bell – Bartsia, in the blanket red – And chubby Daffodil.

Meanwhile, at many cradles Her busy foot she plied – Humming the quaintest lullaby That ever rocked a child.

Hush! Epigea wakens! The Crocus stirs her lids – Rhodora's cheek is crimson, She's dreaming of the woods!

Then turning from them reverent -Their bedtime 'tis, she said – The Bumble bees will wake them When April woods are red.

c. 1859

143

For every Bird a Nest –
Wherefore in timid quest
Some little Wren goes seeking round

Wherefore when boughs are free – Households in every tree – Pilgrim be found?

Perhaps a home too high – Ah Aristocracy! The little Wren desires –

Perhaps of twig so fine – Of twine e'en superfine, Her pride aspires – The Lark is not ashamed To build upon the ground Her modest house –

Yet who of all the throng Dancing around the sun Does so rejoice?

c. 1859

#### 144

She bore it till the simple veins Traced azure on her hand – Till pleading, round her quiet eyes The purple Crayons stand.

Till Daffodils had come and gone I cannot tell the sum, And then she ceased to bear it — And with the Saints sat down.

No more her patient figure At twilight soft to meet – No more her timid bonnet Upon the village street –

But Crowns instead, and Courtiers – And in the midst so fair, Whose but her shy – immortal face Of whom we're whispering here?

c. 1859

#### 145

This heart that broke so long —
These feet that never flagged —
This faith that watched for star in vain,
Give gently to the dead —

Hound cannot overtake the Hare That fluttered panting, here - 2. 1859

1935

146

On such a night, or such a night, Would anybody care If such a little figure Slipped quiet from its chair –

So quiet – Oh how quiet, That nobody might know But that the little figure Rocked softer – to and fro –

On such a dawn, or such a dawn – Would anybody sigh That such a little figure Too sound asleep did lic

For Chanticleer to wake it — Or stirring house below — Or giddy bird in orchard — Or early task to do?

There was a little figure plump For every little knoll — Busy needles, and spools of thread — And trudging feet from school —

Playmates, and holidays, and nuts – And visions vast and small – Strange that the feet so precious charged Should reach so small a goal!

c. 1859

1891

147

Bless God, he went as soldiers, Flis musket on his breast – Grant God, he charge the bravest Of all the martial blest!

Please God, might I behold him In epauletted white — I should not fear the foe then — I should not fear the fight!

c. 1859

1896

## 148

All overgrown by cunning moss, All interspersed with weed, The little cage of "Currer Bell" In quiet "Haworth" laid.

Gathered from many wanderings – Gethsemane can tell Thro' what transporting anguish She reached the Asphodel!

Soft fall the sounds of Eden Upon her puzzled ear — Oh what an afternoon for Heaven, When "Bronte" entered there!

c. 1859

1896

### 149

She went as quiet as the Dew From an Accustomed flower. Not like the Dew, did she return At the Accustomed hour!

She dropt as softly as a star From out my summer's Eve – Less skillful than Le Verriere It's sorer to believe!

c. 1859

1890

She died – this was the way she died. And when her breath was done Took up her simple wardrobe And started for the sun. Her little figure at the gate The Angels must have spied, Since I could never find her Upon the mortal side.

c. 1859

1891

151

Mute thy Coronation – Meck my Vive le roi, Fold a tiny courtier In thine Ermine, Sir, There to rest revering Till the pageant by, I can murmur broken, Master, It was I –

c. 1859

1945

152

The Sun kept stooping – stooping – low! The Hills to meet him rose! On his side, what Transaction! On their side, what Repose!

Deeper and deeper grew the stain Upon the window pane – Thicker and thicker stood the feet Until the Tyrian

Was crowded dense with Armies – So gay, so Brigadier – That I felt martial stirrings Who once the Cockade wore – с. 1860

153

Dust is the only Secret –
Death, the only One
You cannot find out all about
In his "native town."

Nobody knew "his Father" – Never was a Boy – Hadn't any playmates, Or "Early history" –

Industrious! Laconic! Punctual! Sedate! Bold as a Brigand! Stiller than a Fleet!

Builds, like a Bird, too! Christ robs the Nest – Robin after Røbin Smuggled to Rest!

c. 186c

154

Except to Heaven, she is nought. Except for Angels – lone. Except to some wide-wandering Bee A flower superfluous blown.

Except for winds – provincial. Except by Butterflies Unnoticed as a single dew That on the Acre lies.

The smallest Housewife in the grass, Yet take her from the Lawn

[72]

1945

c. 1860

1890

155

The Murmur of a Bee A Witchcraft – yieldeth me If any ask me why – "Twere easier to die – Than tell –

The Red upon the Hill
Taketh away my will —
If anybody sneer —
Take care — for God is here—
That's all.

The Breaking of the Day Addeth to my Degree – If any ask me how – Artist -- who drew me so – Must tell!

c. 1860

1890

156

You love me – you are sure –
I shall not fear mistake –
I shall not cheated wake –
Some grinning morn –
To find the Sunrise left –
And Orchards – unbereft –
And Dollie – gone!

I need not start – you're sure –
That night will never be –
When frightened – home to Thee I run
To find the windows dark –
And no more Dollie – mark –
Quite none?

Be sure you're sure – you know –
I'll bear it better now –
If you'll just tell me so –
Than when – a little dull Balm grown –
Over this pain of mine –
You sting – again!

с. 1860

1945

#### 157

Musicians wrestle everywhere –
All day – among the crowded air
I hear the silver strife –
And – waking – long before the morn –
Such transport breaks upon the town
I think it that "New Life"!

It is not Bird – it has no nest –
Nor "Band" – in brass and scarlet – drest Nor Tamborin – nor Man –
It is not Hymn from pulpit read –
The "Morning Stars" the Treble led
On Time's first Afternoon!

Some – say – it is "the Spheres" – at play! Some say that bright Majority Of vanished Dames – and Men! Some – think it service in the place Where we – with late – celestial face – Please God – shall Ascertain!

c. 1860

1891

# r 58

Dying! Dying in the night! Won't somebody bring the light So I can see which way to go Into the everlasting snow?

And "Jesus"! Where is Jesus gone? They said that Jesus – always came –

Perhaps he doesn't know the House -This way, Jesus, Let him pass!

Somebody run to the great gate And see if Dollie's coming! Wait! I hear her feet upon the stair! Death won't hurt – now Dollie's here!

c. 1860

1945

159

A little bread – a crust – a crumb –
A little trust – a demijohn –
Can keep the soul alive –
Not portly, mind! but breathing – warm –
Conscious – as old Napoleon,
The night before the Crown!

A modest lot – A fame petite –
A brief Campaign of sting and sweet
Is plenty! Is enough!
A Sailor's business is the shore!
A Soldier's – balls! Who asketh more,
Must seek the neighboring life!

c. 1860

1896

160

Just lost, when I was saved!
Just felt the world go by!
Just girt me for the onset with Eternity,
When breath blew back,
And on the other side
I heard recede the disappointed tide!

Therefore, as One returned, I feel Odd secrets of the line to tell! Some Sailor, skirting foreign shores – Some pale Reporter, from the awful doors Before the Seal! Next time, to stay! Next time, the things to see By Ear unheard, Unscrutinized by Eye –

Next time, to tarry, While the Ages steal – Slow tramp the Centuries, And the Cycles wheel!

э. 1860

1891

161

A feather from the Whippoorwill
That everlasting – sings!
Whose galleries – are Sunrise –
Whose Opera – the Springs –
Whose Emerald Nest the Ages spin
Of mellow – murmuring thread –
Whose Beryl Egg, what Schoolboys hunt
In "Recess" – Overhead!

c. 1860

1894

162

My River runs to thee -Blue Sea! Wilt welcome me?
My River waits reply -Oh Sea -- look graciously -I'll fetch thee Brooks
From spotted nooks -Say -- Sea -- Take Me!

с. 1860

1890

163

Tho' my destiny be Fustian – Hers be damask fine – Tho' she wear a silver apron – I, a less divine –

[76]

Still, my little Gypsy being I would far prefer, Still, my little sunburnt bosom To her Rosier,

For, when Frosts, their punctual fingers On her forehead lay, You and I, and Dr. Holland, Bloom Eternally!

Roses of a steadfast summer In a steadfast land, Where no Autumn lifts her pencil – And no Reapers stand!

c. 1860

1894

## 164

Mama never forgets her birds, Though in another tree — She looks down just as often And just as tenderly As when her little mortal nest With cunning care she wove — If either of her "sparrows fall," She "notices," above.

c. 1860

1945

## 165

A Wounded Deer – leaps highest I've heard the Hunter tell –
'Tis but the Ecstasy of death –
And then the Brake is still!

The Smitten Rock that gushes! The trampled Steel that springs! A Cheek is always redder Just where the Hectic stings! And you'le hard 320 c. 1860

166

I met a King this afternoon! He had not on a Crown indeed, A little Palmleaf Hat was all, And he was barefoot, I'm afraid!

But sure I am he Ermine wore Beneath his faded Jacket's blue – And sure I am, the crest he bore Within that Jacket's pocket too!

For 'twas too stately for an Earl – A Marquis would not go so grand! "Twas possibly a Czar petite – A Pope, or something of that kind!

If I must tell you, of a Horse My freckled Monarch held the rein Doubtless an estimable Beast, But not at all disposed to run!

And such a wagon! While I live Dare I presume to see Another such a vehicle As then transported me!

Two other ragged Princes
His royal state partook!
Doubtless the first excursion
These sovereigns ever took!

I question if the Royal Coach Round which the Footmen wait

[78]

s. 186c 1893

# 167

To learn the Transport by the Pain – As Blind Men learn the sun! To die of thirst – suspecting That Brooks in Meadows run!

To stay the homesick – homesick feet Upon a foreign shore – Haunted by native lands, the while – And blue – beloved air!

This is the Sovereign Anguish! This – the signal woe! These are the patient "Laureates" Whose voices – trained – below –

Ascend in ceaseless Carol – Inaudible, indeed, To us – the duller scholars Of the Mysterious Bard!

c. 1860 1891

#### 168

If the foolish, call them "flowers" – Need the wiser, tell?
If the Savants "Classify" them
It is just as well!

Those who read the "Revelations"
Must not criticize
Those who read the same Edition —
With beclouded Eyes!

Could we stand with that Old "Moses" - "Canaan" denied --

[79]

Scan like him, the stately landscape On the other side –

Doubtless, we should deem superfluous Many Sciences, Not pursued by learned Angels In scholastic skies!

Low amid that glad Belles lettres Grant that we may stand, Stars, amid profound Galaxies – At that grand "Right hand"!

c. 1860

1896

# 169

In Ebon Box, when years have flown To reverently peer, Wiping away the velvet dust Summers have sprinkled there!

To hold a letter to the light – Grown Tawny now, with time – To con the faded syllables That quickened us like Wine!

Perhaps a Flower's shrivelled check Among its stores to find — Plucked far away, some morning — By gallant — mouldering hand!

A curl, perhaps, from foreheads Our Constancy forgot – Perhaps, an Antique trinket – In vanished fashions set!

And then to lay them quiet back — And go about its care — As if the little Ebon Box Were none of our affair!

c. 1860

Portraits are to daily faces As an Evening West, To a fine, pedantic sunshine. In a satin Vest!

c. 1860

1891

171

Wait till the Majesty of Death Invests so mean a brow! Almost a powdered Footman Might dare to touch it now!

Wait till in Everlasting Robes That Democrat is dressed, Then prate about "Preferment" – And "Station," and the rest!

Around this quiet Courtier Obsequious Angels wait! Full royal is his Retinue! Full purple is his state!

A Lord, might dare to lift the Hat To such a Modest Clay Since that My Lord, "the Lord of Lords" Receives unblushingly!

с. 1860

1891

172

"Tis so much joy! "Tis so much joy! If I should fail, what poverty! And yet, as poor as I, Have ventured all upon a throw! Have gained! Yes! Hesitated so – This side the Victory!

Life is but Life! And Death, but Death! Bliss is, but Bliss, and Breath but Breath! And if indeed I fail, At least, to know the worst, is sweet! Defeat means nothing but Defeat, No drearier, can befall!

And if I gain! Oh Gun at Sea!
Oh Bells, that in the Steeples be!
At first, repeat it slow!
For Heaven is a different thing,
Conjectured, and waked sudden in –
And might extinguish me!

c. 1860

1890

### 173

A fuzzy fellow, without feet, Yet doth exceeding run! Of velvet, is his Countenance, And his Complexion, dun!

Sometime, he dwelleth in the grass! Sometime, upon a bough, From which he doth descend in plush Upon the Passer-by!

All this in summer.
But when winds alarm the Forest Folk,
He taketh Damask Residence –
And struts in sewing silk!

Then, finer than a Lady, Emerges in the spring! A Feather on each shoulder! You'd scarce recognize him!

By Men, yelept Caterpillar! By me! But who am I, To tell the pretty secret Of the Butterfly!

c. 1860

At last, to be identified! At last, the lamps upon thy side The rest of Life to see!

Past Midnight! Past the Morning Star! Past Sunrise! Ah, What leagues there were Between our feet, and Day!

c. 1860

1890

### 175

I have never seen "Volcanoes" – But, when Travellers tell How those old – phlegmatic mountains Usually so still –

Bear within – appalling Ordnance, Fire, and smoke, and gun, Taking Villages for breakfast, And appalling Men –

If the stillness is Volcanic In the human face When upon a pain Titanic Features keep their place –

If at length the smouldering anguish Will not overcome –
And the palpitating Vineyard
In the dust, be thrown?

If some loving Antiquary,
On Resumption Morn,
Will not cry with joy "Pompeii"!
To the Hills return!

c. 1860

1945

I'm the little "Heart's Ease"! I don't care for pouting skies! If the Butterfly delay Can I, therefore, stay away?

If the Coward Bumble Bee In his chimney corner stay, I, must resoluter be! Who'll apologize for me?

Dear, Old fashioned, little flower! Eden is old fashioned, too! Birds are antiquated fellows! Heaven does not change her blue. Nor will I, the little Heart's Ease – Ever be induced to do!

c. 1860

1893

177

Ah, Necromancy Sweet! Ah, Wizard erudite! Teach me the skill,

That I instil the pain Surgeons assuage in vain, Nor Herb of all the plain Can heal!

c. 1860

1929

178

I cautious, scanned my little life – I winnowed what would fade From what would last till Heads like mine Should be a-dreaming laid.

I put the latter in a Barn – The former, blew away. I went one winter morning And lo – my priceless Hay

Was not upon the "Scaffold" – Was not upon the "Beam" – And from a thriving Farmer – A Cynic, I became.

Whether a Thief did it – Whether it was the wind – Whether Dcity's guiltless – My business is, to find!

So I begin to ransack! How is it Hearts, with Thee? Art thou within the little Barn Love provided Thee?

c. 1860 1929

179

If I could bribe them by a Rose
I'd bring them every flower that grows
From Amherst to Cashmere!
I would not stop for night, or storm –
Or frost, or death, or anyone –
My business were so dear!

If they would linger for a Bird My Tambourin were soonest heard Among the April Woods! Unwearied, all the summer long, Only to break in wilder song When Winter shook the boughs!

What if they hear me! Who shall say That such an importunity May not at last avail? That, weary of this Beggar's face – They may not finally say, Yes – To drive her from the Hall?

c. 1860 1935

. 180

As if some little Arctic flower
Upon the polar hem —
Went wandering down the Latitudes
Until it puzzled came
To continents of summer —
To firmaments of sun —
To strange, bright crowds of flowers —
And birds, of foreign tongue!
I say, As if this little flower
To Eden, wandered in —
What then? Why nothing,
Only, your inference therefrom!

c. 1860

181

I lost a World – the other day! Has Anybody found? You'll know it by the Row of Stars Around its forehead bound.

A Rich man – might not notice it – Yet – to my frugal Eye, Of more Esteem than Ducats – Oh find it – Sir – for me!

s. 1860 1890

182

If I shouldn't be alive When the Robins come, Give the one in Red Cravat, A Memorial crumb.

[ 86 ]

If I couldn't thank you, Being fast asleep, You will know I'm trying With my Granite lip!

c. 1860

1890

# 183

I've heard an Organ talk, sometimes In a Cathedral Aisle, And understood no word it said – Yet held my breath; the while –

And risen up – and gone away, A more Bernardine Girl – Yet – know not what was done to me In that old Chapel Aisle.

c. 1860

1935

## 184

A transport one cannot contain May yet a transport be – Though God forbid it lift the lid · Unto its Ecstasyl

A Diagram – of Rapture! A sixpence at a Show – With Holy Ghosts in Cages! The *Universe* would go!

с. 1860

1935

# 185

"Faith" is a fine invention When Gentlemen can see – But Microscopes are prudent In an Emergency.

c. 1860

1891

What shall I do – it whimpers so –
This little Hound within the Heart
All day and night with bark and start –
And yet, it will not go –
Would you untie it, were you me –
Would it stop whining – if to Thee –
I sent it – even now?

It should not tease you —
By your chair — or, on the mat —
Or if it dare — to climb your dizzy knce —
Or — sometimes at your side to run —
When you were willing —
Shall it come?
Tell Carlo —
He'll tell me!

с. 1860

1945

# 187

How many times these low feet staggered – Only the soldered mouth can tell – Try – can you stir the awful rivet – Try – can you lift the hasps of steel!

Stroke the cool forehead – hot so often – Lift – if you care – the listless hair – Handle the adamantine fingers Never a thimble – more – shall wear –

Buzz the dull flies – on the chamber window – Brave – shines the sun through the freckled pane Fearless – the cobweb swings from the ceiling – Indolent Housewife – in Daisies – lain!

c. 1860

1890

Make me a picture of the sun – So I can hang it in my room – And make believe I'm getting warm When others call it "Day"!

Draw me a Robin – on a stem – So I am hearing him, I'll dream, And when the Orchards stop their tune -Put my pretense – away –

Say if it's really – warm at noon –
Whether it's Buttercups – that "skim" –
Or Butterflies – that "bloom"?
Then – skip – the frost – upon the lea –
And skip the Russet – on the tree –
Let's play those – never come!

c. 1860

1945

189

It's such a little thing to weep – So short a thing to sigh – And yet – by Trades – the size of *these* We men and women diel

c. 1860

1896

190

He was weak, and I was strong – then -So He let me lead him in – I was weak, and He was strong then – So I let him lead me – Home.

'Twasn't far – the door was near –
'Twasn't dark – for He went – too –
'Twasn't loud, for He said nought –
That was all I cared to know.

Day knocked – and we must part – Neither – was strongest – now – c. 1860

1945

191

The Skies can't keep their secret! They tell it to the Hills— The Hills just tell the Orchards— And they—the Daffodils!

A Bird – by chance – that goes that way -Soft overhears the whole – If I should bribe the little Bird – Who knows but she would tell?

I think I won't – however – It's finer – not to know – If Summer were an Axiom – What sorcery had Snow?

So keep your secret – Father! I would not – if I could, Know what the Sapphire Fellows, do, In your new-fashioned world!

c. 1860

1891

192

Poor little Heart! Did they forget thee? Then dinna care! Then dinna care!

Proud little Heart! Did they forsake thee? Be debonnaire! Be debonnaire!

Frail little Heart!

I would not break thee —
Could'st credit me? Could'st credit me?

[ 90 ]

Gay little Heart – Like Morning Glory! Wind and Sun – wilt thee array!

c. 1860 1896

193

I shall know why – when Time is over – And I have ceased to wonder why – Christ will explain each separate anguish In the fair schoolroom of the sky –

He will tell me what "Peter" promised – And I – for wonder at his woe – I shall forget the drop of Anguish That scalds me now – that scalds me now!

c. 1860 1890

194.

On this long storm the Rainbow rose -On this late Morn - the Sun -The clouds - like listless Elephants -Horizons - straggled down -

The Birds rose smiling, in their nests -The gales - indeed - were done -Alas, how heedless were the eyes -On whom the summer shone!

The quiet nonchalance of death – No Daybreak – can bestir – The slow – Archangel's syllables Must awaken her!

c. 1860 1890

195

For this – accepted Breath –
Through it – compete with Death –
The fellow cannot touch this Crown

[91]

By it – my title take – Ah, what a royal sake To my necessity – stooped down!

No Wilderness – can be Where this attendeth me – No Desert Noon – No fear of frost to come Haunt the perennial bloom – But Certain June!

Get Gabriel – to tell – the royal syllable – Get Saints – with new – unsteady tongue To say what trance below Most like their glory show – Fittest the Crown!

с. 1860

1935

196

We don't cry — Tim and I, We are far too grand — But we bolt the door tight To prevent a friend —

Then we hide our brave face Deep in our hand— Not to cry—Tim and I— We are far too grand—

Nor to dream — he and me — Do we condescend · · We just shut our brown eye To see to the end —

Tim – see Cottages –
But, Oh, so high!
Then – we shake – Tim and I –
And lest I – cry –

Tim – reads a little I lymn – And we both pray –

Please, Sir, I and Tim – Always lost the way!

We must die – by and by – Clergymen say – Tim – shall – if I – do – I – too – if he –

How shall we arrange it – Tim – was – so – shy? Take us simultaneous – Lord I – "Tim" – and – Me!

c. 1860

1945

197

Morning – is the place for Dew – Corn – is made at Noon – After dinner light – for flowers – Dukes – for Setting Sun!

c. 1860

1896

198

An awful Tempest mashed the air – The clouds were gaunt, and few – A Black – as of a Spectre's Cloak Hid Heaven and Earth from view.

The creatures chuckled on the Roofs And whistled in the air — And shook their fists — And gnashed their teeth — And swung their frenzied hair.

The morning lit – the Birds arose – The Monster's faded eyes Turned slowly to his native coast – And peace – was Paradise!

c. 1860

1891

I'm "wife" – I've finished that -That other state – I'm Czar – I'm "Woman" now -It's safer so –

How odd the Girl's life looks Behind this soft Eclipse – I think that Earth feels so To folks in Heaven – now –

This being comfort - then
That other kind - was pain But why compare?
I'm "Wife"! Stop there!

с. 1860

1890

200

I stole them from a Bee – Because – Thee – Sweet plea – He pardoned me!

c. 1860

1894

201

Two swimmers wrestled on the spar — Until the morning sun — When One — turned smiling to the land Oh God! the Other One!

The stray ships – passing – Spied a face – Upon the waters borne – With eyes in death – still begging raised. And hands – beseeching – thrown!

c. 1860

1890

[94]



My Eye is fuller than my vase –

Her Cargo – is of Dew –

And still – my Heart – my Eye outweighs –

East India – for you!

c. 1860

1945

203

He forgot – and I – remembered – "Twas an everyday affair – Long ago as Christ and Peter – "Warmed them" at the "Temple fire."

"Thou wert with him" – quoth "the Damsel"?
"No" – said Peter, 'twasn't me –
Jesus merely "looked" at Peter –
Could I do aught else – to Thee?

c. 1860

1945

204

A slash of Blue –
A sweep of Gray –
Some scarlet patches on the way,
Compose an Evening Sky –
A little purple – slipped between –
Some Ruby Trousers hurried on –
A Wave of Gold –
A Bank of Day –
This just makes out the Morning Sky.

c. 1860

1935

205

I should not dare to leave my friend, Because – because if he should die While I was gone – and I – too late – Should reach the Heart that wanted me – If I should disappoint the eyes
That hunted – hunted so – to see –
And could not bear to shut until
They "noticed" me – they noticed me –

If I should stab the patient faith
So sure I'd come — so sure I'd come —
It listening — listening — went to sleep —
Telling my tardy name —

My Heart would wish it broke before – Since breaking then – since breaking then · Were useless as next morning's sun – Where midnight frosts – had lain!

c. 1860

1891

206

The Flower must not blame the Bcc That seeketh his felicity
Too often at her door —

But teach the Footman from Vevay – Mistress is "not at home" – to say – To people – any more!

c. 1860

1935

207

Tho' I get home how late – how late –
So I get home – 'twill compensate –
Better will be the Ecstasy
That they have done expecting me –
When Night – descending – dumb – and dark.
They hear my unexpected knock –
Transporting must the moment be –
Brewed from decades of Agony!

To think just how the fire will burn – Just how long-cheated eyes will turn – To wonder what myself will say, c. 1860

208

The Rose did caper on her check – Her Bodice rose and fell – Her pretty speech – like drunken men Did stagger pitiful –

Her fingers fumbled at her work – Her needle would not go – What ailed so smart a little Maid – It puzzled me to know –

Till opposite – I spied a cheek That bore another Rose – Just opposite – Another speech That like the Drunkard goes –

A Vest that like her Bodice, danced – To the immortal tune – Till those two troubled – little Clocks Ticked softly into one.

c. 1860 1891

209

With thee, in the Desert –
With thee in the thirst –
With thee in the Tamarind wood –
Leopard breathes – at last!

c. 1860

210

The thought beneath so slight a film · Is more distinctly seen –

[ 97 ]

As laces just reveal the surge – Or Mists – the Apennine

c. 1860 Or Wists – the Apennine

211

1891

Come slowly – Eden! Lips unused to Thee – Bashful – sip thy Jessamines – As the fainting Bee –

Reaching late his flower, Round her chamber hums – Counts his nectars – Enters – and is lost in Balms.

c. 1860 and is 10st in Balms.

212.

Least Rivers – docile to some sea. My Caspian – thee.

c. 1860 Caspian – thee.

213

Did the Harebell loose her girdle To the lover Bee Would the Bee the Harebell hallow Much as formerly?

Did the "Paradise" – persuaded Yield her moat of pearl – Would the Eden *be* an Eden, Or the Earl – an *Earl*?

c. 1860 Stille Earl – an Earl?

214

I taste a liquor never brewed – From Tankards scooped in Pearl –

[ 98 ]

Not all the Vats upon the Rhine Yield such an Alcohol!

Inebriate of Air – am I – And Debauchee of Dew – Reeling – thro endless summer days – From inns of Molten Blue –

When "Landlords" turn the drunken Bee Out of the Foxglove's door – When Butterflies – renounce their "drams" · I shall but drink the more!

Till Seraphs swing their snowy Hats – And Saints – to windows run – To see the little Tippler
Leaning against the – Sun –

c. 1860

215

What is – "Paradise" –
Who live there –
Are they "Farmers" –
Do they "hoe" –
Do they know that this is "Amherst" –
And that I – am coming – too –

Do they wear "new shoes" – in "Eden" – Is it always pleasant – there – Won't they scold us – when we're homesick Or tell God – how cross we are –

You are sure there's such a person
As "a Father" – in the sky –
So if I get lost – there – ever –
Or do what the Nurse calls "die" –
I shan't walk the "Jasper" – barefoot –
Ransomed folks – won't laugh at me –
Maybe – "Eden" a'n't so lonesome
As New England used to be!

c. 1860

Safe in their Alabaster Chambers – Untouched by Morning And untouched by Noon – Sleep the meek members of the Resurrection – Rafter of satin, And Roof of stone.

Light laughs the breeze
In her Castle above them –
Babbles the Bee in a stolid Ear,
Pipe the Sweet Birds in ignorant cadence –
Ah, what sagacity perished here!
version of 1859

1862

Safe in their Alabaster Chambers – Untouched by Morning – And untouched by Noon – Lie the meek members of the Resurrection – Rafter of Satin – and Roof of Stone!

Grand go the Years – in the Crescent – above them –
Worlds scoop their Arcs –
And Firmaments – row –
Diadems – drop – and Doges – surrender –
Soundless as dots – on a Disc of Snow –
version of 1861

1890

217

Savior! I've no one else to tell'—
And so I trouble thee.
I am the one forgot thee so—
Dost thou remember me?
Nor, for myself, I came so far—
That were the little load—
I brought thee the imperial Heart
I had not strength to hold—

[ 100 ]

The Heart I carried in my own –
Till mine too heavy grew –
Yet – strangest – heavier since it went
Is it too large for you?

1861

1929

218

Is it true, dear Sue?
Are there two?
I shouldn't like to come
For fear of joggling Him!
If I could shut him up
In a Coffee Cup,
Or tie him to a pin
Till I got in —
Or make him fast
To "Toby's" fist —
Hist! Whist! I'd come!

1861

1924

219

She sweeps with many-colored Brooms-And leaves the Shreds behind — Oh I-Jousewife in the Evening West — Come back, and dust the Pond!

You dropped a Purple Ravelling in – You dropped an Amber thread – And now you've littered all the East With Duds of Emerald!

And still, she plies her spotted Brooms, And still the Aprons fly, Till Brooms fade softly into stars – And then I come away –

c. 1861

1891

Could I – then – shut the door – Lest my beseeching face – at last – Rejected – be – of Her?

c. 1861

1932

#### 22 I

It can't be "Summer"!

That – got through!

It's early – yet – for "Spring"!

There's that long town of White – to cross –

Before the Blackbirds sing!

It can't be "Dying"!

It's too Rouge –

The Dead shall go in White –

So Sunset shuts my question down

With Cuffs of Chrysolite!

c. 1861

1891

#### 222

When Katie walks, this simple pair accompany her side,
When Katie runs unwearied they follow on the road,
When Katie kneels, their loving hands still clasp her pious knee –
Ah! Katie! Smile at Fortune, with two so knit to thee!
c. 1861?

223

I Came to buy a smile – today –
But just a single smile –
The smallest one upon your face
Will suit me just as well –
The one that no one else would miss
It shone so very small –
I'm pleading at the "counter" – sir –
Could you afford to sell –

[102]

I've Diamonds – on my fingers – You know what Diamonds are? I've Rubies – like the Evening Blood And Topaz – like the star! 'Twould be "a Bargain" for a Jew! Say – may I have it – Sir?

c. 1861

1929

224

I've nothing else – to bring, You know So I keep bringing These – Just as the Night keeps fetching Stars To our familiar eyes –

Maybe, we shouldn't mind them – Unless they didn't come – Then – maybe, it would puzzle us To find our way Home –

c. 1861

1929

225

Jesus! thy Crucifix Enable thee to guess The smaller size!

Jesus! thy second face Mind thee in Paradise Of ours!

c. 1861

1945

226

Should you but fail at – Sea – In sight of me – Or doomed lie – Next Sun – to die – Or rap – at Paradise – unheard

[103]

### 227

Teach Him – When He makes the names –
Such an one – to say –
On his babbling – Berry – lips –
As should sound – to me –
Were my Ear – as near his nest –
As my thought – today –
As should sound –
"Forbid us not" –
Some like "Emily."

1861

1894

### 228

Blazing in Gold and quenching in Purple Leaping like Leopards to the Sky Then at the feet of the old Horizon Laying her spotted Face to die Stooping as low as the Otter's Window Touching the Roof and tinting the Barn Kissing her Bonnet to the Meadow And the Juggler of Day is gone

c. 1861

1864

# 229

A Burdock - clawed my Gown ·
Not Burdock's - blame But mine Who went too near
The Burdock's Den -

A Bog – affronts my shoe – What else have Bogs – to do –

[ 104 ]

The only Trade they know. The splashing Men! Ah, pity – then!

'Tis Minnows can despise! The Elephant's – calm eyes Look further on!

1861

1945

230

We – Bee and I – live by the quaffing –
"Tisn't all Hock – with us –
Life has its Ale –
But it's many a lay of the Dim Burgundy –
We chant – for cheer – when the Wines – fail

Do we "get drunk"?
Ask the jolly Clovers!
Do we "beat" our "Wife"?
I – never wed –
Bee – pledges his – in minute flagons –
Dainty – as the tress – on her deft Head –

While runs the Rhine –
He and I – revel –
First – at the vat – and latest at the Vine –
Noon – our last Cup –
"Found dead" – "of Nectar" –
By a humming Coroner –
In a By-Thyme!

c. 1861

1929

231

God permits industrious Angels – Afternoons – to play – I met one – forgot my Schoolmates · All – for Him – straightway –

[ 105 ]

God calls home - the Angels - promptly -At the Setting Sun -I missed mine - how dreary - Marbles -After playing Crown!

c. 1861

1890

. 232

The Sun – just touched the Morning – The Morning – Happy thing – Supposed that He had come to dwell – And Life would all be Spring!

She felt herself supremer —
A Raised — Ethereal Thing!
Henceforth — for Her — What Holiday!
Meanwhile — Her wheeling King —
Trailed — slow — along the Orchards —
His haughty — spangled Hems —
Leaving a new necessity!
The want of Diadems!

The Morning – fluttered – staggered – Felt feebly – for Her Crown – Her unanointed forehead – Henceforth – Her only Onel

c. 1861

1891

233

The Lamp burns sure – within – Tho' Serfs – supply the Oil – It matters not the busy Wick – At her phosphoric toil!

The Slave – forgets – to fill –
The Lamp – burns golden – on –
Unconscious that the oil is out –
As that the Slave – is gone.

c. 1861

1935

You're right — "the way is narrow" — And "difficult the Gate" — And "few there be" — Correct again — That "enter in — thereat" — 53300 F

'Tis Costly – So are purples!
'Tis just the price of Breath –
With but the "Discount" of the Grave Termed by the Brokers – "Death"!

And after that – there's Heaven – The Good Man's – "Dividend" – And Bad Men – "go to Jail" – I guess –

c. 1861

1945

235

The Court is far away – No Umpire – have I – My Sovereign is offended – To gain his grace – I'd die!

I'll seek his royal feet –
I'll say – Remember – King –
Thou shalt – thyself – one day – a Child Implore a larger – thing –

That Empire – is of Czars –
As small – they say – as I –
Grant me – that day – the royalty –
To intercede – for Thee –

c. 1861

1945

236

If He dissolve – then – there is nothing – more : Eclipse – at Midnight – It was dark – before – Sunset – at Easter –
Blindness – on the Dawn –
Faint Star of Bethlehem –
Gone down!

Would but some God – inform Him · Or it be too late!
Say – that the pulse just lisps –
The Chariots wait –

Say – that a little life – for His – Is leaking – red – His little Spaniel – tell Him! Will He heed?

c. 1861

1935

237

I think just how my shape will rise – When I shall be "forgiven" – Till Hair – and Eyes – and timid Head Are out of sight – in Heaven –

I think just how my lips will weigh – With shapeless – quivering – prayer – That you – so late – "Consider" me – The "Sparrow" of your Care –

I mind me that of Anguish – sent – Some drifts were moved away – Before my simple bosom – broke – And why not this – if they?

And so I con that thing – "forgiven" – Until – delirious – borne – By my long bright – and longer – trust – I drop my Heart – unshriven!

c. 1861

1891

Kill your Balm – and its Odors bless you – Bare your Jessamine – to the storm – And she will fling her maddest perfume – Haply – your Summer night to Charm –

Stab the Bird – that built in your bosom – Oh, could you catch her last Refrain – Bubble! "forgive" – "Some better" – Bubble! "Carol for Him – when I am gone"!

c. 1861

1945

239

"Heaven" – is what I cannot reach!
The Apple on the Tree –
Provided it do hopeless – hang –
That – "Heaven" is – to Me!

The Color, on the Cruising Cloud – The interdicted Land – Behind the Hill – the House behind There – Paradise – is found!

Her teasing Purples – Afternoons – The credulous – decoy – Enamored – of the Conjuror – That spurned us – Yesterday!

c. 1861

1896

240

Ah, Moon – and Star!
You are very far –
But were no one
Farther than you –
Do you think I'd stop
For a Firmament –
Or a Cubit – or so?

I could borrow a Bonnet
Of the Lark –
And a Chamois' Silver Boot –
And a stirrup of an Antelope –
And be with you – Tonight!

But, Moon, and Star,
Though you're very far —
There is one — farther than you —
He — is more than a firmament — from Me—
So I can never go!

c. 1861

1935

241

I like a look of Agony, Because I know it's true – Men do not sham Convulsion, Nor simulate, a Throe –

The Eyes glaze once – and that is Death · Impossible to feign
The Beads upon the Forehead
By homely Anguish strung.

c: 1861

1890

242

When we stand on the tops of Things -And like the Trees, look down -The smoke all cleared away from it -And Mirrors on the scene -

Just laying light – no soul will wink Except it have the flaw – The Sound ones, like the Hills – shall stand · No Lightning, scares away –

The Perfect, nowhere be afraid – They bear their dauntless Heads,

[ 011 ]

Where others, dare not go at Noon, Protected by their deeds –

The Stars dare shine occasionally Upon a spotted World – And Suns, go surer, for their Proof, As if an Axle, held –

c. 1861 1945

243

I've known a Heaven, like a Tent –
To wrap its shining Yards –
Pluck up its stakes, and disappear –
Without the sound of Boards
Or Rip of Nail – Or Carpenter –
But just the miles of Stare –
That signalize a Show's Retreat –
In North America –

No Trace – no Figment of the Thing That dazzled, Yesterday, No Ring – no Marvel – Mcn, and Feats – Dissolved as utterly – As Bird's far Navigation Discloses just a Hue – A plash of Oars, a Gaiety – Then swallowed up, of View.

c. 1861 1929

244

It is easy to work when the soul is at play – But when the soul is in pain – The hearing him put his playthings up Makes work difficult – then –

It is simple, to ache in the Bone, or the Rind But Gimlets – among the nerve –

[111]

Mangle daintier – terribler – Like a Panther in the Glove –

c. 1861 1945

245

I held a Jewel in my fingers — And went to sleep — The day was warm, and winds were prosy I said "'Twill keep" —

I woke – and chid my honest fingers, The Gem was gone – And now, an Amethyst remembrance Is all I own –

c. 1861 1891

246

Forever at His side to walk – The smaller of the two! Brain of His Brain – Blood of His Blood – Two lives – One Being – now –

Forever of His fate to taste –
If grief – the largest part –
If joy – to put my piece away
For that beloved Heart –

All life – to know each other –
Whom we can never learn –
And bye and bye – a Change –
Called Heaven –
Rapt Neighborhoods of Men –
Just finding out – what puzzled us ·
Without the lexicon!

c. 1861

What would I give to see his face?
I'd give — I'd give my life — of course —
But that is not enough!
Stop just a minute — let me think!
I'd give my biggest Bobolink!
That makes two — Him — and Life!
You know who "June" is —
I'd give her —
Roses a day from Zanzibar —
And Lily tubes — like Wells —
Bees — by the furlong —
Straits of Blue
Navies of Butterflies — sailed thro' —
And dappled Cowslip Dells —

Then I have "shares" in Primrese "Banks" Daffodil Dowries – spicy "Stocks" –
Dominions – broad as Dew –
Bags of Doubloons – adventurous Bees
Brought me – from firmamental seas –
And Purple – from Peru –

Now – have I bought it –
"Shylock"? Say!
Sign me the Bond!
"I vow to pay
To Her – who pledges this –
One hour – of her Sovereign's face"!
Ecstatic Contract!
Niggard Grace!
My Kingdom's worth of Bliss!

c. 1861

1929

248

Why – do they shut Me out of Heaven? Did I sing – too loud? But – I can say a little"Minor" Timid as a Bird! Wouldn't the Angels try me -Just - once - more -

Just – see – if I troubled them –

But don't - shut the door!

Oh, if I - were the Gentleman In the "White Robe" – And they – were the little Hand – that knocked Could – I – forbid?

c. 1861 1929

249

Wild Nights - Wild Nights! Were I with thee Wild Nights should be Our luxury!

Futile - the Winds -To a Heart in port -Done with the Compass -Done with the Chart!

Rowing in Eden -Ah, the Sea! Might I but moor - Tonight -In Thee!

c. 1861 1891

250

I shall keep singing! Birds will pass me On their way to Yellower Climes -Each - with a Robin's expectation -I – with my Redbreast – And my Rhymes -

Late – when I take my place in summer – But – I shall bring a fuller tune –

[114]

1935

251

Over the fence –
Strawberries – grow –
Over the fence –
I could climb – if I tried, I know –
Berries are nice!

But – if I stained my Apron – God would certainly scold! Oh, dear, – I guess if He were a Boy · He'd – climb – if He could!

c. 1861

1945

252

I can wade Grief –
Whole Pools of it –
I'm used to that –
But the least push of Joy
Breaks up my feet –
And I tip – drunken –
Let no Pebble – smile –
"Twas the New Liquor –
That was all!

Power is only Pain – Stranded, thro' Discipline, Till Weights – will hang – Give Balm – to Giants – And they'll wilt, like Men – Give Himmalch – They'll Carry – Him!

c. 1861

1891

253

You see I cannot see - your lifetime I must guess How many times it ache for me - today - Confess
How many times for my far sake
The brave eyes film But I guess guessing hurts Mine - get so dim!
Too vague - the face My own - so patient - covers Too far - the strength -

My own – so patient – covers –
Too far – the strength –
My timidness enfolds –
Haunting the Heart –
Like her translated faces –
Teasing the want –
It – only – can suffice!

c. 1861

1929

254

"Hope" is the thing with feathers — That perches in the soul — And sings the tune without the words And never stops — at all —

And sweetest — in the Gale — is heard -And sore must be the storm — That could abash the little Bird That kept so many warm —

I've heard it in the chillest land — And on the strangest Sea — Yet, never, in Extremity, It asked a crumb — of Me.

c. 1861

1891

255

To die – takes just a little while. They say it doesn't hurt –

[116]

It's only fainter – by degrees – And then – it's out of sight –

A darker Ribbon – for a Day – A Crape upon the Hat – And then the pretty sunshine comes – And helps us to forget –

The absent – mystic – creature –

That but for love of us –

Had gone to sleep – that soundest time ·

Without the weariness –

c. 1861

1935

256

If I'm lost – now
That I was found –
Shall still my transport be –
That once – on me – those Jasper Gates
Blazed open – suddenly –

That in my awkward – gazing – face –
The Angels – softly peered –
And touched me with their fleeces,
Almost as if they cared –
I'm banished – now – you know it –
How foreign that can be –
You'll know – Sir – when the Savior's face
Turns so – away from you –

c. 1861

1945

257

Delight is as the flight –
Or in the Ratio of it,
As the Schools would say –
The Rainbow's way –
A Skein
Flung colored, after Rain,

[117]

Would suit as bright, Except that flight Were Aliment –

"If it would last"
I asked the East,
When that Bent Stripe
Struck up my childish
Firmament —
And I, for glee,
Took Rainbows, as the common way,
And empty Skies
The Eccentricity —

And so with Lives –
And so with Butterflies –
Seen magic – through the fright
That they will cheat the sight –
And Dower latitudes far on –
Some sudden morn –
Our portion – in the fashion –
Done –

c. 1861

1929

258

There's a certain Slant of light, Winter Afternoons – That oppresses, like the Heft Of Cathedral Tunes –

Heavenly Hurt, it gives us – We can find no scar, But internal difference, Where the Meanings, are –

None may teach it – Any – "Tis the Seal Despair – An imperial affliction Sent us of the Air – When it comes, the Landscape listens Shadows – hold their breath –
When it goes, 'tis like the Distance
On the look of Death –

c. 1861

## 259

Good Night! Which put the Candle out?
A jealous Zephyr – not a doubt –
Ah, friend, you little knew
How long at that celestial wick
The Angels – labored diligent –
Extinguished – now – for you!

It might – have been the Light House spark.

Some Sailor – rowing in the Dark –

Had importuned to see!

It might – have been the waning lamp

That lit the Drummer from the Camp

To purer Reveille!

c. 1861 1891

### 260

Read – Sweet – how others – strove –
Till we – are stouter –
What they – renounced –
Till we – are less afraid –
How many times they – bore the faithful witness –
Till we – are helped –
As if a Kingdom – cared!

Read then – of faith –
That shone above the fagot –
Clear strains of Hymn
The River could not drown –
Brave names of Men –
And Celestial Women –

c. 1861 1890

261

Put up my lute!
What of – my Music!
Since the sole ear I cared to charm –
Passive – as Granite – laps My Music –
Sobbing – will suit – as well as psalm!

Would but the "Memnon" of the Desert – Teach me the strain That vanquished Him – When He – surrendered to the Sunrise – Maybe – that – would awaken – them!

c. 1861 1935

262

The lonesome for they know not What – The Eastern Exiles – be – Who strayed beyond the Amber line Some madder Holiday –

And ever since – the purple Moat They strive to climb – in vain – As Birds – that tumble from the clouds Do fumble at the strain –

The Blessed Ether – taught them –
Some Transatlantic Morn –
When Heaven – was too common – to miss ·
Too sure – to dote upon!

c. 1861

263

A single Screw of Flesh Is all that pins the Soul

[120]

That stands for Deity, to Mine, Upon my side the Veil –

Once witnessed of the Gauze – Its name is put away As far from mine, as if no plight Had printed yesterday,

In tender – solemn Alphabet, My eyes just turned to see, When it was smuggled by my sight Into Eternity –

More Hands – to hold – These are but Two One more new-mailed Nerve Just granted, for the Peril's sake – Some striding – Giant – Love –

So greater than the Gods can show, They slink before the Clay, That not for all their Heaven can boast Will let its Keepsake – go

c. 1861

1935

264

A Weight with Needles on the pounds. To push, and pierce, besides — That if the Flesh resist the Heft — The puncture — coolly tries —

That not a pore be overlooked Of all this Compound Frame – As manifold for Anguish – As Species – be – for name –

c. 1861

1935

265

Where Ships of Purple – gently toss – On Seas of Daffodil –

[121]

Fantastic Sailors - mingle -	
And then - the Wharf is still	

c. 1861

1891

266

This – is the land – the Sunset washes – These – are the Banks of the Yellow Sea · Where is rose – or whither it rushes – These – are the Western Mystery!

Night after Night
Her purple traffic
Strews the landing with Opal Bales –
Merchantmen – poise upon Horizons –
Dip – and vanish like Orioles!

c. 1861

1890

267

Did we disobey Him? Just one time! Charged us to forget Him – But we couldn't learn!

Were Himself – such a Dunce -What would we – do? Love the dull lad – best – Oh, wouldn't you?

c. 1861

1945

268

Me, change! Me, alter!
Then I will, when on the Everlasting Hill
A Smaller Purple grows –
At sunset, or a lesser glow
Flickers upon Cordillera –
At Day's superior close!

c. 1861

1945

Bound – a trouble – And lives can bear it! Limit – how deep a bleeding go! So – many – drops – of vital scarlet – Deal with the soul As with Algebra!

Tell it the Ages – to a cypher – And it will ache – contented – on – Sing – at its pain – as any Workman -Notching the fall of the Even Sun!

c. 1861

1935

270

One Life of so much Consequence! Yet I – for it – would pay – My Soul's entire income – In ceaseless – salary –

One Pearl – to me – so signal – That I would instant dive – Although – I knew – to take it – Would cost me – just a life!

The Sea is full – I know it!
That – does not blur my Gem!
It burns – distinct from all the row –
Intact – in Diadem!

The life is thick – I know it!
Yet – not so dense a crowd –
But Monarchs – are perceptible –
Far down the dustiest Road!

c. 1861

1929

271

A solemn thing – it was – I said – A woman – white – to be –

[123]

And wear – if God should count me fit – Her blameless mystery –

A hallowed thing – to drop a life Into the purple well – Too plummetless – that it return – Eternity – until –

I pondered how the bliss would look – And would it feel as big – When I could take it in my hand – As hovering – seen – through fog –

And then – the size of this "small" life – The Sages – call it small – Swelled – like Horizons – in my vest – And I sneered – softly – "small"!

c. 1861

1896

## 272

I breathed enough to take the Trick – And now, removed from Air – I simulate the Breath, so well – That One, to be quite sure –

The Lungs are stirless – must descend Among the Cunning Cells – And touch the Pantomime – Himself, How numb, the Bellows feels!

c. 1861

1896

### 273

He put the Belt around my life –
I heard the Buckle snap –
And turned away, imperial,
My Lifetime folding up –
Deliberate, as a Duke would do
A Kingdom's Title Deed –

Henceforth, a Dedicated sort - A Member of the Cloud.

Yet not too far to come at call –
And do the little Toils
That make the Circuit of the RestAnd deal occasional smiles
To lives that stoop to notice mine –
And kindly ask it in –
Whose invitation, know you not
For Whom I must decline?

c. 1861

1891

274

The only Ghost I ever saw
Was dressed in Mechlin – so –
He wore no sandal on his foot –
And stepped like flakes of snow –

His Gait – was soundless, like the Bird-But rapid – like the Roe – His fashions, quaint, Mosaic – Or haply, Mistletoe –

His conversation – seldom – His laughter, like the Breeze – That dies away in Dimples Among the pensive Trees –

Our interview – was transient – Of me, himself was shy – And God forbid I look behind – Since that appalling Day!

c. 1861

1891

275

Doubt Me! My Dim Companion! Why, God, would be content With but a fraction of the Life – Poured thee, without a stint – The whole of me – forever – What more the Woman can, Say quick, that I may dower thee With last Delight I own!

It cannot be my Spirit –
For that was thine, before –
I ceded all of Dust I knew –
What Opulence the more
Had I – a freckled Maiden,
Whose farthest of Degree,
Was – that she might –
Some distant Heaven,
Dwell timidly, with thee!

Sift her, from Brow to Barefoot! Strain till your last Surmise – Drop, like a Tapestry, away, Before the Fire's Eyes – Winnow her finest fondness – But hallow just the snow Intact, in Everlasting flake— Oh, Caviler, for you!

e. 1861 1890

276

Many a phrase has the English language. I have heard but one –
Low as the laughter of the Cricket,
Loud, as the Thunder's Tongue –

Murmuring, like old Caspian Choirs, When the Tide's a' lull – Saying itself in new inflection – Like a Whippoorwill –

Breaking in bright Orthography
On my simple sleep –

[ 126 ]

Thundering its Prospective – Till I stir, and weep –

Not for the Sorrow, done me -But the push of Joy – Say it again, Saxon! Hush – Only to me!

c. 1861

1935

277

What if I say I shall not wait! What if I burst the fleshly Gate – And pass escaped – to thee!

What if I file this Mortal - off -See where it hurt me - That's enough -And wade in Liberty!

They cannot take me – any more! Dungeons can call – and Guns implore Unmeaning – now – to me –

As laughter - was - an hour ago -Or Laces - or a Travelling Show -Or who died - yesterday!

c. 1861

1891

278

A shady friend – for Torrid days. Is easier to find – Than one of higher temperature For Frigid – hour of Mind –

The Vane a little to the East – Scares Muslin souls – away – If Broadcloth Hearts are firmer – Than those of Organdy –

Who is to blame? The Weaver? Ah, the bewildering thread!

[ 127 ]

c. 1861

279

Tie the Strings to my Life, My Lord, Then, I am ready to go! Just a look at the Horses – Rapid! That will do!

Put me in on the firmest side – So I shall never fall – For we must ride to the Judgment – And it's partly, down Hill –

But never I mind the steepest – And never I mind the Sea – Held fast in Everlasting Race – By my own Choice, and Thee –

Goodbye to the Life I used to live – And the World I used to know – And kiss the Hills, for me, just once – Then – I am ready to go!

c. 1861

280

I felt a Funeral, in my Brain, And Mourners to and fro Kept treading – treading – till it scemed That Sense was breaking through –

And when they all were scated, A Service, like a Drum – Kept beating – beating – till I thought My Mind was going numb –

And then I heard them lift a Box And creak across my Soul

[128]

With those same Boots of Lead, again, Then Space – began to toll,

As all the Heavens were a Bell, And Being, but an Ear, And I, and Silence, some strange Race Wrecked, solitary, here –

And then a Plank in Reason, broke, And I dropped down, and down – And hit a World, at every plunge, And Finished knowing – then –

1896

28 r

'Tis so appalling – it exhilarates – So over Horror, it half Captivates – The Soul stares after it, secure – A Sepulchre, fears frost, no more –

To scan a Ghost, is faint – But grappling, conquers it – How easy, Torment, now – Suspense kept sawing so –

The Truth, is Bald, and Cold –
But that will hold –
If any are not sure –
We show them – prayer –
But we, who know,
Stop hoping, now –

Looking at Death, is Dying – Just let go the Breath – And not the pillow at your Cheek So Slumbereth –

Others, Can wrestle – Yours, is done – And so of Woe, bleak dreaded – come, It sets the Fright at liberty –

[ 129 ]

c. 1861 1935

282

How noteless Men, and Pleiads, stand, Until a sudden sky Reveals the fact that One is rapt Forever from the Eye –

Members of the Invisible, Existing, while we stare, In Leagueless Opportunity, O'ertakeless, as the Air –

Why didn't we detain Them? The Heavens with a smile, Sweep by our disappointed Heads Without a syllable –

c. 1861

283

A Mien to move a Queen —
Half Child — Half Heroine
An Orleans in the Eye
That puts its manner by
For humbler Company
When none are near
Even a Tear —
Its frequent Visitor —

A Bonnet like a Duke – And yet a Wren's Peruke Were not so shy Of Goer by – And Hands – so slight – They would elate a Sprite With Merriment –

[ 130 ]

A Voice that Alters – Low And on the Ear can go Like Let of Snow – Or shift supreme – As tone of Realm On Subjects Diadem –

Too small – to fear – Too distant – to endear – And so Men Compromise – And just – revere –

c. 1861

1935

284

The Drop, that wrestles in the Sea – Forgets her own locality – As I – toward Thee –

She knows herself an incense small – Yet small – she sighs – if All – is All – How larger – be?

The Ocean - smiles - at her Conceit -But she, forgetting Amphitrite -Pleads - "Me"?

c. 1861

1945

285

The Robin's my Criterion for Tune –
Because I grow – where Robins do –
But, were I Cuckoo born –
I'd swear by him –
The ode familiar – rules the Noon –
The Buttercup's, my Whim for BloomBecause, we're Orchard sprung –
But, were I Britain born,
I'd Daisies spurn –
None but the Nut – October fit –
Because, through dropping it,

The Seasons flit – I'm taught – Without the Snow's Tableau Winter, were lie – to me – Because I see – New Englandly – The Queen, discerns like me – Provincially –

c. 1861

1929

286

That after Horror – that 'twas us – That passed the mouldering Pier – Just as the Granite Crumb let go – Our Savior, by a Hair –

A second more, had dropped too deep For Fisherman to plumb – The very profile of the Thought Puts Recollection numb –

The possibility – to pass
Without a Moment's Bell –
Into Conjecture's presence –
Is like a Face of Steel –
That suddenly looks into ours
With a metallic grin –
The Cordiality of Death –
Who drills his Welcome in –

c. 1861

1935

287

A Clock stopped –
Not the Mantel's –
Geneva's farthest skill
Can't put the puppet bowing –
That just now dangled still –

An awe came on the Trinket! The Figures hunched, with pain – Then quivered out of Decimals-Into Degreeless Noon –

It will not stir for Doctors – This Pendulum of snow – This Shopman importunes it – While cool – concernless No –

Nods from the Gilded pointers -Nods from the Seconds slim -Decades of Arrogance between The Dial life -And Him -

c. 1861

1896

288

I'm Nobody! Who are you? Are you – Nobody – Too? Then there's a pair of us? Don't tell! they'd advertise – you know!

How dreary – to be – Somebody! How public – like a Frog – To tell one's name – the livelong June – To an admiring Bog!

c. 1861

1891

289

I know some lonely Houses off the Road A Robber'd like the look of – Wooden barred, And Windows hanging low, Inviting to – A Portico, Where two could creep – One – hand the Tools – The other peep – To make sure All's Asleep –

[133]

Old fashioned eyes – Not easy to surprise!

How orderly the Kitchen'd look, by night, With just a Clock —
But they could gag the Tick —
And Mice won't bark —
And so the Walls — don't tell —
None — will —

A pair of Spectacles ajar just stir – An Almanac's aware – Was it the Mat – winked, Or a Nervous Star? The Moon – slides down the stair, To see who's there!

There's plunder – where –
Tankard, or Spoon –
Earring – or Stone –
A Watch – Some Ancient Brooch
To match the Grandmama –
Staid sleeping – there –

Day – rattles – too
Stealth's – slow –
The Sun has got as far
As the third Sycamore –
Screams Chanticleer
"Who's there"?

And Echoes – Trains away, Sneer – "Where"! While the old Couple, just astir, Fancy the Sunrise – left the door ajar!

c. 1861

1890

290

Of Bronze – and Blaze – The North – Tonight – So adequate – it forms – So preconcerted with itself –
So distant – to alarms –
An Unconcern so sovereign
To Universe, or me –
Infects my simple spirit
With Taints of Majesty –
Till I take vaster attitudes –
And strut upon my stem –
Disdaining Men, and Oxygen,
For Arrogance of them –

My Splendors, are Menagerie – But their Competeless Show Will entertain the Centuries When I, am long ago, An Island in dishonored Grass – Whom none but Beetles – know.

c. 1861 1896

### 291

How the old Mountains drip with Sunset How the Hemlocks burn – How the Dun Brake is draped in Cinder By the Wizard Sun –

How the old Steeples hand the Scarlet Till the Ball is full — Have I the lip of the Flamingo That I dare to tell?

Then, how the Fire ebbs like Billows – Touching all the Grass With a departing – Sapphire – feature – As a Duchess passed –

How a small Dusk crawls on the Village Till the Houses blot And the odd Flambeau, no men carry Glimmer on the Street – How it is Night – in Nest and Kennel And where was the Wood – Just a Dome of Abyss is Bowing Into Solitude –

These are the Visions flitted Guido – Titian – never told – Domenichino dropped his pencil – Paralyzed, with Gold –

c. 1861

1896

292

If your Nerve, deny you – Go above your Nerve – He can lean against the Grave, If he fear to swerve –

That's a steady posture – Never any bend Held of those Brass arms – Best Giant made –

If your Soul seesaw – Lift the Flesh door – The Poltroon wants Oxygen – Nothing more –

c. 1861

1935

293

I got so I could take his name – Without – Tremendous gain – That Stop-sensation – on my Soul – And Thunder – in the Room –

I got so I could walk across
That Angle in the floor,
Where he turned so, and I turned – how And all our Sinew tore –

I got so I could stir the Box – In which his letters grew Without that forcing, in my breath – As Staples – driven through –

Could dimly recollect a Grace — I think, they call it "God" — Renowned to ease Extremity — When Formula, had failed —

And shape my Hands – Petition's way, Tho' ignorant of a word That Ordination – utters –

My Business, with the Cloud,
If any Power behind it, be,
Not subject to Despair —
It care, in some remoter way,
For so minute affair
As Misery —
Itself, too vast, for interrupting — more

c. 1861

# 294

The Doomed – regard the Sunrise With different Delight – Because – when next it burns abroad They doubt to witness it –

The Man – to die – tomorrow – Harks for the Meadow Bird – Because its Music stirs the Axe That clamors for his head –

Joyful – to whom the Sunrise Precedes Enamored – Day – Joyful – for whom the Meadow Bird Has ought but Elegy!

c. 1861

Unto like Story – Trouble has enticed me –
How Kinsmen fell –
Brothers and Sister – who preferred the Glory –
And their young will
Bent to the Scaffold, or in Dungeons – chanted –
Till God's full time –
When they let go the ignominy – smiling –
And Shame went still –

Unto guessed Crests, my moaning fancy, leads me, Worn fair
By Heads rejected – in the lower country –
Of honors there –
Such spirit makes her perpetual mention,
That I – grown bold –
Step martial – at my Crucifixion –
As Trumpets – rolled –

Feet, small as mine – have marched in Revolution
Firm to the Drum – .

Hands – not so stout – hoisted them – in witness –
When Speech went numb –
Let me not shame their sublime deportments –
Drilled bright –
Beckoning – Etruscan invitation –
Toward Light –

c. 1861

1935

296

One Year ago – jots what? God – spell the word! I – can't – Was't Grace? Not that – Was't Glory? That – will do – Spell slower – Glory –

Such Anniversary shall be – Sometimes – not often – in Eternity – When farther Parted, than the Common Woe Look – feed upon each other's faces – so – In doubtful meal, if it be possible Their Banquet's true –

I tasted – careless – then –
I did not know the Wine
Came once a World – Did you?
Oh, had you told me so –
This Thirst would blister – easier – now You said it hurt you – most –
Mine – was an Acorn's Breast –
And could not know how fondness grew
In Shaggier Vest –
Perhaps – I couldn't –
But, had you looked in –
A Giant – eye to eye with you, had been –
No Acorn – then –

So – Twelve months ago –
We breathed –
Then dropped the Air –
Which bore it best?
Was this – the patientest –
Because it was a Child, you know –
And could not value – Air?

If to be "Elder" – mean most pain –
I'm old enough, today, I'm certain – then ·
As old as thee – how soon?
One – Birthday more – or Ten?
Let me – choose!
Ah, Sir, None!

c. 1861

1945

297

It's like the Light – A fashionless Delight – It's like the Bee – A dateless – Melody – It's like the Woods –
Private – Like the Breeze –
Phraseless – yet it stirs
The proudest Trees –
It's like the Morning –

Best – when it's done –
And the Everlasting Clocks –
Chime – Noon!

c. 1861

1896

298

Alone, I cannot be – For Hosts – do visit me – · Recordless Company – Who baffle Key –

They have no Robes, nor Names – No Almanacs – nor Climes – But general Homes Like Gnomes –

Their Coming, may be known
By Couriers within —
Their going — is not —
For they're never gone —

c. 1861

1932

299

Your Riches – taught me – Poverty. Myself – a Millionaire In little Wealths, as Girls could boast Till broad as Buenos Ayre –

You drifted your Dominions – A Different Peru – And I esteemed All Poverty For Life's Estate with you –

[140]



Of Mines, I little know – myself – But just the names, of Gems – The Colors of the Commonest – And scarce of Diadems –

So much, that did I meet the Queen – Her Glory I should know – But this, must be a different Wealth – To miss it – beggars so –

I'm sure 'tis India – all Day – To those who look on You – Without a stint – without a blame, Might I – but be the Jew –

I'm sure it is Golconda –
Beyond my power to deem –
To have a smile for Mine – each Day,
How better, than a Gem!

At least, it solaces to know That there exists – a Gold – Altho' I prove it, just in time Its distance – to behold –

Its far – far Treasure to surmise – And estimate the Pearl – That slipped my simple fingers through While just a Girl at School.

1862

1891

300

"Morning" – means "Milking" – to the Farmer Dawn – to the Teneriffe –
Dice – to the Maid –
Morning means just Risk – to the Lover –
Just revelation – to the Beloved –

Epicures – date a Breakfast – by it – Brides – an Apocalypse – Worlds – a Flood –

301

I reason, Earth is short – And Anguish – absolute – And many hurt, But, what of that?

I reason, we could die – The best Vitality Cannot excel Decay, But, what of that?

I reason, that in Heaven – Somehow, it will be even – Some new Equation, given – But, what of that?

c. 1862 1890

302

Like Some Old fashioned Miracle When Summertime is done – Seems Summer's Recollection And the Affairs of June

As infinite Tradition As Cinderella's Bays – Or Little John – of Lincoln Green – Or Blue Beard's Galleries –

Her Bees have a fictitious Hum – Her Blossoms, like a Dream – Elate us – till we almost weep – So plausible – they seem –

Her Memories like Strains – Review -When Orchestra is dumb –

[ 142 ]

1914

303

The Soul selects her own Society – Then – shuts the Door – To her divine Majority – Present no more –

Unmoved – she notes the Chariots – pausing At her low Gate –
Unmoved – an Emperor be kneeling
Upon her Mat –

I've known her – from an ample nation – Choose One – Then – close the Valves of her attention – Like Stone –

c. 1862

189a

304

The Day came slow – till Five o'clock – Then sprang before the Hills Like Hindered Rubies – or the Light A Sudden Musket – spills –

The Purple could not keep the East – The Sunrise shook abroad Like Breadths of Topaz – packed a Night The Lady just unrolled –

The Happy Winds – their Timbrels took -The Birds – in docile Rows Arranged themselves around their Prince The Wind – is Prince of Those –

The Orchard sparkled like a Jew – How mighty 'twas – to be

[ 143 ]

305

The difference between Despair And Fear – is like the One Between the instant of a Wrcck – And when the Wreck has been –

The Mind is smooth – no Motion – Contented as the Eye Upon the Forehead of a Bust – That knows – it cannot see –

c. 1862 1914

306

The Soul's Superior instants
Occur to Her – alone –
When friend – and Earth's occasion
Have infinite withdrawn –

Or She – Herself – ascended To too remote a Height For lower Recognition Than Her Omnipotent –

This Mortal Abolition Is seldom – but as fair As Apparition – subject To Autocratic Air –

Eternity's disclosure
To favorites – a few –
Of the Colossal substance
Of Immortality

c. 1862

1891

The One who could repeat the Summer day -Were greater than itself – though He Minutest of Mankind should be –

And He – could reproduce the Sun – At period of going down – The Lingering – and the Stain – I mean –

When Orient have been outgrown – And Occident – become Unknown – His Name – remain –

1862 1891

308

I send Two Sunsets – Day and I – in competition ran – I finished Two – and several Stars – While He – was making One –

His own was ampler – but as I Was saying to a friend – Mine – is the more convenient To Carry in the Hand –

1862 1914

309

For largest Woman's Heart I knew 'Tis little I can do –
And yet the largest Woman's Heart
Could hold an Arrow – too –
And so, instructed by my own,
I tenderer, turn Me to.

1862

310

Give little Anguish -Lives will fret -

[ 145 ]

Give Avalanches – And they'll slant – Straighten – look cautious for their Breath -But make no syllable – like Death – Who only shows his Marble Disc – Sublimer sort – than Speech –

c. 1862

1924

311

It sifts from Leaden Sieves – It powders all the Wood. It fills with Alabaster Wool The Wrinkles of the Road –

It makes an Even Face
Of Mountain, and of Plain –
Unbroken Forehead from the East
Unto the East again –

It reaches to the Fence – It wraps it Rail by Rail Till it is lost in Flecces – It deals Celestial Vail

To Stump, and Stack – and Stem – A Summer's empty Room – Acres of Joints, where Harvests were, Recordless, but for them –

It Ruffles Wrists of Posts As Ankles of a Queen — Then stills its Artisans—like Ghosts— Denying they have been—

c. 1862

1891

312

Her – "last Poems" – Poets – ended – Silver – perished – with her Tongue –

[146]

Not on Record - bubbled other, Flute - or Woman -So divine -Not unto its Summer - Morning Robin - uttered Half the Tune -Gushed too free for the Adoring -From the Anglo-Florentine – Late – the Praise – 'Tis dull – conferring On the Head too High to Crown -Diadem - or Ducal Showing -Be its Grave - sufficient sign -Nought - that We - No Poet's Kinsman . Suffocate – with easy woe – What, and if, Ourself a Bridegroom -Put Her down - in Italy?

c. 1862

1914

#### 313

I should have been too glad, I see – Too lifted – for the scant degree Of Life's penurious Round – My little Circuit would have shamed This new Circumference – have blamed -The homelier time behind.

I should have been too saved – I see –
Too rescued – Fear too dim to me
That I could spell the Prayer
I knew so perfect – yesterday –
That Scalding One – Sabachthani –
Recited fluent – here –

Earth would have been too much – I see And Heaven – not enough for me – I should have had the Joy
Without the Fear – to justify –
The Palm – without the Calvary –
So Savior – Crucify –

Defeat – whets Victory – they say – The Reefs – in old Gethsemane – Endear the Coast – beyond! "Tis Beggars – Banquets – can define – "Tis Parching – vitalizes Wine – "Faith" bleats – to understand!

c. 1862

314

Nature – sometimes sears a Sapling -Sometimes – scalps a Tree – Her Green People recollect it When they do not die –

Fainter Leaves – to Further Seasons -Dumbly testify – We – who have the Souls – Die oftener – Not so vitally –

c. 1862

315

He fumbles at your Soul
As Players at the Keys
Before they drop full Music on —
He stuns you by degrees —
Prepares your brittle Nature
For the Ethereal Blow
By fainter Hammers — further heard —
Then nearer — Then so slow
Your Breath has time to straighten —
Your Brain — to bubble Cool —
Deals — One — imperial — Thunderbolt —
That scalps your naked Soul —

When Winds take Forests in their Paws – The Universe – is still –

c. 1862 1896

The Wind didn't come from the Orchard – today Further than that –
Nor stop to play with the Hay –
Nor joggle a Hat –
He's a transitive fellow – very –
Rely on that –

If He leave a Bur at the door We know He has climbed a Fir – But the Fir is Where – Declare – Were you ever there?

If He brings Odors of Clovers –
And that is His business – not Ours –
Then He has been with the Mowers –
Whetting away the Hours
To sweet pauses of Hay –
His Way – of a June Day –

If He fling Sand, and Pebble –
Little Boys Hats – and Stubble –
With an occasional Steeple –
And a hoarse "Get out of the way, I say,"
Who'd be the fool to stay?
Would you – Say –
Would you be the fool to stay?

c. 1862

1932

317

Just so – Jesus – raps –
He – doesn't weary –
Last – at the Knocker –
And first – at the Bell.
Then – on divinest tiptoe – standing –
Might He but spy the lady's soul –
When He – retires –
Chilled – or weary –
It will be ample time for – me –

1914

c. 1861

318

I'll tell you how the Sun rose -A Ribbon at a time -The Steeples swam in Amethyst – The news, like Squirrels, ran -The Hills untied their Bonnets – The Bobolinks – begun – Then I said softly to myself – "That must have been the Sun"! But how he set - I know not -There seemed a purple stile That little Yellow boys and girls Were climbing all the while – Till when they reached the other side, A Dominie in Gray – Put gently up the evening Bars -And led the flock away –

c. 1860 1890

319

The nearest Dream recedes – unrealized –
The Heaven we chase,
Like the June Bee – before the School Boy,
Invites the Race –
Stoops – to an easy Clover –
Dips – evades – teases – deploys –
Then – to the Royal Clouds
Lifts his light Pinnace –
Heedless of the Boy –
Staring – bewildered – at the mocking sky –

[ 150 ]

Homesick for steadfast Honey – Ah, the Bee flies not That brews that rare variety!

c. 1861

320

We play at Paste – Till qualified, for Pearl – Then, drop the Paste – And deem ourself a fool –

The Shapes – though – were similar-And our new Hands Learned Gem-Tactics – Practicing Sands –

c. 1862 1891

321

Of all the Sounds despatched abroad,
There's not a Charge to me
Like that old measure in the Boughs –
That phraseless Melody –
The Wind does – working like a Hand,
Whose fingers Comb the Sky –
Then quiver down – with tufts of TunePermitted Gods, and me –

Inheritance, it is, to us —
Beyond the Art to Earn —
Beyond the trait to take away
By Robber, since the Gain
Is gotten not of fingers —
And inner than the Bone —
Hid golden, for the whole of Days,
And even in the Urn,
I cannot vouch the merry Dust
Do not arise and play
In some odd fashion of its own,
Some quainter Holiday,

[ 151 ]

When Winds go round and round in Bands And thrum upon the door, And Birds take places, overhead, To bear them Orchestra.

I crave Him grace of Summer Boughs,
If such an Outcast be—
Who never heard that fleshless Chant—
Rise—solemn—on the Tree,
As if some Caravan of Sound
Off Deserts, in the Sky,
Had parted Rank,
Then knit, and swept—
In Seamless Company—

c. 1862

1890

322

There came a Day at Summer's full, Entirely for me – I thought that such were for the Saints, Where Resurrections – be –

The Sun, as common, went abroad, The flowers, accustomed, blew, As if no soul the solstice passed That maketh all things new—

The time was scarce profaned, by speech. The symbol of a word Was needless, as at Sacrament, The Wardrobe—of our Lord—

Each was to each The Sealed Church, Permitted to commune this – time – Lest we too awkward show At Supper of the Lamb.

The Hours slid fast - as Hours will, Clutched tight, by greedy hands - So faces on two Decks, look back, Bound to opposing lands –

And so when all the time had leaked, Without external sound Each bound the Other's Crucifix— We gave no other Bond—

Sufficient troth, that we shall rise – Deposed – at length, the Grave – To that new Marriage, Justified – through Calvaries of Love –

c. 1861

323

As if I asked a common Alms,
And in my wondering hand
A Stranger pressed a Kingdom,
And I, bewildered, stand—
As if I asked the Orient
Had it for me a Morn—
And it should lift its purple Dikes,
And shatter me with Dawn!

c. 1858 1891

324

Some keep the Sabbath going to Church – I keep it, staying at Home – With a Bobolink for a Chorister – And an Orchard, for a Dome –

Some keep the Sabbath in Surplice –
I just wear my Wings –
And instead of tolling the Bell, for Church,
Our little Sexton – sings.

God preaches, a noted Clergyman – And the sermon is never long,

[ 153 ]

1864

325

Of Tribulation, these are They, Denoted by the White – The Spangled Gowns, a lesser Rank Of Victors – designate –

All these – did conquer –
But the ones who overcame most times –
Wear nothing commoner than Snow –
No Ornament, but Palms –

Surrender – is a sort unknown – On this superior soil – Defeat – an outgrown Anguish – Remembered, as the Mile

Our panting Ankle barely passed – When Night devoured the Road – But we – stood whispering in the House -And all we said – was "Saved"!

c. 1861

1891

326

I cannot dance upon my Toes – No Man instructed me – But oftentimes, among my mind, A Glee possesseth me,

That had I Ballet knowledge – Would put itself abroad In Pirouette to blanch a Troupe – Or lay a Prima, mad,

And though I had no Gown of Gauze – No Ringlet, to my Hair,

[ 154]

Nor hopped to Audiences – like Birds, One Claw upon the Air,

Nor tossed my shape in Eider Balls, Nor rolled on wheels of snow Till I was out of sight, in sound, The House encore me so—

Nor any know I know the Art I mention – easy – Here – Nor any Placard boast me – It's full as Opera –

c. 1862 1929

327

Before I got my eye put out I liked as well to see – As other Creatures, that have Eyes And know no other way –

But were it told to me – Today – That I might have the sky For mine – I tell you that my Heart Would split, for size of me –

The Meadows – mine –
The Mountains – mine –
All Forests – Stintless Stars –
As much of Noon as I could take
Between my finite eyes –

The Motions of the Dipping Birds – The Morning's Amber Road – For mine – to look at when I liked – The News would strike me dead –

So safer – guess – with just my soul Upon the Window pane – Where other Creatures put their eyes-Incautious – of the Sun –

c. 1862 1891

A Bird came down the Walk – He did not know I saw – He bit an Angleworm in halves And ate the fellow, raw,

And then he drank a Dew From a convenient Grass – And then hopped sidewise to the Wall To let a Beetle pass –

He glanced with rapid eyes
That hurried all around —
They looked like frightened Beads, I thought —
He stirred his Velvet Head

Like one in danger, Cautious, I offered him a Crumb And he unrolled his feathers And rowed him softer home –

Than Oars divide the Ocean, Too silver for a seam – Or Butterflies, off Banks of Noon Leap, plashless as they swim.

c. 1862

1891

329

So glad we are – a Stranger'd deem "Twas sorry, that we were – For where the Holiday should be There publishes a Tear – Nor how Ourselves be justified – Since Grief and Joy are done So similar – An Optizan Could not decide between –

c. 1862

The Juggler's Hat her Country is – The Mountain Gorse – the Bee's!

c. 1861

1894

331

While Asters —
On the Hill —
Their Everlasting fashions — set —
And Covenant Gentians — Frill!

c. 1861

332

There are two Ripenings – one – of sight-Whose forces Spheric wind Until the Velvet product Drop spicy to the ground – A homelier maturing – A process in the Bur – That teeth of Frosts alone disclose In far October Air.

c. 1862 1894

333

The Grass so little has to do – A Sphere of simple Green – With only Butterflies to brood And Bees to entertain –

And stir all day to pretty Tunes The Breezes fetch along – And hold the Sunshine in its lap And bow to everything –

And thread the Dews, all night, like Pearls-And make itself so fine

[157]

A Duchess were too common For such a noticing –

And even when it dies – to pass In Odors so divine – Like Lowly spices, lain to sleep – Or Spikenards, perishing –

And then, in Sovereign Barns to dwell— And dream the Days away, The Grass so little has to do I wish I were a Hay—

c. 1862 1890

334

All the letters I can write
Are not fair as this —
Syllables of Velvet —
Sentences of Plush,
Depths of Ruby, undrained,
Hid, Lip, for Thee —
Play it were a Humming Bird —
And just sipped — me —

1862 1929

335

"Tis not that Dying hurts us so –
"Tis Living – hurts us more –
But Dying – is a different way –
A Kind behind the Door –

The Southern Custom – of the Bird-That ere the Frosts are due – Accepts a better Latitude – We – are the Birds – that stay.

The Shiverers round Farmers' doors-For whose reluctant Crumb -

[158]

336

The face I carry with me – last –
When I go out of Time –
To take my Rank – by – in the West –
That face – will just be thine –

I'll hand it to the Angel –
That – Sir – was my Degree –
In Kingdoms – you have heard the Raised –
Refer to – possibly.

He'll take it – scan it – step aside – Return – with such a crown As Gabriel – never capered at – And beg me put it on –

And then – he'll turn me round and round – To an admiring sky – As one that bore her Master's name – Sufficient Royalty!

·c. 1862

1945

337

I know a place where Summer strives With such a practised Frost— She—each year—leads her Daisies back— Recording briefly—"Lost"—

But when the South Wind stirs the Pools And struggles in the lanes – Her Heart misgives Her, for Her Vow – And she pours soft Refrains

Into the lap of Adamant – And spices – and the Dew –

[159]

After great pain, a formal feeling comes – The Nerves sit ceremonious, like Tombs – The stiff Heart questions was it He, that bore, And Yesterday, or Centuries before?

The Feet, mechanical, go round—
Of Ground, or Air, or Ought—
A Wooden way
Regardless grown,
A Quartz contentment, like a stone—

This is the Hour of Lead –
Remembered, if outlived,
As Freezing persons, recollect the Snow –
First – Chill – then Stupor – then the letting go-

c. 1862 1929

## 342

It will be Summer – eventually.

Ladies – with parasols –

Sauntering Gentlemen – with Canes –

And little Girls – with Dolls –

Will tint the pallid landscape – As 'twere a bright Bouquet – Tho' drifted deep, in Parian – The Village lies – today –

The Lilacs – bending many a year – Will sway with purple load – The Bees – will not despise the tune – Their Forefathers – have hummed –

The Wild Rose – redden in the Bog – The Aster – on the Hill Her everlasting fashion – set – And Covenant Gentians – frill –

Till Summer folds her miracle – As Women – do – their Gown –

### 343

My Reward for Being, was This. My premium – My Bliss – An Admiralty, less – A Sceptre – penniless – And Realms – just Dross –

When Thrones accost my Hands –
With "Me, Miss, Me" –
I'll unroll Thee –
Dominions dowerless – beside this Grace –
Election – Vote –
The Ballots of Eternity, will show just that.

c. 1862

1945

#### 344

'Twas the old – road – through pain – That unfrequented – one – With many a turn – and thorn – That stops – at Heaven –

This – was the Town – she passed –
There – where she – rested – last –
Then – stepped more fast –
The little tracks – close prest –
Then – not so swift –
Slow – slow – as feet did weary – grow –
Then – stopped – no other track!

Wait! Look! Her little Book –
The leaf – at love – turned back –
Her very Hat –
And this worn shoe just fits the track –
Herself – though – fled!

Another bed – a short one – Women make – tonight – In Chambers bright – Too out of sight – though – For our hoarse Good Night – To touch her Head!

c. 1862

1929

345

Funny – to be a Century – And see the People – going by – I – should die of the Oddity – But then – I'm not so staid – as He –

He keeps His Secrets safely – very – Were He to tell – extremely sorry This Bashful Globe of Ours would be – So dainty of Publicity –

c. 1862

1929

346

Not probable – The barest Chance – A smile too few – a word too much And far from Heaven as the Rest – The Soul so close on Paradise –

What if the Bird from journey far— Confused by Sweets—as Mortals—are— Forget the secret of His wing And perish—but a Bough between— Oh, Groping feet— Oh Phantom Queen!

c. 1862

1935

347

When Night is almost done – And Sunrise grows so near

[ 164 ]

That we can touch the Spaces – It's time to smooth the Hair –

And get the Dimples ready – And wonder we could care For that old – faded Midnight – That frightened – but an Hour –

c. 1862 1890

348

I dreaded that first Robin, so, But He is mastered, now, I'm some accustomed to Him grown, He hurts a little, though –

I thought if I could only live Till that first Shout got by – Not all Pianos in the Woods Had power to mangle me –

I dared not meet the Daffodils – For fear their Yellow Gown Would pierce me with a fashion So foreign to my own –

I wished the Grass would hurry – So – when 'twas time to see – He'd be too tall, the tallest one Could stretch – to look at me –

I could not bear the Bees should come, I wished they'd stay away In those dim countries where they go, What word had they, for me?

They're here, though; not a creature failed-No Blossom stayed away In gentle deference to me – The Queen of Calvary –

Each one salutes me, as he goes, And I, my childish Plumes,

1891

349

I had the Glory – that will do –
An Honor, Thought can turn her to
When lesser Fames invite –
With one long "Nay" –
Bliss' early shape
Deforming – Dwindling – Gulfing upTime's possibility.

c. 1862

1945

350

They leave us with the Infinite. But He-is not a man-His fingers are the size of fists-His fists, the size of men-

And whom he foundeth, with his Arm As Himmaleh, shall stand— Gibraltar's Everlasting Shoe Poised lightly on his Hand,

So trust him, Comrade – You for you, and I, for you and me Eternity is ample, And quick enough, if true.

c. 1862

1945

351

I felt my life with both my hands To see if it was there— I held my spirit to the Glass, To prove it possiblerI turned my Being round and round And paused at every pound To ask the Owner's name – For doubt, that I should know the Sound-

I judged my features – jarred my hair – I pushed my dimples by, and waited – If they – twinkled back – Conviction might, of me –

I told myself, "Take Courage, Friend – That – was a former time – But we might learn to like the Heaven, As well as our Old Home!"

c. 1862

352

Perhaps I asked too large – I take – no less than skies – For Earths, grow thick as Berries, in my native town –

My Basket holds – just – Firmaments-Those – dangle easy – on my arm, But smaller bundles – Cram.

c. 1862 1945

353

A happy lip – breaks sudden –
It doesn't state you how
It contemplated – smiling –
Just consummated – now –
But this one, wears its merriment
So patient – like a pain –
Fresh gilded – to elude the eyes
Unqualified, to scan –

c. 1862 1955

From Cocoon forth a Butterfly As Lady from her Door Emerged – a Summer Afternoon – Repairing Everywhere –

Without Design – that I could trace Except to stray abroad On Miscellaneous Enterprise The Clovers – understood –

Her pretty Parasol be seen Contracting in a Field Where Men made Hay— Then struggling hard With an opposing Cloud—

Where Parties – Phantom as Herself – To Nowhere – seemed to go In purposeless Circumference – As 'twere a Tropic Show –

And notwithstanding Bee – that worked -And Flower – that zealous blew – This Audience of Idleness Disdained them, from the Sky –

Till Sundown crept – a steady Tide – And Men that made the Hay – And Afternoon – and Butterfly – Extinguished – in the Sea –

c. 1862

1891

355

"Tis Opposites – entice – Deformed Men – ponder Grace-Bright fires – the Blanketless – The Lost – Day's face –

The Blind – esteem it be Enough Estate – to see – The Captive – strangles new – For deeming – Beggars – play-

To lack – enamor Thee – Tho' the Divinity – Be only Me –

c. 1862

1929

356

The Day that I was crowned Was like the other Days – Until the Coronation came – And then – 'twas Otherwise –

As Carbon in the Coal And Carbon in the Gem Are One – and yet the former Were dull for Diadem –

I rose, and all was plain – But when the Day declined Myself and It, in Majesty Were equally – adorned –

The Grace that I – was chose – To Me – surpassed the Crown That was the Witness for the Grace -'Twas even that 'twas Mine –

c. 1862

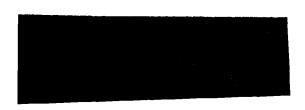
1935

357

God is a distant – stately Lover – Woos, as He states us – by His Son – Verily, a Vicarious Courtship – "Miles", and "Priscilla", were such an One-

But, lest the Soul – like fair "Priscilla" Choose the Envoy – and spurn the Groom –

[ 169 ]



Vouches, with hyperbolic archness – "Miles", and "John Alden" were Synonym-

c. 1862 1891

358

If any sink, assure that this, now standing – Failed like Themselves – and conscious that it rose-Grew by the Fact, and not the Understanding How Weakness passed – or Force – arose –

Tell that the Worst, is easy in a Moment—Dread, but the Whizzing, before the Ball—When the Ball enters, enters Silence—Dying—annuls the power to kill.

c. 1862 1935

359

I gained it so—
By Climbing slow—
By Catching at the Twigs that grow
Between the Bliss—and me—
It hung so high
As well the Sky
Attempt by Strategy—

I said I gained it—
This—was all—
Look, how I clutch it
Lest it fall—
And I a Pauper go—
Unfitted by an instant's Grace
For the Contented—Beggar's face
I wore—an hour ago—

c. 1862

360

Death sets a Thing significant The Eye had hurried by

[170]

Except a perished Creature Entreat us tenderly

To ponder little Workmanships In Crayon, or in Wool, With "This was last Her fingers did" – Industrious until –

The Thimble weighed too heavy— The stitches stopped—themselves— And then 'twas put among the Dust Upon the Closet shelves—

A Book I have – a friend gave – Whose Pencil – here and there – Had notched the place that pleased Him-At Rest – His fingers are –

Now – when I read – I read not – For interrupting Tears – Obliterate the Etchings Too Costly for Repairs.

c. 1862

1891

361

What I can do – I will – Though it be little as a Daffodil-That I cannot – must be Unknown to possibility –

c. 1862

1929

362

It struck me – every Day –
The Lightning was as new
As if the Cloud that instant slit
And let the Fire through –

It burned Me – in the Night – It Blistered to My Dream –

[ 171 ]

It sickened fresh upon my sight – With every Morn that came –

I thought that Storm – was brief – The Maddest – quickest by – But Nature lost the Date of This – And left it in the Sky –

c. 1862

₹896

363

I went to thank Her – But She Slept – Her Bed – a funneled Stone – With Nosegays at the Head and Foot – That Travellers – had thrown –

Who went to thank Her –
But She Slept –
'Twas Short – to cross the Sea –
To look upon Her like – alive –
But turning back – 'twas slow –

1862

1890

364

The Morning after Woe –
'Tis frequently the Way –
Surpasses all that rose before –
For utter Jubilee –

As Nature did not care – And piled her Blossoms on – And further to parade a Joy Her Victim stared upon –

The Birds declaim their Tunes— Pronouncing every word Like Hammers—Did they know they fell Like Litanies of Lead—

[172]



On here and there – a creature – They'd modify the Glee To fit some Crucifixal Clef – Some Key of Calvary –

c. 1862

1935

365

Dare you see a Soul at the White Heat? Then crouch within the door -Red – is the Fire's common tint – But when the vivid Ore Has vanquished Flame's conditions, It quivers from the Forge Without a color, but the light Of unanointed Blaze. Least Village has its Blacksmith Whose Anvil's even ring Stands symbol for the finer Forge That soundless tugs - within -Refining these impatient Ores With Hammer, and with Blaze Until the Designated Light Repudiate the Forge -

c. 1862

1891

366

Although I put away his life – An Ornament too grand For Forehead low as mine, to wear, This might have been the Hand

That sowed the flower, he preferred-Or smoothed a homely pain, Or pushed the pebble from his path -Or played his chosen tune –

On Lute the least – the latest – But just his Ear could know

[ 173 ]

That whatsoe'er delighted it, I never would let go-

The foot to bear his errand-A little Boot I know-Would leap abroad like Antelope – With just the grant to do-

His weariest Commandment-A sweeter to obey, Than "Hide and Seek" -Or skip to Flutes -Or All Day, chase the Bee-

Your Servant, Sir, will weary-The Surgeon, will not come -The World, will have its own-to do-The Dust, will vex your Fame-

The Cold will force your rightest door Some February Day, But say my apron bring the sticks To make your Cottage gay -

That I may take that promise To Paradise, with me-To teach the Angels, avarice, You, Sir, taught first - to me.

c. 1862

1929

367

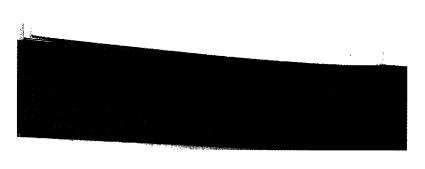
Over and over, like a Tune ~ The Recollection plays -Drums off the Phantom Battlements Cornets of Paradise -

Snatches, from Baptized Generations. Cadences too grand But for the Justified Processions At the Lord's Right hand.

c. 1862

1929

[174]



How sick – to wait – in any place – but thine – I knew last night – when someone tried to twine – Thinking – perhaps – that I looked tired – or alone-Or breaking – almost – with unspoken pain –

And I turned – ducal –

That right – was thine –

One port – suffices – for a Brig – like mine –

Ours be the tossing – wild though the sea – Rather than a Mooring – unshared by thee. Ours be the Cargo – unladen – here – Rather than the "spicy isles –" And thou – not there –

c. 1862 1945

369

She lay as if at play Her life had leaped away – Intending to return – But not so soon –

Her merry Arms, half dropt-As if for lull of sport – An instant had forgot – The Trick to start –

Her dancing Eyes – ajar – As if their Owner were Still sparkling through For fun – at you –

Her Morning at the door – Devising, I am sure – To force her sleep – So light – so deep –

c. 1862

Heaven is so far of the Mind That were the Mind dissolved The Site – of it – by Architect Could not again be proved –

'Tis vast—as our Capacity— As fair—as our idea— To Him of adequate desire No further 'tis, than Here—

c. 1862

1929

371

A precious – mouldering pleasure – 'tis -To meet an Antique Book – In just the Dress his Century wore – A privilege – I think –

His venerable Hand to take – And warming in our own – A passage back – or two – to make – To Times when he – was young –

His quaint opinions – to inspect – His thought to ascertain On Themes concern our mutual mind – The Literature of Man –

What interested Scholars – most – What Competitions ran – When Plato – was a Certainty – And Sophocles – a Man –

When Sappho – was a living Girl – And Beatrice wore The Gown that Dante – deified – Facts Centuries before

He traverses – familiar – As One should come to Town –

[176]

And tell you all your Dreams – were true-He lived – where Dreams were born –

His presence is Enchantment – You beg him not to go – Old Volumes shake their Vellum Heads And tantalize – just so –

c. 1862 1890

372

I know lives, I could miss Without a Misery – Others – whose instant's wanting-Would be Eternity –

The last – a scanty Number – Twould scarcely fill a Two – The first – a Gnat's Horizon Could easily outgrow –

c. 1862 1929

373

I'm saying every day
"If I should be a Queen, tomorrow" –
I'd do this way –
And so I deck, a little,

If it be, I wake a Bourbon,
None on me, bend supercilious –
With "This was she –
Begged in the Market place –
Yesterday."

Court is a stately place –
I've heard men say –
So I loop my apron, against the Majesty
With bright Pins of Buttercup –
That not too plain –
Rank – overtake me –

[ 177 ]

And perch my Tongue On Twigs of singing – rather high – But this, might be my brief Term To qualify –

Put from my simple speech all plain word-Take other accents, as such I heard Though but for the Cricket – just, And but for the Bee – Not in all the Meadow – One accost me –

Better to be ready – Than did next morn Meet me in Aragon – My old Gown – on –

And the surprised Air Rustics – wear – Summoned – unexpectedly – To Exeter –

c. 1862

1935

374

I went to Heaven –
"Twas a small Town –
Lit – with a Ruby –
Lathed – with Down –

Stiller – than the fields
At the full Dew –
Beautiful – as Pictures –
No Man drew,
People – like the Moth –
Of Mechlin – frames –
Duties – of Gossamer –
And Eider – names –
Almost – contented –
I – could be –

c. 1862

1891

375

The Angle of a Landscape – That every time I wake – Between my Curtain and the Wall Upon an ample Crack –

Like a Venetian – waiting – Accosts my open eye – Is just a Bough of Apples – Held slanting, in the Sky –

The Pattern of a Chimney—
The Forehead of a Hill—
Sometimes—a Vane's Forefinger—
But that's—Occasional—

The Seasons – shift – my Picture – Upon my Emerald Bough, I wake – to find no – Emeralds – Then – Diamonds – which the Snow

From Polar Caskets – fetched me – The Chimney – and the Hill – And just the Steeple's finger – These – never stir at all –

c. 1862

1945

376

Of Course – I prayed –
And did God Care?
He cared as much as on the Air
A Bird – had stamped her foot –
And cried "Give Me" –
My Reason – Life –
I had not had – but for Yourself –

[ 179 ]

'Twere better Charity
To leave me in the Atom's Tomb –
Merry, and Nought, and gay, and numbThan this smart Misery.

c. 1862

1929

377

To lose one's faith – surpass The loss of an Estate – Because Estates can be Replenished – faith cannot –

Inherited with Life –
Belief – but once – can be –
Annihilate a single clause –
And Being's – Beggary –

c. 1862

1896

378

I saw no Way – The Heavens were stitched I felt the Columns close –
The Earth reversed her Hemispheres –
I touched the Universe –

And back it slid – and I alone – A Speck upon a Ball – Went out upon Circumference – Beyond the Dip of Bell –

c. 1862

1935

379

Rehearsal to Ourselves Of a Withdrawn Delight – Affords a Bliss like Murder – Omnipotent – Acute –

We will not drop the Dirk – Because We love the Wound

[ 180 ]

c. 1862

380

There is a flower that Bees prefer – And Butterflies – desire – To gain the Purple Democrat The Humming Bird – aspire –

And Whatsoever Insect pass – A' Honey bear away Proportioned to his several dearth And her – capacity –

Her face be rounder than the Moon And ruddier than the Gown Of Orchis in the Pasture – Or Rhododendron – worn –

She doth not wait for June – Before the World be Green – Her sturdy little Countenance Against the Wind – be seen –

Contending with the Grass – Near Kinsman to Herself – For Privilege of Sod and Sun – Sweet Litigants for Life –

And when the Hills be full – And newer fashions blow – Doth not retract a single spice For pang of jealousy –

Her Public – be the Noon – Her Providence – the Sun – Her Progress – by the Bee – proclaimed In sovereign – Swerveless Tune –

The Bravest – of the Host – Surrendering – the last – Nor even of Defeat – aware – When cancelled by the Frost –

c. 1862

381

A Secret told –
Ceases to be a Secret – then –
A Secret – kept –
That – can appal but One –

Better of it – continual be afraid – Than it – And Whom you told it to – beside -

c. 1862

382

For Death – or rather
For the Things 'twould buy –
This – put away
Life's Opportunity –

The Things that Death will buy Are Room – Escape from Circumstances – And a Name –

With Gifts of Life
How Death's Gifts may compareWe know not –
For the Rates – lie Here –

c. 1862

383

Exhilaration – is within – There can no Outer Wine So royally intoxicate As that diviner Brand

[ 182 ]

1890

The Soul achieves.—Herself— To drink—or set away For Visitor—Or Sacrament— "Tis not of Holiday

To stimulate a Man Who hath the Ample Rhine Within his Closet – Best you can Exhale in offering.

c. 1862

1935

1929

384

No Rack can torture me – My Soul – at Liberty – Behind this mortal Bone There knits a bolder One –

You cannot prick with saw-Nor pierce with Scimitar – Two Bodies – therefore be – Bind One – The Other fly –

The Eagle of his Nest No easier divest – And gain the Sky Than mayest Thou –

Except Thyself may be Thine Enemy – Captivity is Consciousness – So's Liberty.

1914

c. 1862

385

Smiling back from Corona May be Luxury – On the Heads that started Being's Peasantry –

[ 183 ]

Recognizing in Procession Ones We former knew – When Ourselves were also dusty-Centuries ago –

Had the Triumph no Conviction Of how many be – Stimulated – by the Contrast – Unto Misery –

c. 1862

1945

386

Answer July –
Where is the Bee –
Where is the Blush –
Where is the Hay?

Ah, said July – Where is the Seed – Where is the Bud – Where is the May – Answer Thee – Me –

Nay – said the May – Show me the Snow – Show me the Bells – Show me the Jay!

Quibbled the Jay – Where be the Maize – Where be the Haze – Where be the Bur? Here – said the Year –

c. 1862

1935

387

The Sweetest Heresy received That Man and Woman knowEach Other's Convert –
Though the Faith accommodate but Two-

The Churches are so frequent –
The Ritual – so small –
The Grace so unavoidable –
To fail – is Infidel –

c. 1862

388

Take Your Heaven further on –
This – to Heaven divine Has gone Had You earlier blundered in
Possibly, e'en You had seen
An Eternity – put on –
Now – to ring a Door beyond
Is the utmost of Your Hand –
To the Skies – apologize –
Nearer to Your Courtesies
Than this Sufferer polite –
Dressed to meet You –
See – in White!

c. 1862

389

There's been a Death, in the Opposite House, As lately as Today – I know it, by the numb look Such Houses have – alway –

The Neighbors rustle in and out – The Doctor – drives away – A Window opens like a Pod – Abrupt – mechanically –

Somebody flings a Mattress out – The Children hurry by – They wonder if it died – on that – I used to – when a Boy –

[ 185]

The Minister – goes stiffly in –
As if the House were His –
And He owned all the Mourners – now And little Boys – besides –

And then the Milliner – and the Man Of the Appalling Trade – To take the measure of the House –

There'll be that Dark Parade -

Of Tassels – and of Coaches – soon – It's easy as a Sign – The Intuition of the News – In just a Country Town –

c. 1862

1896

390

It's coming – the postponeless Creature –

It gains the Block – and now – it gains the Door
Chooses its latch, from all the other fastenings
Enters – with a "You know Me – Sir"?

Simple Salute – and certain Recognition – Bold – were it Enemy – Brief – were it friend – Dresses each House in Crape, and Icicle – And carries one – out of it – to God –

c. 1862

1929

391

A Visitor in Marl – Who influences Flowers – Till they are orderly as Busts – And Elegant – as Glass –

Who visits in the Night –
And just before the Sun –
Concludes his glistening interview –
Caresses – and is gone –

[ 186 ]

But whom his fingers touched – And where his feet have run – And whatsoever Mouth he kissed-Is as it had not been –

c. 1862

1935

392

Through the Dark Sod – as Education – The Lily passes sure – Feels her white foot – no trepidation – Her faith – no fear –

Afterward – in the Meadow – Swinging her Beryl Bell – The Mold-life – all forgotten – now – In Ecstasy – and Dell –

c. 1862

1929

393

Did Our Best Moment last –
"Twould supersede the Heaven –
A few – and they by Risk – procure –
So this Sort – are not given –

Except as stimulants – in Cases of Despair – Or Stupor – The Reserve – These Heavenly Moments are –

A Grant of the Divine – That Certain as it Comes – Withdraws – and leaves the dazzled Soul In her unfurnished Rooms

c. 1862

394

"Twas Love – not me – Oh punish – pray –

[ 187 ]

The Real one died for Thee – Just Him – not me –

Such Guilt – to love Thee – most! Doom it beyond the Rest – Forgive it – last – "Twas base as Jesus – most!

Let Justice not mistake – We Two – looked so alike – Which was the Guilty Sake – "Twas Love's – Now Strike!

c. 1862

395

Reverse cannot befall
That fine Prosperity
Whose Sources are interior –
As soon – Adversity

A Diamond – overtake
In far – Bolivian Ground –
Misfortune hath no implement
Could mar it – if it found –

c. 1862

396

There is a Languor of the Life More imminent than Pain — 'Tis Pain's Successor — When the Soul Has suffered all it can —

A Drowsiness – diffuses – A Dimness like a Fog Envelops Consciousness – As Mists – obliterate a Crag.

The Surgeon – does not blanch – at pain -His Habit – is severe –

[ 188 ]

But tell him that it ceased to feel-The Creature lying there-

And he will tell you – skill is late-A Mightier than He – Has ministered before Him – There's no Vitality.

c. 1862 1929

397

When Diamonds are a Legend, And Diadems – a Tale – I Brooch and Earrings for Myself, Do sow, and Raise for sale –

And tho' I'm scarce accounted, My Art, a Summer Day – had Patrons-Once – it was a Queen – And once – a Butterfly –

c. 1862

398

I had not minded – Walls – Were Universe – one Rock – And far I heard his silver Call The other side the Block –

I'd tunnel – till my Groove
Pushed sudden thro' to his –
Then my face take her RecompenseThe looking in his Eyes –

But 'tis a single Hair –
A filament – a law –
A Cobweb – wove in Adamant –
A Battlement – of Straw –

A limit like the Veil Unto the Lady's face –

[ 189 ]

c. 1862

399

A House upon the Height – That Wagon never reached – No Dead, were ever carried down – No Peddler's Cart – approached –

Whose Chimney never smoked – Whose Windows – Night and Morn – Caught Sunrise first – and Sunset – last-Then – held an Empty Pane –

Whose fate – Conjecture knew – No other neighbor – did – And what it was – we never lisped – Because He – never told –

c. 1862

400

A Tongue – to tell Him I am true! Its fee – to be of Gold – Had Nature – in Her monstrous House A single Ragged Child –

To earn a Mine – would run
That Interdicted Way,
And tell Him – Charge thee speak it plain
That so far – Truth is True?

And answer What I do –
Beginning with the Day
That Night – begun –
Nay – Midnight – 'twas –
Since Midnight – happened – say –

If once more – Pardon – Boy – The Magnitude thou may

[ 190 ]

Enlarge my Message – If too vast Another Lad – help thee –

Thy Pay – in Diamonds – be – And His – in solid Gold – Say Rubies – if He hesitate – My Message – must be told –

Say – last I said – was This –
That when the Hills – come down –
And hold no higher than the Plain –
My Bond – have just begun –

And when the Heavens – disband – And Deity conclude – Then – look for me. Be sure you say – Least Figure – on the Road –

c. 1862

1945

401

What Soft – Cherubic Creatures – These Gentlewomen are – One would as soon assault a Plush -Or violate a Star –

Such Dimity Convictions – A Horror so refined Of freckled Human Nature – Of Deity – ashamed –

It's such a common – Glory – Λ Fisherman's – Degree – Redemption – Brittle Lady – Be so – ashamed of Thee –

c. 1862

1896

402

I pay – in Satin Cash – You did not state – your price –

[191]

# A Petal, for a Paragraph Is near as I can guess –

c. 1862

403

The Winters are so short -I'm hardly justified
In sending all the Birds away -And moving into Pod --

Myself – for scarcely settled –
The Phoebes have begun –
And then – it's time to strike my TentAnd open House – again –

It's mostly, interruptions – My Summer – is despoiled – Because there was a Winter – once – And all the Cattle – starved –

And so there was a Deluge – And swept the World away – But Ararat's a Legend – now – And no one credits Noah –

c. 1862 1935

404

How many Flowers fail in Wood – Or perish from the Hill – Without the privilege to know That they are Beautiful –

How many cast a nameless Pod Upon the nearest Breeze – Unconscious of the Scarlet Freight It bear to Other Eyes –

c. 1862

1929

It might be lonelier Without the Loneliness – I'm so accustomed to my Fate – Perhaps the Other – Peace –

Would interrupt the Dark – And crowd the little Room – Too scant – by Cubits – to contain The Sacrament – of Him –

I am not used to Hope – It might intrude upon – Its sweet parade – blaspheme the place · Ordained to Suffering –

It might be easier
To fail – with Land in Sight –
Than gain – My Blue Peninsula –
To perish – of Delight –

c. 1862

1935

### 406

Some – Work for Immortality – The Chiefer part, for Time – He – Compensates – immediately – The former – Checks – on Fame –

Slow Gold – but Everlasting – The Bullion of Today – Contrasted with the Currency Of Immortality –

A Beggar – Here and There – Is gifted to discern Beyond the Broker's insight – One's – Money – One's – the Mine –

c. 1862

1929

If What we could – were what we would Criterion – be small –
It is the Ultimate of Talk –
The Impotence to Tell –

c. 1862

1914

408

Unit, like Death, for Whom? True, like the Tomb, Who tells no secret Told to Him -The Grave is strict -Tickets admit Just two - the Bearer -And the Borne – And seat - just One -The Living – tell – The Dying – but a Syllable – The Coy Dead - None -No Chatter - here - no tea -So Babbler, and Bohea - stay there -But Gravity - and Expectation - and Fear-A tremor just, that All's not sure.

c. 1862

1947

409

They dropped like Flakes – They dropped like Stars – Like Petals from a Rose – When suddenly across the June A wind with fingers – goes –

They perished in the Seamless Grass-No eye could find the place –

[ 194 ]

#### 410

The first Day's Night had come – And grateful that a thing So terrible – had been endured – I told my Soul to sing --

She said her Strings were snapt – Her Bow – to Atoms blown – And so to mend her – gave me work Until another Morn –

And then – a Day as huge As Yesterdays in pairs, Unrolled its horror in my face – Until it blocked my eyes –

My Brain – begun to laugh – I mumbled – like a fool – And tho''tis Years ago – that Day – My Brain keeps giggling – still.

And Something's odd – within – That person that I was – And this One – do not feel the same-Could it be Madness – this?

c. 1862

1947

#### 411

The Color of the Grave is Green — The Outer Grave — I mean — You would not know it from the Field Except it own a Stone —

To help the fond – to find it – Too infinite asleep To stop and tell them where it is – But just a Daisy – deep –

The Color of the Grave is white –
The outer Grave – I mean –
You would not know it from the Drifts In Winter – till the Sun –

Has furrowed out the Aisles – Then – higher than the Land The little Dwelling Houses rise Where each – has left a friend –

The Color of the Grave within –
The Duplicate – I mean –
Not all the Snows could make it white Not all the Summers – Green –

You've seen the Color – maybe – Upon a Bonnet bound – When that you met it with before – The Ferret – cannot find –

c. 1862

1935

412

I read my sentence – steadily –
Reviewed it with my eyes,
To see that I made no mistake
In its extremest clause –
The Date, and manner, of the shame –
And then the Pious Form
That "God have mercy" on the Soul
The Jury voted Him –
I made my soul familiar – with her extremity –
That at the last, it should not be a novel Agony.
But she, and Death, acquainted –
Meet tranquilly, as friends –
Salute, and pass, without a Hint –
And there, the Matter ends –

c. 1862

1891

I never felt at Home – Below – And in the Handsome Skies I shall not feel at Home – I know – I don't like Paradise –

Because it's Sunday – all the time – And Recess – never comes – And Eden'll be so lonesome Bright Wednesday Afternoons –

If God could make a visit –
Or ever took a Nap –
So not to see us – but they say
Himself – a Telescope

Perennial beholds us – Myself would run away From Him – and Holy Ghost – and All-But there's the "Judgment Day"!

c. 1862

414

Twas like a Maelstrom, with a notch, That nearer, every Day, Kept narrowing its boiling Wheel Until the Agony

Toyed coolly with the final inch
Of your delirious Hem –
And you dropt, lost,
When something broke –
And let you from a Dream –

As if a Goblin with a Gauge – Kept measuring the Hours – Until you felt your Second Weigh, helpless, in his Paws –

And not a Sinew – stirred – could help, And sense was setting numb –

[ 197]

When God - remembered - and the Fiend Let go, then, Overcome -

As if your Sentence stood – pronounced – And you were frozen led From Dungeon's luxury of Doubt To Gibbets, and the Dead –

And when the Film had stitched your eyes A Creature gasped "Reprieve"!
Which Anguish was the utterest – then –
To perish, or to live?

c. 1862

1945

415

Sunset at Night – is natural – But Sunset on the Dawn Reverses Nature – Master – So Midnight's – due – at Noon.

Eclipses be – predicted – And Science bows them in – But do one face us suddenly – Jehovah's Watch – is wrong.

c. 1862

1929

416

A Murmur in the Trees – to note –
Not loud enough – for Wind –
A Star – not far enough to seek –
Nor near enough – to find –

A long - long Yellow - on the Lawn - A Hubbub - as of feet - Not audible - as Ours - to Us - But dapperer - More Sweet -

A Hurrying Home of little Men To Houses unperceived –

[ 198 ]

All this – and more – if I should tell – Would never be believed –

Of Robins in the Trundle bed How many I espy Whose Nightgowns could not hide the Wings-Although I heard them try –

But then I promised ne'er to tell.— How could I break My Word? So go your Way—and I'll go Mine— No fear you'll miss the Road.

c. 1862

417

It is dead – Find it –
Out of sound – Out of sight –
"Happy"? Which is wiser –
You, or the Wind?
"Conscious"? Won't you ask thatOf the low Ground?

"Homesick"? Many met it – Even through them – This Cannot testify – Themself – as dumb –

c. 1862

418

Not in this World to see his face – Sounds long – until I read the place Where this – is said to be But just the Primer – to a life – Unopened – rare – Upon the Shelf – Clasped yet – to Him – and me –

And yet – My Primer suits me so
I would not choose – a Book to know
Than that – be sweeter wise –

[ 199 ]

Might some one else – so learned – be – And leave me – just my'A – B – C – Himself – could have the Skies –

c. 1862

189c

419

We grow accustomed to the Dark – When Light is put away – As when the Neighbor holds the Lamp To witness her Goodbye –

A Moment – We uncertain step For newness of the night – Then – fit our Vision to the Dark – And meet the Road – erect –

And so of larger – Darknesses – Those Evenings of the Brain – When not a Moon disclose a sign – Or Star – come out – within –

The Bravest – grope a little – And sometimes hit a Tree Directly in the Forehead – But as they learn to see –

Either the Darkness alters – Or something in the sight Adjusts itself to Midnight – And Life steps almost straight.

c. 1862

1935

420

You'll know it – as you know 'tis Noon -By Glory – As you do the Sun – By Glory – As you will in Heaven – Know God the Father – and the Son.

[ 200 ]

By intuition, Mightiest Things Assert themselves – and not by terms – "I'm Midnight" – need the Midnight say-"I'm Sunrise" – Need the Majesty?

Omnipotence – had not a Tongue – His lisp – is Lightning – and the Sun – His Conversation – with the Sea – "How shall you know"? Consult your Eye!

c. 1862

1935

421

A Charm invests a face Imperfectly beheld – The Lady dare not lift her Veil For fear it be dispelled –

But peers beyond her mesh – And wishes – and denies – Lest Interview – annul a want That Image – satisfies –

c. 1862

1891

422

More Life – went out – when He went Than Ordinary Breath – Lit with a finer Phosphor – Requiring in the Quench –

A Power of Renowned Cold, The Climate of the Grave A Temperature just adequate So Anthracite, to live –

For some – an Ampler Zero – A Frost more needle keen Is necessary, to reduce The Ethiop within.

[201]

Others – extinguish easier – A Gnat's minutest Fan Sufficient to obliterate A Tract of Citizen –

Whose Peat lift – amply vivid-Ignores the solemn News That Popocatapel exists – Or Etna's Scarlets, Choose –

c. 1862

1935

423

The Months have ends – the Years – a knot – No Power can untie To stretch a little further A Skein of Misery –

The Earth lays back these tired lives In her mysterious Drawers – Too tenderly, that any doubt An ultimate Repose –

The manner of the Children – Who weary of the Day – Themself – the noisy Plaything They cannot put away –

c. 1862

1935

424

Removed from Accident of Loss By Accident of Gain Befalling not my simple Days – Myself had just to earn –

Of Riches—as unconscious As is the Brown Malay Of Pearls in Eastern Waters, Marked His—What Holiday

[ 202 ]

Would stir his slow conception – Had he the power to dream That but the Dower's fraction – Awaited even – Him –

c. 1862

425

Good Morning – Midnight – I'm coming Home – Day – got tired of Me – How could I – of Him?

Sunshine was a sweet place – I liked to stay – But Morn – didn't want me – now -So – Goodnight – Day!

I can look – can't I – When the East is Red? The Hills – have a way – then – That puts the Heart – abroad –

You – are not so fair – Midnight – I chose – Day – But – please take a little Girl – He turned away!

c. 1862

1929

1935

426

It don't sound so terrible – quite – as it did-I run it over – "Dead", Brain, "Dead." Put it in Latin – left of my school – Seems it don't shriek so – under rule.

Turn it, a little – full in the face A Trouble looks bitterest – Shift it – just – Say "When Tomorrow comes this way – I shall have waded down one Day."

[ 203 ]

I suppose it will interrupt me some Till I get accustomed – but then the Tomb Like other new Things – shows largest – then – And smaller, by Habit –

It's shrewder then
Put the Thought in advance – a Year –
How like "a fit" – then –
Murder – wear!

c. 1862

1945

427

I'll clutch – and clutch –
Next – One – Might be the golden touch –
Could take it –
Diamonds – Wait –
I'm diving – just a little late –
But stars – go slow – for night –

I'll string you – in fine Necklace –
Tiaras – make – of some –
Wear you on Hem –
Loop up a Countess – with you –
Make – a Diadem – and mend my old One –
Count – Hoard – then lose –
And doubt that you are mine –
To have the joy of feeling it – again –

I'll show you at the Court –
Bear you – for Ornament
Where Women breathe –
That every sigh – may lift you
Just as high – as I –

And – when I die – In meek array – display you – Still to show – how rich I go – Lest Skies impeach a wealth so wonderful – And banish me –

c. 1862

1945

Taking up the fair Ideal,
Just to cast her down
When a fracture – we discover –
Or a splintered Crown –
Makes the Heavens portable –
And the Gods – a lie –
Doubtless – "Adam" – scowled at Eden ·
For his perjury!

Cherishing – our poor Ideal –
Till in purer dress –
We behold her – glorified –
Comforts – search – like this –
Till the broken creatures –
We adored – for whole –
Stains – all washed –
Transfigured – mended –
Meet us – with a smile –

c. 1862

429

The Moon is distant from the Sea – And yet, with Amber Hands – She leads Him – docile as a Boy – Along appointed Sands –

He never misses a Degree – Obedient to Her Eye He comes just so far – toward the Town-Just so far – goes away –

Oh, Signor, Thine, the Amber Hand – And mine – the distant Sea – Obedient to the least command Thine eye impose on me –

c. 1862 1891

It would never be Common – more – I said – Difference – had begun – Many a bitterness – had been – But that old sort – was done –

Or – if it sometime – showed – as 'twill – Upon the Downiest – Morn – Such bliss – had I – for all the years – 'Twould give an Easier – pain –

I'd so much joy – I told it – Red – Upon my simple Cheek – I felt it publish – in my Eye – "Twas needless – any speak –

I walked – as wings – my body bore – The feet – I former used – Unnecessary – now to me – As boots – would be – to Birds –

I put my pleasure all abroad – I dealt a word of Gold To every Creature – that I met – And Dowered – all the World –

When - suddenly - my Riches shrank -A Goblin - drank my Dew -My Palaces - dropped tenantless -Myself - was beggared - too -

I clutched at sounds –
I groped at shapes –
I touched the tops of Films –
I felt the Wilderness roll back
Along my Golden lines –

The Sackcloth – hangs upon the nail – The Frock I used to wear – But where my moment of Brocade – My – drop – of India?

c. 1862

Me – come! My dazzled face In such a shining place! Me – hear! My foreign Ear The sounds of Welcome – there!

The Saints forget Our bashful feet -

My Holiday, shall be That They – remember me – My Paradise – the fame That They – pronounce my name-

c. 1862

1896

432

Do People moulder equally, They bury, in the Grave? I do believe a Species As positively live

As I, who testify it Deny that I – am dead – And fill my Lungs, for Witness – From Tanks – above my Head –

I say to you, said Jesus – That there be standing here – A Sort, that shall not taste of Death-If Jesus was sincere –

I need no further Argue – That statement of the Lord Is not a controvertible – He told me, Death was dead –

c. 1862

1945

433

Knows how to forget! But could It teach it?

[ 207 ]

Easiest of Arts, they say When one learn how

Dull Hearts have died In the Acquisition Sacrifice for Science Is common, though, now-

I went to School But was not wiser Globe did not teach it Nor Logarithm Show

c. 1862

"How to forget"!
Say-some-Philosopher!
Ah, to be erudite
Enough to know!

Is it in a Book?
So, I could buy it –
Is it like a Planet?
Telescopes would know –

If it be invention
It must have a Patent.
Rabbi of the Wise Book
Don't you know?

c. 1865

1945

434

To love thee Year by Year –
May less appear
Than sacrifice, and cease –
However, dear,
Forever might-be-short, I thought to show-And so I pieced it, with a flower, now.

c. 1862

1914

c. 1862

Much Madness is divinest Sense –
To a discerning Eye –
Much Sense – the starkest Madness –
'Tis the Majority
In this, as All, prevail –
Assent – and you are sane –
Demur – you're straightway dangerous –
And handled with a Chain –

1890

## 436

The Wind – tapped like a tired Man – And like a Host – "Come in" I boldly answered – entered then My Residence within

A Rapid – footless Guest – To offer whom a Chair Were as impossible as hand A Sofa to the Air –

No Bone had He to bind Him –
His Speech was like the Push
Of numerous Humming Birds at once
From a superior Bush –

His Countenance – a Billow – His Fingers, as He passed Let go a music – as of tunes Blown tremulous in Glass –

He visited – still flitting –
Then like a timid Man
Again, He tapped – 'twas flurriedly –
And I became alone –

`1891

Prayer is the little implement Through which Men reach Where Presence – is denied them. They fling their Speech

By means of it—in God's Ear— If then He hear— This sums the Apparatus Comprised in Prayer—

c. 1862

1891

438

Forget! The lady with the Amulet Forget she wore it at her Heart Because she breathed against Was Treason twixt?

Deny! Did Rose her Bee For Privilege of Play Or Wile of Butterfly Or Opportunity – Her Lord away?

The lady with the Amulet – will fade –
The Bee – in Mausoleum laid –
Discard his Bride –
But longer than the little Rill –
That cooled the Forehead of the Hill –
While Other – went the Sea to fill –
And Other – went to turn the Mill –
I'll do thy Will –

c. 1862

1935

439

Undue Significance a starving man attaches
To Food—
Far off—He sighs—and therefore—Hopeless—
And therefore—Good—

[210]

Partaken – it relieves – indeed – But proves us That Spices fly In the Receipt – It was the Distance-Was Savory –

c. 1862

1891

440

"Tis customary as we part A trinket – to confer – It helps to stimulate the faith When Lovers be afar –

"Tis various – as the various taste-Clematis – journeying far – Presents me with a single Curl Of her Electric Hair –

c. 1862

1945

44 I

This is my letter to the World
That never wrote to Me –
The simple News that Nature told –
With tender Majesty

Her Message is committed
To Hands I cannot see –
For love of Her – Sweet – countrymenJudge tenderly – of Me

c. 1862

1890

442

God made a little Gentian – It tried – to be a Rose – And failed – and all the Summer laughed-But just before the Snows

[211]

There rose a Purple Creature – That ravished all the Hill – And Summer hid her Forehead – And Mockery – was still –

The Frosts were her condition –
The Tyrian would not come
Until the North – invoke it –
Creator – Shall I – bloom?

с. 1862

1891

#### 443

I tie my Hat – I crease my Shawl – Life's little duties do – precisely – As the very least Were infinite – to me –

I put new Blossoms in the Glass -And throw the old - away -I push a petal from my Gown That anchored there – I weigh The time 'twill be till six o'clock I have so much to do – And yet – Existence – some way back – Stopped - struck - my ticking - through -We cannot put Ourself away As a completed Man Or Woman - When the Errand's done We came to Flesh – upon – There may be - Miles on Miles of Nought-Of Action – sicker far – To simulate – is stinging work – To cover what we are From Science - and from Surgery -Too Telescopic Eyes To bear on us unshaded – For their - sake - not for Ours -

"Twould start them –
We – could tremble –
But since we got a Bomb –
And held it in our Bosom –
Nay – Hold it – it is calm –

Therefore – we do life's labor – Though life's Reward – be done-With scrupulous exactness – To hold our Senses – on –

c. 1862

#### 444

It feels a shame to be Alive – When Men so brave – are dead – One envies the Distinguished Dust-Permitted – such a Head –

The Stone – that tells defending Whom This Spartan put away What little of Him we – possessed In Pawn for Liberty –

The price is great – Sublimely paid –
Do we deserve – a Thing –
That lives – like Dollars – must be piled
Before we may obtain?

Are we that wait – sufficient worth – That such Enormous Pearl As life – dissolved be – for Us – In Battle's – horrid Bowl?

It may be – a Renown to live – I think the Man who die – Those unsustained – Saviors – Present Divinity –

'Twas just this time, last year, I died. I know I heard the Corn, When I was carried by the Farms – It had the Tassels on –

I thought how yellow it would look – When Richard went to mill – And then, I wanted to get out, But something held my will.

I.thought just how Red – Apples wedged The Stubble's joints between – And the Carts stooping round the fields To take the Pumpkins in –

I wondered which would miss me, least, And when Thanksgiving, came, If Father'd multiply the plates — To make an even Sum —

And would it blur the Christmas glee My Stocking hang too high For any Santa Claus to reach The Altitude of me -

But this sort, grieved myself, And so, I thought the other way, How just this time, some perfect year – Themself, should come to me –

c. 1862

1896

# 446

I showed her Heights she never saw—
"Would'st Climb," I said?
She said—"Not so"—
"With me—" I said—With me?
I showed her Secrets—Morning's Nest—
The Rope the Nights were put across—
And now—"Would'st have me for a Guest?"

She could not find her Yes – And then, I brake my life – And Lo, A Light, for her, did solemn glow, The larger, as her face withdrew – And could she, further, "No"?

c. 1862

447

Could – I do more – for Thee – Wert Thou a Bumble Bee – Since for the Queen, have I – Nought but Bouquet?

c. 1862

448

This was a Poet – It is That Distills amazing sense From ordinary Meanings – And Attar so immense

From the familiar species
That perished by the Door –
We wonder it was not Ourselves
Arrested it – before –

Of Pictures, the Discloser – The Poet – it is He – Entitles Us – by Contrast – To ceaseless Poverty –

Of Portion – so unconscious – The Robbing – could not harm – Himself – to Him – a Fortune – Exterior – to Time –

I died for Beauty – but was scarce Adjusted in the Tomb When One who died for Truth, was lain In an adjoining Room –

He questioned softly "Why I failed"?
"For Beauty", I replied –
"And I – for Truth – Themself are One –
We Brethren, are", He said –

And so, as Kinsmen, met a Night – We talked between the Rooms – Until the Moss had reached our lips – And covered up – our names –

c. 1862 - 1890

450

Dreams – are well – but Waking's better, If One wake at Morn – If One wake at Midnight – better – Dreaming – of the Dawn –

Sweeter – the Surmising Robins – Never gladdened Tree – Than a Solid Dawn – confronting – Leading to no Day –

c. 1862

45 I

The Outer – from the Inner
Derives its Magnitude –
"Tis Duke, or Dwarf, according
As is the Central Mood –

The fine – unvarying Axis
That regulates the Wheel –
Though Spokes – spin – more conspicuous
And fling a dust – the while.

[216]

The Inner – paints the Outer – The Brush without the Hand – Its Picture publishes – precise – As is the inner Brand –

On fine – Arterial Canvas – A Cheek – perchance a Brow – The Star's whole Secret – in the Lake – Eyes were not meant to know.

c. 1862

1935

452

The Malay – took the Pearl – Not – I – the Earl – I – feared the Sea – too much Unsanctified – to touch –

Praying that I might be Worthy – the Destiny – The Swarthy fellow swam – And bore my Jewel – Home –

Home to the Hut! What lot Had I—the Jewel—got— Borne on a Dusky Breast— I had not deemed a Vest Of Amber—fit—

The Negro never knew I – wooed it – too –
To gain, or be undone –
Alike to Him – One –

c. 1862

1945

453

Love – thou art high – I cannot climb thee – But, were it Two – Who knows but we – Taking turns – at the Chimborazo – Ducal – at last – stand up by thee –

Love – thou art deep –
I cannot cross thee –
But, were there Two
Instead of One –
Rower, and Yacht – some sovereign SummerWho knows – but we'd reach the Sun?

Love – thou art Veiled –
A few – behold thee –
Smile – and alter – and prattle – and die –
Bliss – were an Oddity – without thee –
Nicknamed by God –
Eternity –

c. 1862

1929

## 454

It was given to me by the Gods -When I was a little Girl -They give us Presents most - you know-When we are new – and small. I kept it in my Hand-I never put it down – I did not dare to eat - or sleep -For fear it would be gone -I heard such words as "Rich" -When hurrying to school -From lips at Corners of the Streets -And wrestled with a smile. Rich! 'Twas Myself - was rich -To take the name of Gold – And Gold to own – in solid Bars – The Difference - made me bold -

Triumph – may be of several kinds – There's Triumph in the Room When that Old Imperator – Death – By Faith – be overcome –

There's Triumph of the finer Mind When Truth – affronted long – Advance unmoved – to Her Supreme – Her God – Her only Throng –

A Triumph – when Temptation's Bribe Be slowly handed back – One eye upon the Heaven renounced – And One – upon the Rack –

Severer Triumph – by Himself Experienced – who pass Acquitted – from that Naked Bar – Jehovah's Countenance –

c. 1862

1891

456

So well that I can live without –
I love thee – then How well is that?
As well as Jesus?
Prove it me
That He – loved Men –
As I – love thee –

c. 1862

1929

457

Sweet – safe – Houses – Glad – gay – Houses – Sealed so stately tight – Lids of Steel – on Lids of Marble – Locking Bare feet out –

[219]

Brooks of Plush – in Banks of Satin Not so softly fall As the laughter – and the whisper – From their People Pearl –

No Bald Death – affront their Parlors – No Bold Sickness come To deface their Stately Treasures – Anguish – and the Tomb –

Hum by - in Muffled Coaches -Lest they - wonder Why -Any - for the Press of Smiling -Interrupt - to die -

c. 1862

1945

458

Like Eyes that looked on Wastes – Incredulous of Ought But Blank – and steady Wilderness-Diversified by Night –

Just Infinites of Nought – As far as it could see – So looked the face I looked upon – So looked itself – on Me –

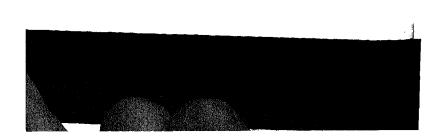
I offered it no Help – Because the Cause was Mine – The Misery a Compact As hopeless – as divine –

Neither – would be absolved – Neither would be a Queen Without the Other – Therefore – We perish – tho' We reign –

c. 1862

1945

[ 220 ]



459

A Tooth upon Our Peace The Peace cannot deface – Then Wherefore be the Tooth? To vitalize the Grace –

The Heaven hath a Hell – Itself to signalize – And every sign before the Place Is Gilt with Sacrifice –

c. 1862

460

I know where Wells grow – Droughtless Wells – Deep dug – for Summer days – Where Mosses go no more away – And Pebble – safely plays –

It's made of Fathoms – and a Belt –
A Belt of jagged Stone –
Inlaid with Emerald – half way down –
And Diamonds – jumbled on –

It has no Bucket – Were I rich A Bucket I would buy – I'm often thirsty – but my lips Are so high up – You see –

I read in an Old fashioned Book
That People "thirst no more" –
The Wells have Buckets to them there –
It must mean that – I'm sure –

Shall We remember Parching – then? Those Waters sound so grand – I think a little Well – like Mine – Dearer to understand –

A Wife – at Daybreak I shall be – Sunrise – Hast thou a Flag for me? At Midnight, I am but a Maid, How short it takes to make a Bride – Then – Midnight, I have passed from thee Unto the East, and Victory –

Midnight - Good Night! I hear them call,
The Angels bustle in the Hall Softly my Future climbs the Stair,
I fumble at my Childhood's prayer
So soon to be a Child no more Eternity, I'm coming - Sir,
Savior - I've seen the face - before!

c. 1862

1929

## 462

Why make it doubt – it hurts it so –
So sick – to guess –
So strong – to know –
So brave – upon its little Bed
To tell the very last They said
Unto Itself – and smile – And shake –
For that dear – distant – dangerous – Sake –
But – the Instead – the Pinching fear
That Something – it did do – or dare –
Offend the Vision – and it flee –
And They no more remember me –
Nor ever turn to tell me why –
Oh, Master, This is Misery –

c. 1862

1929

463

I live with Him – I see His face – I go no more away

[ 222 ]

For Visitor – or Sundown – Death's single privacy

The Only One – forestalling Mine – And that – by Right that He Presents a Claim invisible – No wedlock – granted Me –

I live with Him – I hear His Voice – I stand alive – Today – To witness to the Certainty Of Immortality –

Taught Me – by Time – the lower Way-Conviction – Every day – That Life like This – is stopless – Be Judgment – what it may –

c. 1862

1896

# 464

The power to be true to You, Until upon my face The Judgment push His Picture – Presumptuous of Your Place –

Of This – Could Man deprive Me-Himself – the Heaven excel – Whose invitation – Yours reduced Until it showed too small –

c. 1862

1929

# 465

I heard a Fly buzz – when I died – The Stillness in the Room Was like the Stillness in the Air – Between the Heaves of Storm –

The Eyes around – had wrung them dry-And Breaths were gathering firm

[ 223 ]

For that last Onset - when the King Be witnessed - in the Room -

I willed my Keepsakes – Signed away What portion of me be Assignable – and then it was There interposed a Fly –

With Blue – uncertain stumbling Buzz – Between the light – and me – And then the Windows failed – and then I could not see to see –

c. 1862

1896

466

"Tis little I – could care for Pearls – Who own the ample sea – Or Brooches – when the Emperor – With Rubies – pelteth me –

Or Gold – who am the Prince of Mines-Or Diamonds – when have I A Diadem to fit a Dome – Continual upon me –

c. 1862

1896

467

We do not play on Graves – Because there isn't Room – Besides – it isn't even – it slants And People come –

And put a Flower on it – And hang their faces so – We're fearing that their Hearts will drop-And crush our pretty play –

And so we move as far As Enemies – away –

[ 224 ]

c. 1862

1945

468

The Manner of its Death When Certain it must die – 'Tis deemed a privilege to choose – 'Twas Major André's Way –

When Choice of Life – is past – There yet remains a Love Its little Fate to stipulate –

How small in those who live -

The Miracle to tease
With Babble of the styles –
How "they are Dying mostly – now" –
And Customs at "St. James"!

c. 1862

1945

469

The Red – Blaze – is the Morning – The Violet – is Noon – The Yellow – Day – is falling – And after that – is none –

But Miles of Sparks – at Evening – Reveal the Width that burned – The Territory Argent – that Never yet – consumed –

c. 1862

1945

470

I am alive – I guess – The Branches on my Hand

[ 225 ]

Are full of Morning Glory – And at my finger's end –

The Carmine – tingles warm – And if I hold a Glass Across my Mouth – it blurs it – Physician's – proof of Breath –

I am alive – because
I am not in a Room –
The Parlor – Commonly – it is –
So Visitors may come –

And lean – and view it sidewise – And add "How cold – it grew" – And "Was it conscious – when it stepped In Immortality?"

I am alive – because
I do not own a House –
Entitled to myself – precise –
And fitting no one else –

And marked my Girlhood's name – So Visitors may know Which Door is mine – and not mistake – And try another Key –

How good – to be alive! How infinite – to be Alive – two-fold – The Birth I had – And this – besides, in – Thee!

с. 1862

1945

#### 471

A Night – there lay the Days between – The Day that was Before – And Day that was Behind – were one – And now – 'twas Night – was here –

Slow - Night - that must be watched away - As Grains upon a shore -

c. 1862

472

I am ashamed – I hide – What right have I – to be a Bride – So late a Dowerless Girl – Nowhere to hide my dazzled Face – No one to teach me that new Grace – Nor introduce – my Soul –

Me to adorn – How – tell –
Trinket – to make Me beautiful –
Fabrics of Cashmere –
Never a Gown of Dun – more –
Raiment instead – of Pompadour –
For Me – My soul – to wear –

Fingers – to frame my Round Hair Oval – as Feudal Ladies wore – Far Fashions – Fair – Skill – to hold my Brow like an Earl – Plead – like a Whippoorwill – Prove – like a Pearl – Then, for Character –

Except the Heaven had come so near-So seemed to choose My Door – The Distance would not haunt me so-I had not hoped – before –

But just to hear the Grace depart—I never thought to see—Afflicts me with a Double loss—Tis lost—And lost to me—

c. 1862 1891

473 [ 227 ] Fashion My Spirit quaint – white –
Quick – like a Liquor –
Gay – like Light –
Bring Me my best Pride –
No more ashamed –
No more to hide –
Meek – let it be – too proud – for Pride –
Baptized – this Day – A Bride –

c. 1862 · 1929

## 474

They put Us far apart – As separate as Sea And Her unsown Peninsula – We signified "These see" –

They took away our Eyes – They thwarted Us with Guns – "I see Thee" each responded straight Through Telegraphic Signs –

With Dungeons - They devised -But through their thickest skill -And their opaquest Adamant -Our Souls saw - just as well -

They summoned Us to die – With sweet alacrity We stood upon our stapled feet – Condemned – but just – to see –

Permission to recant —
Permission to forget —
We turned our backs upon the Sun
For perjury of that —

Not Either - noticed Death Of Paradise - aware Each other's Face - was all the Disc
Each other's setting - saw -

Doom is the House without the Door – 'Tis entered from the Sun – And then the Ladder's thrown away, Because Escape – is done –

"Tis varied by the Dream Of what they do outside – Where Squirrels play – and Berries die -And Hemlocks – bow – to God –

c. 1862

## 476

I meant to have but modest needs – Such as Content – and Heaven – Within my income – these could lie And Life and I – keep even –

But since the last – included both – It would suffice my Prayer But just for One – to stipulate – And Grace would grant the Pair –

And so – upon this wise – I prayed – Great Spirit – Give to me A Heaven not so large as Yours, But large enough – for me –

A Smile suffused Jehovah's face – The Cherubim – withdrew – Grave Saints stole out to look at me – And showed their dimples – too –

I left the Place, with all my might—
I threw my Prayer away—
The Quiet Ages picked it up—
And Judgment—twinkled—too—
That one so honest—be extant—
It take the Tale for true—

That "Whatsoever Ye shall ask – Itself be given You" –

But I, grown shrewder – scan the Skies With a suspicious Air – As Children – swindled for the first All Swindlers – be – infer –

c. 1862

1891

477

No Man can compass a Despair – As round a Goalless Road No faster than a Mile at once The Traveller proceed –

Unconscious of the Width – Unconscious that the Sun Be setting on His progress – So accurate the One

At estimating Pain – Whose own – has just begun – His ignorance – the Angel That pilot Him along –

c. 1862

1935

478

I had no time to Hate –
Because
The Grave would hinder Me –
And Life was not so
Ample I HATE
Could finish – Enmity –

Nor had I time to Love -But since Some Industry must be -

[ 230 ]

c. 1862

1890

479

She dealt her pretty words like Blades. How glittering they shone – And every One unbared a Nerve Or wantoned with a Bone –

She never deemed – she hurt – That – is not Steel's Affair – A vulgar grimace in the Flesh – How ill the Creatures bear –

To Ache is human — not polite — The Film upon the eye Mortality's old Custom — Just locking up — to Die.

c. 1862

1929

480

"Why do I love" You, Sir?
Because –
The Wind does not require the Grass
To answer – Wherefore when He pass
She cannot keep Her place.

Because He knows – and Do not You – And We know not – Enough for Us The Wisdom it be so –

The Lightning – never asked an Eye Wherefore it shut – when He was by Because He knows it cannot speak – And reasons not contained –

– Of Talk – There be – preferred by Daintier Folk-

The Sunrise – Sir – compelleth Me – Because He's Sunrise – and I see – Therefore – Then – I love Thee –

c. 1862

1929

481

The Himmaleh was known to stoop Unto the Daisy low – Transported with Compassion That such a Doll should grow Where Tent by Tent – Her Universe Hung out its Flags of Snow –

c. 1862

1935

482

We Cover Thee - Sweet Face Not that We tire of Thee But that Thyself fatigue of Us Remember - as Thou go We follow Thee until
Thou notice Us - no more And then - reluctant - turn away
To Con Thee o'er and o'er -

And blame the scanty love We were Content to show – Augmented – Sweet – a Hundred fold If Thou would'st take it – now –

c. 1862

1896

483

A Solemn thing within the Soul To feel itself get ripe –

[232]

And golden hang – while farther up-The Maker's Ladders stop – And in the Orchard far below – You hear a Being – drop –

A Wonderful – to feel the Sun Still toiling at the Cheek You thought was finished – Cool of eye, and critical of Work – He shifts the stem – a little – To give your Core – a look –

But solemnest – to know Your chance in Harvest moves A little nearer – Every Sun The Single – to some lives.

c. 1862

1945

484

My Garden – like the Beach – Denotes there be – a Sea – That's Summer – Such as These – the Pearls She fetches – such as Me

c. 1862

1935

485

To make One's Toilette – after Death Has made the Toilette cool . Of only Taste we cared to please Is difficult, and still –

That's easier – than Braid the Hair – And make the Bodice gay – When eyes that fondled it are wrenched By Decalogues – away –

c. 1862

1935

I was the slightest in the House – I took the smallest Room – At night, my little Lamp, and Book -And one Geranium –

So stationed I could catch the Mint That never ceased to fall – And just my Basket – Let me think – I'm sure That this was all –

I never spoke – unless addressed – And then, 'twas brief and low – I could not bear to live – aloud – The Racket shamed me so –

And if it had not been so far – And any one I knew Were going – I had often thought How noteless – I could die –

c. 1862

487

You love the Lord – you cannot see -You write Him – every day – A little note – when you awake – And further in the Day.

An Ample Letter – How you miss – And would delight to see – But then His House – is but a Step – And Mine's – in Heaven – You see.

c. 1862

Myself was formed – a Carpenter – An unpretending time My Plane – and I, together wrought Before a Builder came –

To measure our attainments – Had we the Art of Boards Sufficiently developed – He'd hire us At Halves –

My Tools took Human – Faces – The Bench, where we had toiled – Against the Man – persuaded – We – Temples build – I said –

c. 1862

1935

489

We pray - to Heaven We prate - of Heaven Relate - when Neighbors die At what o'clock to Heaven - they fled Who saw them - Wherefore fly?

Is Heaven a Place – a Sky – a Tree? Location's narrow way is for Ourselves – Unto the Dead There's no Geography –

But State - Endowal - Focus - Where - Omnipresence - fly?

c. 1862

1929

490

To One denied to drink
To tell what Water is
Would be acuter, would it not
Than letting Him surmise?

To lead Him to the Well And let Him hear it drip

[ 235 ]

1945

1945

# Remind Him, would it not, somewhat Of His condemned lip?

c. 1862 '1945

491

While it is alive
Until Death touches it
While it and I lap one Air
Dwell in one Blood
Under one Sacrament
Show me Division can split or pare --

Love is like Life—merely longer Love is like Death, during the Grave Love is the Fellow of the Resurrection Scooping up the Dust and chanting "Live"!

c. 1862 1945

492

Civilization – spurns – the Leopard!
Was the Leopard – bold?
Deserts – never rebuked her Satin –
Ethiop – her Gold –
Tawny – her Customs –
She was Conscious –
Spotted – her Dun Gown –
This was the Leopard's nature – Signor –
Need – a keeper – frown?

Pity – the Pard – that left her Asia – Memories – of Palm – Cannot be stifled – with Narcotic – Nor suppressed – with Balm –

c. 1862

1945

The World - stands - solemner - to me -Since I was wed - to Him -A modesty befits the soul That bears another's - name -A doubt – if it be fair – indeed – To wear that perfect - pearl -The Man – upon the Woman – binds – To clasp her soul - for all -A prayer, that it more angel - prove -A whiter Gift – within – To that munificence, that chose -So unadorned – a Queen – A Gratitude – that such be true – It had esteemed the Dream -Too beautiful – for Shape to prove – Or posture – to redeem!

c. 1862

1945

494.

Going to Him! Happy letter!

Tell Him —

Tell Him the page I didn't write —

Tell Him — I only said the Syntax —

And left the Verb and the pronoun out —

Tell Him just how the fingers hurried —

Then — how they waded — slow — slow —

And then you wished you had eyes in your pages —

So you could see what moved them so —

Tell Him – it wasn't a Practised Writer –
You guessed – from the way the sentence toiled –
You could hear the Bodice tug, behind you –
As if it held but the might of a child –
You almost pitied it – you – it worked so –
Tell Him – no – you may quibble there –
For it would split His Heart, to know it –
And then you and I, were silenter.

Tell Him – Night finished – before we finished – And the Old Clock kept neighing "Day"!

And you – got sleepy – and begged to be ended – What could it hinder so – to say?

Tell Him – just how she sealed you – Cautious!

But – if He ask where you are hid

Until tomorrow – Happy letter!

Gesture Coquette – and shake your Head!

Version I

1891

Going – to – Her!

Happy – Letter! Tell Her –

Tell Her – the page I never wrote!

Tell Her, I only said – the Syntax –

And left the Verb and the Pronoun – out!

Tell Her just how the fingers – hurried –

Then – how they – stammered – slow – slow –

And then – you wished you had eyes – in your pages –

So you could see – what moved – them – so –

Tell Her – it wasn't a practised writer –
You guessed –
From the way the sentence – toiled –
You could hear the Bodice – tug – behind you –
As if it held but the might of a child!
You almost pitied – it – you – it worked so –
Tell Her – No – you may quibble – there –
For it would split Her Heart – to know it –
And then – you and I – were silenter!

Tell Her – Day – finished – before we – finished –
And the old Clock kept neighing – "Day"!

And you – got sleepy – and begged to be ended –
What could – it hinder so – to say?

Tell Her – just how she sealed – you – Cautious!
But – if she ask "where you are hid" – until the evening Ah! Be bashful!

# Gesture Coquette – And shake your Head!

Version II

1955

495

It's thoughts – and just One Heart – And Old Sunshine – about – Make frugal – Ones – Content – And two or three – for Company – Upon a Holiday – Crowded – as Sacrament –

Books – when the Unit – Spare the Tenant – long eno' – A Picture – if it Care – Itself – a Gallery too rare – For needing more –

Flowers – to keep the Eyes – from going awkward-When it snows – A Bird – if they – prefer – Though Winter fire – sing clear as Plover – To our – ear –

A Landscape – not so great
To suffocate the Eye –
A Hill – perhaps –
Perhaps – the profile of a Mill
Turned by the Wind –
Tho' such – are luxuries –

It's thoughts – and just two Heart –
And Heaven – about –
At least – a Counterfeit –
We would not have Correct –
And Immortality – can be almost –
Not quite – Content –

c. 1862

1935

496

As far from pity, as complaint – As cool to speech – as stone – As numb to Revelation As if my Trade were Bone –

As far from Time – as History – As near yourself – Today – As Children, to the Rainbow's scarf -Or Sunset's Yellow play

To eyelids in the Sepulchre – How dumb the Dancer lies – While Color's Revelations break – And blaze – the Butterflies!

c. 1862 1896

497

He strained my faith – Did he find it supple? Shook my strong trust – Did it then – yield?

Hurled my belief –
But – did he shatter – it?
Racked – with suspense –
Not a nerve failed!

Wrung me – with Anguish – But I never doubted him – "Tho' for what wrong He did never say –

Stabbed – while I sued His sweet forgiveness – Jesus – it's your little "John"! Don't you know – me?

I envy Seas, whereon He rides – I envy Spokes of Wheels Of Chariots, that Him convey – I envy Crooked Hills

That gaze upon His journey – How easy All can see What is forbidden utterly As Heaven – unto me!

I envy Nests of Sparrows – That dot His distant Eaves – The wealthy Fly, upon His Pane-The happy – happy Leaves –

That just abroad His Window Have Summer's leave to play – The Ear Rings of Pizarro Could not obtain for me –

I envy Light – that wakes Him – And Bells – that boldly ring To tell Him it is Noon, abroad – Myself – be Noon to Him –

Yet interdict – my Blossom – And abrogate – my Bee – Lest Noon in Everlasting Night – Drop Gabriel – and Me –

c. 1862

1896

499

Those fair – fictitious People – The Women – plucked away From our familiar Lifetime – The Men of Ivory –

Those Boys and Girls, in Canvas Who stay upon the Wall In Everlasting Keepsake – Can Anybody tell?

We trust – in places perfecter – Inheriting Delight Beyond our faint Conjecture – Our dizzy Estimate –

Remembering ourselves, we trust— Yet Blesseder—than We— Through Knowing—where We only hope— Receiving—where we—pray—

Of Expectation – also – Anticipating us With transport, that would be a pain Except for Holiness –

Esteeming us – as Exile – Themself – admitted Home – Through easy Miracle of Death – The Way ourself, must come –

c. 1862

1929

500

Within my Garden, rides a Bird Upon a single Wheel – Whose spokes a dizzy Music make As 'twere a travelling Mill –

He never stops, but slackens Above the Ripest Rose – Partakes without alighting And praises as he goes,

Till every spice is tasted – And then his Fairy Gig Reels in remoter atmospheres – And I rejoin my Dog,

And He and I, perplex us If positive, 'twere we-

[242]



c. 1862

Or bore the Garden in the Brain This Curiosity –

But He, the best Logician, Refers my clumsy eye – To just vibrating Blossoms! An Exquisite Reply!

1929

501

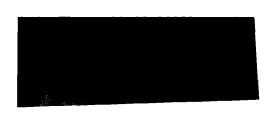
This World is not Conclusion. A Species stands beyond -Invisible, as Music – But positive, as Sound-It beckons, and it baffles -Philosophy - don't know -And through a Riddle, at the last – Sagacity, must go -To guess it, puzzles scholars -To gain it, Men have borne Contempt of Generations And Crucifixion, shown – Faith slips - and laughs, and rallies -Blushes, if any see -Plucks at a twig of Evidence -And asks a Vane, the way – Much Gesture, from the Pulpit -Strong Hallelujahs roll -Narcotics cannot still the Tooth That nibbles at the soul-

1896

502

At least – to pray – is left – is left – Oh Jesus – in the Air – I know not which thy chamber is – I'm knocking – everywhere –

[243]



Thou settest Earthquake in the South – And Maelstrom, in the Sea – Say, Jesus Christ of Nazareth – Hast thou no Arm for Me?

c. 1862 1891

## 503

Better – than Music! For I – who heard it – I was used – to the Birds – before – This – was different – 'Twas Translation – Of all tunes I knew – and more –

"Twasn't contained – like other stanza – No one could play it – the second time – But the Composer – perfect Mozart – Perish with him – that Keyless Rhyme!

So – Children – told how Brooks in Eden – Bubbled a better – Melody – Quaintly infer – Eve's great surrender – Urging the feet – that would – not – fly –

Children – matured – are wiser – mostly – Eden – a legend – dimly told – Eve – and the Anguish – Grandame's story – But – I was telling a tune – I heard –

Not such a strain – the Church – baptizes – When the last Saint – goes up the Aisles – Not such a stanza splits the silence – When the Redemption strikes her Bells –

Let me not spill—its smallest cadence— Humming—for promise—when alone— Humming—until my faint Rehearsal— Drop into tune—around the Throne—

You know that Portrait in the Moon – So tell me who 'tis like – The very Brow – the stooping eyes – A-fog for – Say – Whose Sake?

The very Pattern of the Cheek –

It varies – in the Chin –

But – Ishmael – since we met – 'tis long –

And fashions – intervene –

When Moon's at full - 'Tis Thou - I say - My lips just hold the name - When crescent - Thou art worn - I note - But - there - the Golden Same -

And when - Some Night - Bold - slashing Clouds Cut Thee away from Me -That's easier - than the other film That glazes Holiday -

c. 1862

505

I would not paint – a picture –
I'd rather be the One
Its bright impossibility
To dwell – delicious – on –
And wonder how the fingers feel
Whose rare – celestial – stir –
Evokes so sweet a Torment –
Such sumptuous – Despair –

I would not talk, like Cornets –
I'd rather be the One
Raised softly to the Ceilings –
And out, and easy on –
Through Villages of Ether –
Myself endued Balloon
By but a lip of Metal –
The pier to my Pontoon –

Nor would I be a Poet –
It's finer – own the Ear –
Enamored – impotent – content –
The License to revere,
A privilege so awful
What would the Dower be,
Had I the Art to stun myself
With Bolts of Melody!

c. 1862

1945

506

He touched me, so I live to know
That such a day, permitted so,
I groped upon his breast—
It was a boundless place to me
And silenced, as the awful sea
Puts minor streams to rest.

And now, I'm different from before, As if I breathed superior air — Or brushed a Royal Gown — My feet, too, that had wandered so — My Gypsy face — transfigured now — To tenderer Renown —

Into this Port, if I might come, Rebecca, to Jerusalem, Would not so ravished turn – Nor Persian, baffled at her shrine Lift such a Crucifixal sign To her imperial Sun.

c. 1862

1896

507

She sights a Bird – she chuckles – She flattens – then she crawls – She runs without the look of feet – Her eyes increase to Balls – Her Jaws stir – twitching – hungry – Her Teeth can hardly stand – She leaps, but Robin leaped the first – Ah, Pussy, of the Sand,

The Hopes so juicy ripening – You almost bathed your Tongue – When Bliss disclosed a hundred Toes – And fled with every one –

c. 1862

1945

508

I'm ceded – I've stopped being Theirs – The name They dropped upon my face With water, in the country church Is finished using, now, And They can put it with my Dolls, My childhood, and the string of spools, I've finished threading – too –

Baptized, before, without the choice,
But this time, consciously, of Grace –
Unto supremest name –
Called to my Full – The Crescent dropped –
Existence's whole Arc, filled up,
With one small Diadem.

My second Rank – too small the first – Crowned – Crowing – on my Father's breast – A half unconscious Queen – But this time – Adequate – Erect, With Will to choose, or to reject, And I choose, just a Crown –

c. 1862

1890

509

If anybody's friend be dead It's sharpest of the theme The thinking how they walked alive -At such and such a time -

Their costume, of a Sunday, Some manner of the Hair – A prank nobody knew but them Lost, in the Sepulchre –

How warm, they were, on such a day, You almost feel the date – So short way off it seems – And now – they're Centuries from that –

How pleased they were, at what you said — You try to touch the smile And dip your fingers in the frost — When was it — Can you tell —

You asked the Company to tea – Acquaintance – just a few – And chatted close with this Grand Thing That don't remember you –

Past Bows, and Invitations – Past Interview, and Vow – Past what Ourself can estimate – That – makes the Quick of Woe!

c. 1862

1891

510

It was not Death, for I stood up, And all the Dead, lie down – It was not Night, for all the Bells Put out their Tongues, for Noon.

It was not Frost, for on my Flesh I felt Siroccos – crawl – Nor Fire – for just my Marble feet Could keep a Chancel, cool –

And yet, it tasted, like them all, The Figures I have seen

[ 248 ]



Set orderly, for Burial, Reminded me, of mine –

As if my life were shaven, And fitted to a frame, And could not breathe without a key, And 'twas like Midnight, some –

When everything that ticked - has stopped - And Space stares all around - Or Grisly frosts - first Autumn morns, Repeal the Beating Ground -

But, most, like Chaos – Stopless – cool – Without a Chance, or Spar – Or even a Report of Land – To justify – Despair.

c. 1862 1891

5 I I

If you were coming in the Fall, I'd brush the Summer by With half a smile, and half a spurn, As Housewives do, a Fly.

If I could see you in a year, I'd wind the months in balls – And put them each in separate Drawers, For fear the numbers fuse –

If only Centuries, delayed, I'd count them on my Hand, Subtracting, till my fingers dropped Into Van Dieman's Land.

If certain, when this life was out – That yours and mine, should be I'd toss it yonder, like a Rind, And take Eternity –

But, now, uncertain of the length Of this, that is between,

[ 249 ]

c. 1862

1890

512

The Soul has Bandaged moments – When too appalled to stir – She feels some ghastly Fright come up And stop to look at her –

Salute her – with long fingers – Caress her freezing hair – Sip, Goblin, from the very lips The Lover – hovered – o'er – Unworthy, that a thought so mean Accost a Theme – so – fair –

The soul has moments of Escape – When bursting all the doors – She dances like a Bomb, abroad, And swings upon the Hours,

As do the Bee, delirious borne – Long Dungeoned from his Rose – Touch Liberty – then know no more, But Noon, and Paradise –

The Soul's retaken moments – When, Felon led along, With shackles on the plumed feet, And staples, in the Song,

The Horror welcomes her, again, These, are not brayed of Tongue -

c. 1862

1945

513

Like Flowers, that heard the news of Dews, But never deemed the dripping prize Awaited their – low Brows – Or Bees – that thought the Summer's name Some rumor of Delirium, No Summer – could – for Them –

Or Arctic Creatures, dimly stirred – By Tropic Hint – some Travelled Bird Imported to the Word –

Or Wind's bright signal to the Ear – Making that homely, and severe, Contented, known, before –

The Heaven – unexpected come, To Lives that thought the Worshipping A too presumptuous Psalm –

c. 1862

1890

#### 514

Her smile was shaped like other smiles. The Dimples ran along —
And still it hurt you, as some Bird Did hoist herself, to sing,
Then recollect a Ball, she got —
And hold upon the Twig,
Convulsive, while the Music broke —
Like Beads — among the Bog —

c. 1862

1935

515

No Crowd that has occurred Exhibit – I suppose That General Attendance That Resurrection – does –

Circumference be full – The long restricted Grave Assert her Vital Privilege – The Dust – connect – and live -

[ 251 ]

On Atoms – features place – All Multitudes that were Efface in the Comparison – As Suns – dissolve a star –

Solemnity – prevail – Its Individual Doom Possess each separate Consciousness-August – Absorbed – Numb –

What Duplicate – exist –
What Parallel can be –
Of the Significance of This –
To Universe – and Me?

c. 1862 1929

516

Beauty – be not caused – It Is – Chase it, and it ceases – Chase it not, and it abides –

Overtake the Creases

In the Meadow – when the Wind Runs his fingers thro' it – Deity will see to it That You never do it –

c. 1862

517

He parts Himself – like Leaves – And then – He closes up – Then stands upon the Bonnet Of Any Buttercup –

And then He runs against And oversets a Rose – And then does Nothing – Then away upon a Jib – He goes-

[252]

And dangles like a Mote
Suspended in the Noon –
Uncertain – to return Below –
Or settle in the Moon –

What come of Him – at Night – The privilege to say Be limited by Ignorance – What come of Him – That Day –

The Frost – possess the World – In Cabinets – be shown – A Sepulchre of quaintest Floss – An Abbey – a Cocoon –

c. 1862

1935

518

Her sweet Weight on my Heart a Night Had scarcely deigned to lie – When, stirring, for Belief's delight, My Bride had slipped away –

If 'twas a Dream – made solid – just The Heaven to confirm – Or if Myself were dreamed of Her – The power to presume –

With Him remain – who unto Me – Gave – even as to All – A Fiction superseding Faith – By so much – as 'twas real –

c. 1862

1945

519

"Twas warm – at first – like Us – Until there crept upon A Chill – like frost upon a Glass – Till all the scene – be gone. The Forehead copied Stone – The Fingers grew too cold To ache – and like a Skater's Brook – The busy eyes – congealed –

It straightened – that was all – It crowded Cold to Cold – It multiplied indifference – As Pride were all it could –

And even when with Cords – Twas lowered, like a Weight – It made no Signal, nor demurred, But dropped like Adamant.

c. 1862 1929

520

I started Early – Took my Dog – And visited the Sea – The Mermaids in the Basement Came out to look at me –

And Frigates – in the Upper Floor Extended Hempen Hands – Presuming Me to be a Mouse – Aground – upon the Sands –

But no Man moved Me – till the Tide Went past my simple Shoe – And past my Apron – and my Belt And past my Bodice – too –

And made as He would eat me up – As wholly as a Dew Upon a Dandelion's Sleeve – And then – I started – too –

And He – He followed – close behind-I felt His Silver Heel Upon my Ankle – Then my Shoes Would overflow with Pearl – Until We met the Solid Town – No One He seemed to know – And bowing – with a Mighty look – At me – The Sea withdrew –

c. 1862

1891

#### 521

Endow the Living – with the Tears – You squander on the Dead, And They were Men and Women – now, Around Your Fireside –

Instead of Passive Creatures, Denied the Cherishing Till They – the Cherishing deny – With Death's Ethereal Scorn –

c. 1862

1945

#### 522

Had I presumed to hope – The loss had been to Me A Value – for the Greatness' Sake – As Giants – gone away –

Had I presumed to gain
A Favor so remote—
The failure but confirm the Grace
In further Infinite—

"Tis failure – not of Hope – But Confident Despair – Advancing on Celestial Lists – With faint – Terrestrial power –

'Tis Honor – though I die – For That no Man obtain Till He be justified by Death – This – is the Second Gain –

c. 1862

1929

Sweet – You forgot – but I remembered Every time – for Two – So that the Sum be never hindered Through Decay of You –

Say if I erred? Accuse my Farthings – Blame the little Hand Happy it be for You – a Beggar's – Seeking More – to spend –

Just to be Rich – to waste my Guineas On so Best a Heart – Just to be Poor – for Barefoot Vision You – Sweet – Shut me out –

c. 1862

1945

524

Departed – to the Judgment – A Mighty Afternoon – Great Clouds – like Ushers – leaning – Creation – looking on –

The Flesh – Surrendered – Cancelled –
The Bodiless – begun –
Two Worlds – like Audiences – disperse And leave the Soul – alone –

c. 1862

1890

525

I think the Hemlock likes to stand Upon a Marge of Snow – It suits his own Austerity – And satisfies an awe

That men, must slake in Wilderness-And in the Desert – cloy – An instinct for the Hoar, the Bald – Lapland's – necessity –

[ 256 ]

The Hemlock's nature thrives – on cold-The Gnash of Northern winds Is sweetest nutriment – to him – His best Norwegian Wines –

To satin Races – he is nought – But Children on the Don, Beneath his Tabernacles, play, And Dnieper Wrestlers, run.

c. 1862

1890

526

To hear an Oriole sing May be a common thing – Or only a divine.

It is not of the Bird Who sings the same, unheard, As unto Crowd –

The Fashion of the Ear Attireth that it hear In Dun, or fair --

So whether it be Rune, Or whether it be none Is of within.

The "Tune is in the Tree-"
The Skeptic-showeth me"No Sir! In Thee!"

c. 1862

1891

527

To put this World down, like a Bundle – And walk steady, away, Requires Energy – possibly Agony – "Tis the Scarlet way

Trodden with straight renunciation By the Son of God –

[257]

Later, his faint Confederates Justify the Road –

Flavors of that old Crucifixion – Filaments of Bloom, Pontius Pilate sowed -Strong Clusters, from Barabbas' Tomb –

Sacrament, Saints partook before us – Patent, every drop, With the Brand of the Gentile Drinker Who indorsed the Cup –

c. 1862

1935

528

Mine - by the Right of the White Election! Mine - by the Royal Seal! Mine - by the Sign in the Scarlet prison -Bars - cannot conceal!

Mine – here – in Vision – and in Veto! Mine – by the Grave's Repeal – Titled – Confirmed – Delirious Charter! Mine – long as Ages steal!

c. 1862

189c

529

I'm sorry for the Dead – Today – It's such congenial times Old Neighbors have at fences – It's time o' year for Hay.

And Broad – Sunburned Acquaintance
Discourse between the Toil –
And laugh, a homely species
That makes the Fences smile –

It seems so straight to lie away. From all the noise of Fields –

[258]

The Busy Carts - the fragrant Cocks - The Mower's Metre - Steals

A Trouble lest they're homesick – Those Farmers – and their Wives – Set separate from the Farming – And all the Neighbors' lives –

A Wonder if the Sepulchre Don't feel a lonesome way— When Men—and Boys—and Carts—and June, Go down the Fields to "Hay"—

c. 1862 1929

530

You cannot put a Fire out – A Thing that can ignite Can go, itself, without a Fan – Upon the slowest Night –

You cannot fold a Flood – And put it in a Drawer – Because the Winds would find it out – And tell your Cedar Floor –

c. 1862 1896

53 I

We dream – it is good we are dreaming— It would hurt us – were we awake – . But since it is playing – kill us, And we are playing – shriek –

What harm? Men die – externally –
It is a truth – of Blood –
But we – are dying in Drama –
And Drama – is never dead –

Cautious – We jar each other – And either – open the eyes –

[ 259 ]

Lest the Phantasm - prove the Mistake --And the livid Surprise

Cool us to Shafts of Granite – With just an Age – and Name – And perhaps a phrase in Egyptian – It's prudenter – to dream –

c. 1862

1935

532

I tried to think a lonelier Thing
Than any I had seen –
Some Polar Expiation – An Omen in the Bone
Of Death's tremendous nearness –

I probed Retrieveless things My Duplicate – to borrow – A Haggard Comfort springs

From the belief that Somewhere – Within the Clutch of Thought – There dwells one other Creature Of Heavenly Love – forgot –

I plucked at our Partition As One should pry the Walls – Between Himself – and Horror's Twin – Within Opposing Cells –

I almost strove to clasp his Hand, Such Luxury – it grew – That as Myself – could pity Him – Perhaps he – pitied me –

c. 1862

¥ ;

1945

533

Two Butterflies went out at Noon – And waltzed upon a Farm – Then stepped straight through the Firmament And rested, on a Beam – And then – together bore away Upon a shining Sea – Though never yet, in any Port – Their coming, mentioned – be –

If spoken by the distant Bird – If met in Ether Sea By Frigate, or by Merchantman – No notice – was – to me –

c. 1862 1891

534

We see – Comparatively – The Thing so towering high We could not grasp its segment Unaided – Yesterday –

This Morning's finer Verdict – Makes scarcely worth the toil – A furrow – Our Cordillera – Our Apennine – a Knoll –

Perhaps 'tis kindly – done us – The Anguish – and the loss – The wrenching – for His Firmament The Thing belonged to us –

To spare these Striding Spirits
Some Morning of Chagrin –
The waking in a Gnat's – embrace –
Our Giants – further on –

c. 1862 1929

535

She's happy, with a new Content — That feels to her — like Sacrament — She's busy — with an altered Care — As just apprenticed to the Air — She's tearful – if she weep at all – For blissful Causes – Most of all That Heaven permit so meek as her To such a Fate – to Minister.

c. 1862

1935

536

The Heart asks Pleasure – first – And then – Excuse from Pain – And then – those little Anodynes That deaden suffering –

And then – to go to sleep – And then – if it should be The will of its Inquisitor The privilege to die –

c. 1862

1890

537

Me prove it now – Whoever doubt
Me stop to prove it – now –
Make haste – the Scruple! Death be scant
For Opportunity –

The River reaches to my feet –
As yet – My Heart be dry –
Oh Lover – Life could not convince –
Might Death – enable Thee –

The River reaches to My Breast –
Still – still – My Hands above
Proclaim with their remaining Might –
Dost recognize the Love?

The River reaches to my Mouth —
when the Sea
earching eyes — the last —
ere quick — with Thee!

1935

'Tis true – They shut me in the Cold – But then – Themselves were warm And could not know the feeling 'twas – Forget it – Lord – of Them –

Let not my Witness hinder Them In Heavenly esteem – . No Paradise could be – Conferred Through Their beloved Blame –

The Harm They did – was short – And since Myself – who bore it – do – Forgive Them – Even as Myself – Or else – forgive not me –

c. 1862

1945

539

The Province of the Saved
Should be the Art – To save –
Through Skill obtained in Themselves The Science of the Grave

No Man can understand But He that hath endured The Dissolution – in Himself – That Man – be qualified

To qualify Despair
To Those who failing new –
Mistake Defeat for Death – Each time –
Till acclimated – to –

c. 1862

1935

540

I took my Power in my Hand – And went against the World – "Twas not so much as David – had – But I – was twice as bold – I aimed my Pebble – but Myself Was all the one that fell – Was it Goliah – was too large – Or was myself – too small?

c. 1862

1891

541

Some such Butterfly be seen
On Brazilian Pampas –
Just at noon – no later – Sweet –
Then – the License closes –
Some such Spice – express and pass-

Some such Spice - express and pass-Subject to Your Plucking -As the Stars - You knew last Night -Foreigners - This Morning -

c. 1862

1935

542

I had no Cause to be awake – My Best – was gone to sleep – And Morn a new politeness took – And failed to wake them up –

But called the others – clear – And passed their Curtains by – Sweet Morning – When I oversleep – Knock – Recollect – to Me –

I looked at Sunrise - Once -And then I looked at Them -And wishfulness in me arose -For Circumstance the same -

"Twas such an Ample Peace — It could not hold a Sigh — "Twas Sabbath — with the Bells divorced-"Twas Sunset — all the Day —

[ 264 ]

So choosing but a Gown – And taking but a Prayer – The only Raiment I should need – I struggled – and was There –

c. 1862

1891

543

I fear a Man of frugal Speech – I fear a Silent Man – Haranguer – I can overtake – Or Babbler – entertain –

But He who weigheth – While the Rest-Expend their furthest pound – Of this Man – I am wary – I fear that He is Grand –

c. 1862

1929

544

The Martyr Poets – did not tell – But wrought their Pang in syllable – That when their mortal name be numb – Their mortal fate – encourage Some –

The Martyr Painters – never spoke – Bequeathing – rather – to their Work – That when their conscious fingers cease-Some seek in Art – the Art of Peace –

c. 1862

1935

545

"Tis One by One – the Father counts-And then a Tract between Set Cypherless – to teach the Eye The Value of its Ten –

Until the peevish Student Acquire the Quick of Skill-

[ 265 ]

Then Numerals are dowered back -Adorning all the Rule –

'Tis mostly Slate and Pencil – And Darkness on the School Distracts the Children's fingers – Still the Eternal Rule

Regards least Cypherer alike With Leader of the Band – And every separate Urchin's Sum – Is fashioned for his hand –

c. 1862

1945

546

To fill a Gap
Insert the Thing that caused it –
Block it up
With Other – and 'twill yawn the moreYou cannot solder an Abyss
With Air.

c. 1862

1929

547

I've seen a Dying Eye
Run round and round a Room –
In search of Something – as it seemed –
Then Cloudier become –
And then – obscure with Fog –
And then – be soldered down
Without disclosing what it be
"Twere blessed to have seen –

c. 1862

1890

548

Death is potential to that Man Who dies—and to his friend—

[ 266 ]

Beyond that – unconspicuous To Anyone but God –

Of these Two – God remembers The longest – for the friend – Is integral – and therefore Itself dissolved – of God –

c. 1862

549

That I did always love I bring thee Proof That till I loved I never lived – Enough –

That I shall love alway – I argue thee That love is life – And life hath Immortality –

This – dost thou doubt – Sweet -Then have I Nothing to show But Calvary –

c. 1862 1890

550

I cross till I am weary A Mountain – in my mind – More Mountains – then a Sea More Seas – And then A Desert – find –

And My Horizon blocks With steady – drifting – Grains Of unconjectured quantity – As Asiatic Rains –

Nor this – defeat my Pace – It hinder from the West

[ 267 ]

But as an Enemy's Salute One hurrying to Rest -

What merit had the Goal –
Except there intervene
Faint Doubt – and far Competitor ·
To jeopardize the Gain?

At last – the Grace in sight –
I shout unto my feet –
I offer them the Whole of Heaven
The instant that we meet –

They strive – and yet delay – They perish – Do we die – Or is this Death's Experiment – Reversed – in Victory?

c. 1862

55 I

There is a Shame of Nobleness – Confronting Sudden Pelf – A finer Shame of Ecstasy – Convicted of Itself –

A best Disgrace – a Brave Man feels – Acknowledged – of the Brave – One More – "Ye Blessed" – to be told – But that's – Behind the Grave –

e. 1862 1891

552

An ignorance a Sunset Confer upon the Eye – Of Territory – Color – Circumference – Decay -

Its Amber Revelation Exhilarate – Debase –

[ 268 ]

Omnipotence' inspection Of Our inferior face –

And when the solemn features Confirm – in Victory – We start – as if detected In Immortality –

c. 1862

1935

#### 553

One Crucifixion is recorded – only – How many be Is not affirmed of Mathematics – Or History –

One Calvary – exhibited to Stranger – As many be As persons – or Peninsulas – Gethsemane –

Is but a Province – in the Being's Centre – Judea – For Journey – or Crusade's Achieving – Too near –

Our Lord – indeed – made Compound Witness-And yet –
There's newer – nearer Crucifixion
Than That –

c. 1862

1945

## 554

The Black Berry – wears a Thorn in his side-But no Man heard Him cry – He offers His Berry, just the same To Partridge – and to Boy –

He sometimes holds upon the Fence—Or struggles to a Tree—

c. 1862	Or clasps a Rock, with both His Hands – But not for Sympathy – We – tell a Hurt – to cool it – This Mourner – to the Sky A little further reaches – instead – Brave Black Berry –	194	5		c. 1862
	555				
	Trust in the Unexpected – By this – was William Kidd Persuaded of the Buried Gold – As One had testified –			i	•
	Through this – the old Philosopher – His Talismanic Stone Discernéd – still withholden To effort undivine –				c. 1862
•	'Twas this – allured Columbus – When Genoa – withdrew Before an Apparition Baptized America –			1	
	The Same – afflicted Thomas – When Deity assured 'T was better – the perceiving not – Provided it believed –	•			c. 1862
c. 1862		19	35	*	
	,			1	
	556				
	The Brain, within its Groove Runs evenly—and true— But let a Splinter swerve— "Twere easier for You—			,	
	To put a Current back – When Elinds have slit the Hills –				
	[ 270 ]			, ·	

1890

557

She hideth Her the last – And is the first, to rise – Her Night doth hardly recompense The Closing of Her eyes –

She doth Her Purple Work – And putteth Her away In low Apartments in the Sod – As Worthily as We.

To imitate Her life
As impotent would be
As make of Our imperfect Mints,
The Julep – of the Bee –

1935

558

But little Carmine hath her face – Of Emerald scant – her Gown – Her Beauty – is the love she doth – Itself – exhibit – Mine –

1935

559

It knew no Medicine –
It was not Sickness – then –
Nor any need of Surgery –
And therefore – 'twas not Pain

It moved away the Cheeks – A Dimple at a time – And left the Profile – plainer – And in the place of Bloom

[271]

It left the little Tint That never had a Name – You've seen it on a Cast's face – Was Paradise – to blame –

If momently ajar –
Temerity – drew near –
And sickened – ever afterward
For Somewhat that it saw?

c. 1862

1935

560

It knew no lapse, nor Diminution – But large – serene – Burned on – until through Dissolution – It failed from Men –

I could not deem these Planetary forces Annulled – But suffered an Exchange of Territory – Or World –

c. 1862

1945

561

I measure every Grief I meet With narrow, probing, Eyes – I wonder if It weighs like Mine – Or has an Easier size.

I wonder if They bore it long – Or did it just begin – I could not tell the Date of Mine – It feels so old a pain –

I wonder if it hurts to live –
And if They have to try –
And whether – could They choose between –
It would not be – to die –

[ 272 ]

I note that Some – gone patient long – At length, renew their smile – An imitation of a Light That has so little Oil –

I wonder if when Years have piled – Some Thousands – on the Harm – That hurt them early – such a lapse Could give them any Balm –

Or would they go on aching still Through Centuries of Nerve – Enlightened to a larger Pain – In Contrast with the Love –

The Grieved – are many – I am told –
There is the various Cause –
Death – is but one – and comes but once –
And only nails the eyes –

There's Grief of Want – and Grief of Cold A sort they call "Despair" – There's Banishment from native Eyes – In sight of Native Air –

And though I may not guess the kind – Correctly – yet to me A piercing Comfort it affords In passing Calvary –

To note the fashions – of the Cross – And how they're mostly worn – Still fascinated to presume That Some – are like My Own –

c. 1862

1896

562

Conjecturing a Climate
Of unsuspended Suns –
Adds poignancy to Winter –
The Shivering Fancy turns

To a fictitious Country To palliate a Cold – Not obviated of Degree – Nor eased – of Latitude –

c. 1862

1929

563

c. 1862

I could not prove the Years had feet-Yet confident they run Am I, from symptoms that are past And Series that are done –

I find my feet have further Goals – I smile upon the Aims That felt so ample – Yesterday – Today's – have vaster claims –

I do not doubt the self I was
Was competent to me –
But something awkward in the fit –
Proves that – outgrown – I see –

c. 1862

1945

564

My period had come for Prayer – No other Art – would do – My Tactics missed a rudiment – Creator – Was it you?

God grows above – so those who pray Horizons – must ascend – And so I stepped upon the North To see this Curious Friend –

His House was not – no sign had He-By Chimney – nor by Door Could I infer his Residence – Vast Prairies of Air

[ 274 ]

c. 1862

Unbroken by a Settler – Were all that I could see – Infinitude – Had'st Thou no Face That I might look on Thee?

The Silence condescended – Creation stopped – for Me – But awed beyond my errand – I worshipped – did not "pray" –

1929

# 565

One Anguish – in a Crowd – A Minor thing – it sounds – And yet, unto the single Doe Attempted of the Hounds

"Tis Terror as consummate As Legions of Alarm Did leap, full flanked, upon the Host "Tis Units – make the Swarm –

A Small Leech – on the Vitals – The sliver, in the Lung – The Bung out – of an Artery – Are scarce accounted – Harms –

Yet mighty – by relation To that Repealless thing – A Being – impotent to end – When once it has begun –

1945

# 566

. A Dying Tiger – moaned for Drink – I hunted all the Sand – I caught the Dripping of a Rock And bore it in my Hand –

[ 275 ]

His Mighty Balls – in death were thick – But searching – I could see A Vision on the Retina Of Water – and of me –

"Twas not my blame – who sped too slow-"Twas not his blame – who died While I was reaching him – But'twas – the fact that He was dead –

c. 1862

567

He gave away his Life – To Us – Gigantic Sum – A trifle – in his own esteem – But magnified – by Fame –

Until it burst the Hearts
That fancied they could hold –
When swift it slipped its limit –
And on the Heavens – unrolled –

"Tis Ours – to wince – and weep – And wonder – and decay By Blossoms gradual process – He chose – Maturity –

And quickening – as we sowed – Just obviated Bud – And when We turned to note the Growth-Broke – perfect – from the Pod –

c. 1862

568

We learned the Whole of Love – The Alphabet – the Words – A Chapter – then the mighty Book – Then – Revelation closed –

[ 276 ]

But in Each Other's eyes An Ignorance beheld – Diviner than the Childhood's -And each to each, a Child –

Attempted to expound What Neither – understood – Alas, that Wisdom is so large – And Truth – so manifold!

c. 1862 1945

569

I reckon – when I count at all –
First – Poets – Then the Sun –
Then Summer – Then the Heaven of GodAnd then – the List is done –

But, looking back – the First so seems To Comprehend the Whole – The Others look a needless Show – So I write – Poets – All –

Their Summer – lasts a Solid Year – They can afford a Sun The East – would deem extravagant – And if the Further Heaven –

Be Beautiful as they prepare For Those who worship Them – It is too difficult a Grace – To justify the Dream –

c. 1862

1929

570

I could die – to know – Tis a trifling knowledge – News-Boys salute the Door Carts – joggle by – Morning's bold face – stares in the window – Were but mine – the Charter of the least Fly –

Houses hunch the House
With their Brick Shoulders—
Coals—from a Rolling Load—rattle—how—near—
To the very Square—His foot is passing—
Possibly, this moment—
While I—dream—Here—

c. 1862

1935

57I

Must be a Woe – A loss or so – To bend the eye Best Beauty's way –

But - once aslant It notes Delight As difficult As Stalactite

A Common Bliss Were had for less – The price – is Even as the Grace –

Our lord – thought no Extravagance To pay – a Cross –

c. 1862

1935

572

Delight – becomes pictorial – When viewed through Pain – More fair – because impossible That any gain –

The Mountain – at a given distance – In Amber – lies –

[278]

1891

573

The Test of Love – is Death – Our Lord – "so loved" – it saith What Largest Lover – hath – Another – doth –

If smaller Patience – be – Through less Infinity – If Bravo, sometimes swerve – Through fainter Nerve –

Accept its Most –
And overlook – the Dust –
Last – Least –
The Cross' – Request –

c. 1862

1935

574

My first well Day – since many ill – I asked to go abroad, And take the Sunshine in my hands, And see the things in Pod –

A'blossom just when I went in To take my Chance with pain—
Uncertain if myself, or He,
Should prove the strongest One.

The Summer deepened, while we strove – She put some flowers away – And Redder cheeked Ones – in their stead-A fond – illusive way –

To cheat Herself, it seemed she tried— As if before a child

[ 279 ]

To fade – Tomorrow – Rainbows held The Sepulchre, could hide.

She dealt a fashion to the Nut –
She tied the Hoods to Seeds –
She dropped bright scraps of Tint, about –
And left Brazilian Threads

On every shoulder that she met – Then both her Hands of Haze Put up – to hide her parting Grace From our unfitted eyes.

My loss, by sickness – Was it Loss?
Or that Ethereal Gain
One earns by measuring the Grave –
Then – measuring the Sun –

c. 1862

575

"Heaven" has different Signs – to me – Sometimes, I think that Noon Is but a symbol of the Place – And when again, at Dawn,

A mighty look runs round the World And settles in the Hills – An Awe if it should be like that Upon the Ignorance steals –

The Orchard, when the Sun is on – The Triumph of the Birds When they together Victory make – Some Carnivals of Clouds –

The Rapture of a finished Day – Returning to the West – All these – remind us of the place That Men call "Paradise" –

Itself be fairer – we suppose – But how Ourself, shall be

[280]

1935

c. 1862

1929

## 576

I prayed, at first, a little Girl, Because they told me to – But stopped, when qualified to guess How prayer would feel – to me –

If I believed God looked around, Each time my Childish eye Fixed full, and steady, on his own In Childish honesty—

And told him what I'd like, today, And parts of his far plan That baffled me – The mingled side Of his Divinity –

And often since, in Danger, I count the force 'twould be To have a God so strong as that To hold my life for me

Till I could rake the Balance
That tips so frequent, now,
It takes me all the while to poise -And then -- it doesn't stay --

c. 1862

1929

#### 577

If I may have it, when it's dead, I'll be contented—so— If just as soon as Breath is out It shall belong to me—

Until they lock it in the Grave, 'Tis Bliss I cannot weigh – For the 'they lock Thee in the Grave, Myself - can own the key -

Think of it Lover! I and Thee
Permitted – face to face to be –
After a Life – a Death – We'll say –
For Death was That –
And this – is Thee –

I'll tell Thee All – how Bald it grew – How Midnight felt, at first – to me – How all the Clocks stopped in the World – And Sunshine pinched me – 'Twas so cold –

Then how the Grief got sleepy – some – As if my Soul were deaf and dumb – Just making signs – across – to Thee – That this way – thou could'st notice me –

I'll tell you how I tried to keep A smile, to show you, when this Deep All Waded – We look back for Play, At those Old Times – in Calvary.

Forgive me, if the Grave come slow – For Coveting to look at Thee – Forgive me, if to stroke thy frost Outvisions Paradise!

c. 1862 1896

578

The Body grows without –
The more convenient way –
That if the Spirit – like to hide
Its Temple stands, alway,

Ajar – secure – inviting – It never did betray The Soul that asked its shelter In solemn honesty

- - º62

I had been hungry, all the Years – My Noon had Come – to dine – I trembling drew the Table near – And touched the Curious Wine –

"Twas this on Tables I had seen— When turning, hungry, Home I looked in Windows, for the Wealth I could not hope—for Mine—

I did not know the ample Bread – "Twas so unlike the Crumb The Birds and I, had often shared In Nature's – Dining Room –

The Plenty hurt me – 'twas so new – Myself felt ill – and odd – As Berry – of a Mountain Bush – Transplanted – to the Road –

Nor was I hungry – so I found That Hunger – was a way Of Persons outside Windows – The Entering – takes away –

c. 1862

189.

580

I gave myself to Him – And took Himself, for Pay, The solemn contract of a Life Was ratified, this way –

The Wealth might disappoint – Myself a poorer prove Than this great Purchaser suspect, The Daily Own – of Love

Depreciate the Vision – But till the Merchant buy Still Fable – in the Isles of Spice – The subtle Cargoes – lie –

At least -'tis Mutual - Risk Some - found it - Mutual Gain Sweet Debt of Life - Each Night to owe Insolvent - every Noon -

c. 1862

c. 1862

1891

581

I found the words to every thought
I ever had – but One –
And that – defies me –
As a Hand did try to chalk the Sun
To Races – nurtured in the Dark –
How would your own – begin?
Can Blaze be shown in Cochineal –
Or Noon – in Mazarin?

c. 1862

1862

1891

582

Inconceivably solemn! Things so gay Pierce – by the very Press Of Imagery –

Their far Parades – order on the eye With a mute Pomp – A pleading Pageantry –

Flags, are a brave sight – But no true Eye Ever went by One – Steadily –

Music's triumphant – But the fine Ear

[284]

c. 1862



583

A Toad, can die of Light –
Death is the Common Right
Of Toads and Men –
Of Earl and Midge
The privilege –
Why swagger, then?
The Gnat's supremacy is large as Thine-

Life – is a different Thing – So measure Wine – Naked of Flask – Naked of Cask – Bare Rhine – Which Ruby's mine?

1896

### 584

It ceased to hurt me, though so slow
I could not feel the Anguish go —
But only knew by looking back —
That something — had benumbed the Track -

Nor when it altered, I could say, For I had worn it, every day, As constant as the Childish frock – I hung upon the Peg, at night.

But not the Grief – that nestled close As needles – ladies softly press To Cushions Cheeks – To keep their place –

Nor what consoled it, I could trace – Except, whereas 'twas Wilderness – It's better – almost Peace –

1929

I like to see it lap the Miles – And lick the Valleys up – And stop to feed itself at Tanks – And then – prodigious step

Around a Pile of Mountains – And supercilious peer In Shanties – by the sides of Roads – And then a Quarry pare

To fit its Ribs
And crawl between
Complaining all the while
In horrid – hooting stanza –
Then chase itself down Hill –

And neigh like Boanerges – Then – punctual as a Star Stop – docile and omnipotent At its own stable door –

c. 1862

1891

586

We talked as Girls do – Fond, and late – We speculated fair, on every subject, but the Grave – Of ours, none affair –

We handled Destinies, as cool – As we – Disposers – be – And God, a Quiet Party To our Authority –

But fondest, dwelt upon Ourself As we eventual – be – When Girls to Women, softly raised We – occupy – Degree –

We parted with a contract To cherish, and to write c. 1862

587

Empty my Heart, of Thee-Its single Artery-Begin, and leave Thee out-Simply Extinction's Date-

Much Billow hath the Sea – One Baltic – They – Subtract Thyself, in play, And not enough of me Is left – to put away – "Myself" meant Thee –

Erase the Root - no Tree Thee - then - no me The Heavens stripped Eternity's vast pocket, picked-

c. 1862

588

I cried at Pity – not at Pain –
I heard a Woman say
"Poor Child" – and something in her voice
Convicted me – of me –

So long I fainted, to myself
It seemed the common way,
And Health, and Laughter, Curious thingsTo look at, like a Toy—

To sometimes hear "Rich people" buy And see the Parcel rolled – And carried, I supposed – to Heaven, For children, made of Gold –

[ 287 ]

But not to touch, or wish for, Or think of, with a sigh— And so and so—had been to me, Had God willed differently.

I wish I knew that Woman's name – So when she comes this way, To hold my life, and hold my ears For fear I hear her say

She's "sorry I am dead" – again – Just when the Grave and I – Have sobbed ourselves almost to sleep, Our only Lullaby –

c. 1862

1896

## 589

The Night was wide, and furnished scant With but a single Star — That often as a Cloud it met — Blew out itself — for fear —

The Wind pursued the little Bush – And drove away the Leaves November left – then clambered up And fretted in the Eaves –

No Squirrel went abroad – A Dog's belated feet Like intermittent Plush, he heard Adown the empty Street –

To feel if Blinds be fast— And closer to the fire— Her little Rocking Chair to draw— And shiver for the Poor—

The Housewife's gentle Task – How pleasanter – said she c. 1862

590

Did you ever stand in a Cavern's Mouth – Widths out of the Sun – And look – and shudder, and block your breath -And deem to be alone

In such a place, what horror, How Goblin it would be— And fly, as 'twere pursuing you? Then Loneliness—looks so—

Did you ever look in a Cannon's face – Between whose Yellow eye – And yours – the Judgment intervened – The Question of "To die" –

Extemporizing in your ear As cool as Satyr's Drums – If you remember, and were saved – It's liker so – it seems –

c. 1862

1935

1891

591

To interrupt His Yellow Plan The Sun does not allow Caprices of the Atmosphere – And even when the Snow

Heaves Balls of Specks, like Vicious Boy Directly in His Eye – Does not so much as turn His Head Busy with Majesty –

Tis His to stimulate the Earth – And magnetize the Sea –

[ 289 ]

And bind Astronomy, in place, Yet Any passing by

Would deem Ourselves – the busier As the Minutest Bee That rides – emits a Thunder – A Bomb – to justify –

c. 1862

592

What care the Dead, for Chanticleer — What care the Dead for Day? "Tis late your Sunrise yex their face — And Purple Ribaldry — of Morning

Pour as blank on them As on the Tier of Wall The Mason builded, yesterday, And equally as cool—

What care the Dead for Summer? The Solstice had no Sun Could waste the Snow before their Gate – And knew One Bird a Tune –

Could thrill their Mortised Ear Of all the Birds that be— This One—beloved of Mankind Henceforward cherished be—

What care the Dead for Winter? Themselves as easy freeze – June Noon – as January Night – As soon the South – her Breeze

Of Sycamore—or Cinnamon— Deposit in a Stone And put a Stone to keep it Warm— Give Spices—unto Men—

c. 1862

I think I was enchanted When first a sombre Girl – I read that Foreign Lady – The Dark – felt beautiful –

And whether it was noon at night – Or only Heaven – at Noon – For very Lunacy of Light I had not power to tell –

The Bees – became as Butterflies –
The Butterflies – as Swans –
Approached – and spurned the narrow GrassAnd just the meanest Tunes

That Nature murmured to herself To keep herself in Cheer – I took for Giants – practising Titanic Opera –

The Days – to Mighty Metres stept – The Homeliest – adorned As if unto a Jubilee 'Twere suddenly confirmed –

I could not have defined the change – Conversion of the Mind Like Sanctifying in the Soul – Is witnessed – not explained –

"Twas a Divine Insanity – The Danger to be Sane Should I again experience – "Tis Antidote to turn –

To Tomes of solid Witchcraft – Magicians be asleep – But Magic – hath an Element Like Deity – to keep –

c. 1862

The Battle fought between the Soul And No Man – is the One Of all the Battles prevalent – By far the Greater One –

No News of it is had abroad – Its Bodiless Campaign Establishes, and terminates – Invisible – Unknown –

Nor History – record it – As Legions of a Night The Sunrise scatters – These endure -Enact – and terminate –

c. 1862

595

Like Mighty Foot Lights – burned the Red At Bases of the Trees – The far Theatricals of Day Exhibiting – to These –

"Twas Universe – that did applaud – While Chiefest – of the Crowd – Enabled by his Royal Dress – Myself distinguished God –

c. 1862 1891

596

When I was small, a Woman died-Today – her Only Boy Went up from the Potomac – His face all Victory

To look at her – How slowly
The Seasons must have turned
Till Bullets clipt an Angle
And He passed quickly round –

[ 292 ]

If pride shall be in Paradise – Ourself cannot decide – Of their imperial Conduct – No person testified –

But, proud in Apparition – That Woman and her Boy Pass back and forth, before my Brain As even in the sky –

I'm confident that Bravoes – Perpetual break abroad For Braveries, remote as this In Scarlet Maryland –

c. 1862 1890

#### 597

It always felt to me – a wrong To that Old Moses – done – To let him see – the Canaan – Without the entering –

And tho' in soberer moments – No Moses there can be I'm satisfied – the Romance In point of injury –

Surpasses sharper stated – Of Stephen – or of Paul – For these – were only put to death – While God's adroiter will

On Moses – seemed to fasten With tantalizing Play As Boy – should deal with lesser Boy-To prove ability.

The fault – was doubtless Israel's – Myself – had banned the Tribes – And ushered Grand Old Moses In Pentateuchal Robes

[ 293 ]

Upon the Broad Possession "Twas little – But titled Him – to see -Old Man on Nebo! Late as this -My justice bleeds - for Thee!

c. 1862

1929

598

Three times - we parted - Breath - and I -Three times - He would not go -But strove to stir the lifeless Fan The Waters - strove to stay.

Three Times - the Billows tossed me up -Then caught me - like a Ball -Then made Blue faces in my face -And pushed away a sail

That crawled Leagues off - I liked to see -For thinking - while I die -How pleasant to behold a Thing Where Human faces – be –

The Waves grew sleepy - Breath - did not-The Winds – like Children – lulled – Then Sunrise kissed my Chrysalis – And I stood up - and lived -

c. 1862

1929

c. 1862

c. 1862

599

There is a pain - so utter -It swallows substance up -Then covers the Abyss with Trance-So Memory can step Around – across – upon it – As one within a Swoon – Goes safely - where an open eye -Would drop Him – Bone by Bone.

c. 1862

1929

It troubled me as once I was – For I was once a Child – Concluding how an Atom – fell – And yet the Heavens – held –

The Heavens weighed the most – by far – Yet Blue – and solid – stood – Without a Bolt – that I could prove – Would Giants – understand?

Life set me larger – problems – Some I shall keep – to solve Till Algebra is easier – Or simpler proved – above –

Then – too – be comprehended – What sorer – puzzled me – Why Heaven did not break away – And tumble – Blue – on me –

1945

6от

A still – Volcano – Life – That flickered in the night – When it was dark enough to do Without erasing sight –

A quiet – Earthquake Style – Too subtle to suspect By natures this side Naples – The North cannot detect

The Solemn - Torrid - Symbol The lips that never lie Whose hissing Corals part - and shut And Cities - ooze away -

1929

Of Brussels – it was not – Of Kidderminster? Nay – The Winds did buy it of the Woods – They – sold it unto me

It was a gentle price – The poorest – could afford – It was within the frugal purse Of Beggar – or of Bird –

Of small and spicy Yards —
In hue — a mellow Dun —
Of Sunshine — and of Sere — ComposedBut, principally — of Sun —

The Wind – unrolled it fast – And spread it on the Ground – Upholsterer of the Pines – is He – Upholsterer – of the Pond –

c. 1862

1945

603

He found my Being – set it up – Adjusted it to place – Then carved his name – upon it – And bade it to the East

Be faithful – in his absence – And he would come again – With Equipage of Amber – That time – to take it Home –

c. 1862

1945

604

Unto my Books – so good to turn – Far ends of tired Days – It half endears the Abstinence – And Pain – is missed – in Praise – As Flavors – cheer Retarded Guests With Banquettings to be – So Spices – stimulate the time Till my small Library –

It may be Wilderness – without – Far feet of failing Men – But Holiday – excludes the night – And it is Bells – within –

I thank these Kinsmen of the Shelf-Their Countenances Kid Enamor – in Prospective – And satisfy – obtained –

c. 1862 1891

605

The Spider holds a Silver Ball In unperceived Hands – And dancing softly to Himself His Yarn of Pearl – unwinds –

He plies from Nought to Nought – In unsubstantial Trade – Supplants our Tapestries with His – In half the period –

An Hour to rear supreme
His Continents of Light —
Then dangle from the Housewife's BroomHis Boundaries — forgot —

c. 1862

606

The Trees like Tassels – hit – and swung-There seemed to rise a Tune From Miniature Creatures Accompanying the Sun –

[ 297 ]

Far Psalteries of Summer – Enamoring the Ear They never yet did satisfy – Remotest – when most fair

The Sun shone whole at intervals – Then Half – then utter hid – As if Himself were optional And had Estates of Cloud

Sufficient to enfold Him Eternally from view – Except it were a whim of His To let the Orchards grow –

A Bird sat careless on the fence – One gossipped in the Lane On silver matters charmed a Snake Just winding round a Stone –

Bright Flowers slit a Calyx And soared upon a Stem Like Hindered Flags – Sweet hoisted -With Spices – in the Hem –

'Twas more – I cannot mention – How mean – to those that see – Vandyke's Delineation Of Nature's – Summer Day!

c. 1862

1935

607

Of nearness to her sundered Things The Soul has special times – When Dimness – looks the Oddity – Distinctness – easy – seems –

The Shapes we buried, dwell about, Familiar, in the Rooms – Untarnished by the Sepulchre, The Mouldering Playmate comes –

In just the Jacket that he wore – Long buttoned in the Mold Since we – old mornings, Children – played – Divided – by a world –

The Grave yields back her Robberies – The Years, our pilfered Things – Bright Knots of Apparitions Salute us, with their wings –

As we—it were—that perished—
Themself—had just remained till we rejoin them—And 'twas they, and not ourself
That mourned.

c. 1862 1929

608

Afraid! Of whom am I afraid? Not Death – for who is He? The Porter of my Father's Lodge As much abasheth me!

Of Life? 'Twere odd I fear [a] thing That comprehendeth me In one or two existences – As Deity decree –

Of Resurrection? Is the East Afraid to trust the Morn With her fastidious forehead? As soon impeach my Crown!

c. 1862

609

I Years had been from Home And now before the Door I dared not enter, lest a Face I never saw before

Stare stolid into mine And ask my Business there -

[ 299 ]

"My Business but a Life I left Was such remaining there?"

I leaned upon the Awe –
I lingered with Before –
The Second like an Ocean rolled
And broke against my ear –

I laughed a crumbling Laugh That I could fear a Door Who Consternation compassed And never winced before.

I fitted to the Latch My Hand, with trembling care Lest back the awful Door should spring And leave me in the Floor –

Then moved my Fingers off As cautiously as Glass And held my ears, and like a Thief Fled gasping from the House –

c. 1872

610

You'll find – it when you try to die – The Easier to let go – For recollecting such as went – You could not spare – you know.

And though their places somewhat filled –
As did their Marble names
With Moss – they never grew so full –
You chose the newer names –

And when this World – sets further back – As Dying – say it does – The former love – distincter grows – And supersedes the fresh –

And Thought of them – so fair invites – It looks too tawdry Grace

[ 300 ]

c. 1862

1929

611

I see thee better – in the Dark –
I do not need a Light –
The Love of Thee – a Prism be –
Excelling Violet –

I see thee better for the Years
That hunch themselves between –
The Miner's Lamp – sufficient be –
To nullify the Mine –

And in the Grave – I see Thee best – Its little Panels be Aglow – All ruddy – with the Light I held so high, for Thee –

What need of Day –
To Those whose Dark – hath so – surpassing Sun –
It deem it be – Continually –
At the Meridian?

c. 1862

1914

612

It would have starved a Gnat – To live so small as I – And yet I was a living Child – With Food's necessity

Upon me – like a Claw – I could no more remove Than I could coax a Leech away – Or make a Dragon – move –

Nor like the Gnat – had I – The privilege to fly And seek a Dinner for myself – How mightier He – than I –

[301]

1891

Nor like Himself – the Art Upon the Window Pane To gad my little Being out – And not begin – again –

c. 1862

1945

c. 1862

613

They shut me up in Prose – As when a little Girl They put me in the Closet – Because they liked me "still" –

Still! Could themself have peeped – And seen my Brain – go round – They might as wise have lodged a Bird For Treason – in the Pound –

Himself has but to will And easy as a Star Abolish his Captivity – And laugh – No more have I –

c 1862

с. 1862

1935

614

In falling Timbers buried – There breathed a Man – Outside – the spades – were plying – The Lungs – within –

Could He – know – they sought Him-Could They – know – He breathed – Horrid Sand Partition – Neither – could be heard –

Never slacked the Diggers – But when Spades had done – Oh, Reward of Anguish, It was dying – Then –

[ 302 ]

Many Things – are fruitless – 'Tis a Baffling Earth – But there is no Gratitude Like the Grace – of Death –

1945

### 615

Our journey had advanced – Our feet were almost come To that odd Fork in Being's Road – Eternity – by Term –

Our pace took sudden awe –
Our feet – reluctant – led –
Before – were Cities – but Between –
The Forest of the Dead –

Retreat – was out of Hope – Behind – a Sealed Route – Eternity's White Flag – Before – And God – at every Gate –

1891

#### 616

I rose – because He sank –
I thought it would be opposite –
But when his power dropped –
My Soul grew straight.

I cheered my fainting Prince – I sang firm – even – Chants – I helped his Film – with Hymn –

And when the Dews drew off That held his Forehead stiff – I met him – Balm to Balm –

I told him Best – must pass Through this low Arch of Flesh – No Casque so brave It spurn the Grave-

I told him Worlds I knew Where Emperors grew – Who recollected us If we were true –

And so with Thews of Hymn – And Sinew from within – And ways I knew not that I knew – till then I lifted Him –

c. 1862

c. 1862

1929

617

Don't put up my Thread and Needle – I'll begin to Sew When the Birds begin to whistle – Better Stitches – so –

These were bent – my sight got crooked. When my mind – is plain I'll do seams – a Queen's endeavor Would not blush to own –

Hems – too fine for Lady's tracing To the sightless Knot – Tucks – of dainty interspersion – Like a dotted Dot –

Leave my Needle in the furrow— Where I put it down— I can make the zigzag stitches Straight—when I am strong—

Till then - dreaming I am sewing Fetch the seam I missed -Closer - so I - at my sleeping -Still surmise I stitch - c. 1862

c. 1862

1929

At leisure is the Soul That gets a Staggering Blow – The Width of Life – before it spreads Without a thing to do –

It begs you give it Work -But just the placing Pins -Or humblest Patchwork -- Children do -To Help its Vacant Hands --

1929

619

Glee - The great storm is over -Four - have recovered the Land -Forty - gone down together -Into the boiling Sand -

Ring – for the Scant Salvation – Toll – for the bonnie Souls – Neighbor – and friend – and Bridegroom -Spinning upon the Shoals –

How they will tell the Story— When Winter shake the Door— Till the Children urge— But the Forty— Did they—come back no more?

Then a softness – suffuse the Story – And a silence – the Teller's eye – And the Children – no further question – And only the Sea – reply –

1890

620

It makes no difference abroad – The Seasons – fit – the same –

[ 305 ]

The Mornings blossom into Noons – And split their Pods of Flame –

Wild flowers – kindle in the Woods – The Brooks slam – all the Day – No Black bird bates his Banjo – For passing Calvary –

Auto da Fe – and Judgment – Are nothing to the Bee – His separation from His Rose – To Him – sums Misery –

c. 1862 1890

621

I asked no other thing—
No other—was denied—
I offered Being—for it—
The Mighty Merchant sneered—

Brazil? He twirled a Button – Without a glance my way – "But – Madam – is there nothing else – That We can show – Today?"

c. 1862 1890

622

To know just how He suffered – would be dear – To know if any Human eyes were near To whom He could entrust His wavering gaze – Until it settled broad – on Paradise –

To know if He was patient – part content – Was Dying as He thought – or different – Was it a pleasant Day to die – And did the Sunshine face His way –

What was His furthest mind - Of Home - or God-Or what the Distant say -

[306]

At news that He ceased Human Nature Such a Day -

And Wishes – Had He Any – Just His Sigh – Accented – Had been legible – to Me – And was He Confident until Ill fluttered out – in Everlasting Well –

And if He spoke – What name was Best – What last
What One broke off with
At the Drowsiest –

Was He afraid – or tranquil –
Might He know
How Conscious Consciousness – could grow –
Till Love that was – and Love too best to be –
Meet – and the Junction be Eternity

c. 1862

623

It was too late for Man –
But early, yet, for God –
Creation – impotent to help –
But Prayer – remained – Our Side -

How excellent the Heaven – When Earth – cannot be had – How hospitable – then – the face Of our Old Neighbor – God –

c. 1862 1890

624

Forever – is composed of Nows –
"Tis not a different time –
Except for Infiniteness –
And Latitude of Home –

From this – experienced Here – Remove the Dates – to These – Let Months dissolve in further Months-And Years – exhale in Years –

Without Debate – or Pause – Or Celebrated Days – No different Our Years would be From Anno Domini's –

c. 1862

c. 1862

1929

625

'Twas a long Parting – but the time For Interview – had Come – Before the Judgment Seat of God – The last – and second time

These Fleshless Lovers met – A Heaven in a Gaze – A Heaven of Heavens – the Privilege Of one another's Eyes –

No Lifetime – on Them –
Appareled as the new
Unborn – except They had beheld –
Born infiniter – now –

Was Bridal – e'er like This? A Paradise – the Host – And Cherubim – and Seraphim – The unobtrusive Guest –

c. 1862

1890

626

Only God – detect the Sorrow – Only God – The Jehovahs – are no Babblers -Unto God –

[308]

c. 1862

God the Son – confide it – Still secure – God the Spirit's Honor – Just as sure –

1935

# 627

The Tint I cannot take – is best – The Color too remote That I could show it in Bazaar – A Guinea at a sight –

The fine – impalpable Array – That swaggers on the eye Like Cleopatra's Company – Repeated – in the sky –

The Moments of Dominion That happen on the Soul And leave it with a Discontent Too exquisite – to tell –

The eager look – on Landscapes – As if they just repressed Some Secret – that was pushing Like Chariots – in the Vest –

The Pleading of the Summer – That other Prank – of Snow – That Cushions Mystery with Tulle, For fear the Squirrels – know.

Their Graspless manners – mock us – Until the Cheated Eye Shuts arrogantly – in the Grave – Another way – to see –

1929

They called me to the Window, for "'Twas Sunset" – Some one said – I only saw a Sapphire Farm – And just a Single Herd –

Of Opal Cattle – feeding far Upon so vain a Hill – As even while I looked – dissolved – Nor Cattle were – nor Soil –

But in their stead – a Sea – displayed – And Ships – of such a size As Crew of Mountains – could afford – And Decks – to seat the skies –

This – too – the Showman rubbed away – And when I looked again – Nor Farm – nor Opal Herd – was there – Nor Mediterranean –

c. 1862

1945

### 629

I watched the Moon around the House Until upon a Pane – She stopped – a Traveller's privilege – for Rest – And there upon

I gazed – as at a stranger – The Lady in the Town Doth think no incivility To lift her Glass – upon –

But never Stranger justified
The Curiosity
Like Mine – for not a Foot – nor Hand –
Nor Formula – had she –

But like a Head – a Guillotine Slid carelessly away –

[310]

Did independent, Amber – Sustain her in the sky –

Or like a Stemless Flower – Upheld in rolling Air By finer Gravitations – Than bind Philosopher –

No Hunger – had she – nor an Inn – Her Toilette – to suffice – Nor Avocation – nor Concern For little Mysteries

As harass us – like Life – and Death – And Afterwards – or Nay – But seemed engrossed to Absolute – With shining – and the Sky –

The privilege to scrutinize
Was scarce upon my Eyes
When, with a Silver practise –
She vaulted out of Gaze –

And next – I met her on a Cloud – Myself too far below To follow her superior Road – Or its advantage – Blue –

c. 1862

1945

630

The Lightning playeth – all the while-But when He singeth – then – Ourselves are conscious He exist – And we approach Him – stern –

With Insulators – and a Glove – Whose short – sepulchral Bass Alarms us – tho' His Yellow feet May pass – and counterpass –

Upon the Ropes – above our Head – Continual – with the News – c. 1862

631

Ourselves were wed one summer – dear – Your Vision – was in June – And when Your little Lifetime failed, I wearied – too – of mine –

And overtaken in the Dark – Where You had put me down – By Some one carrying a Light – I – too – received the Sign.

'Tis true – Our Futures different lay – Your Cottage – faced the sun – While Oceans – and the North must be -On every side of mine

'Tis true, Your Garden led the Bloom, For mine – in Frosts – was sown – And yet, one Summer, we were Queens-But You – were crowned in June –

·c. 1862

1945

1945

632

The Brain – is wider than the Sky – For – put them side by side – The one the other will contain With ease – and You – beside –

The Brain is deeper than the sea – For – hold them – Blue to Blue – The one the other will absorb – As Sponges – Buckets – do –

The Brain is just the weight of God-For-Heft them-Pound for Pound

[312]

c. 1862

633

1896

When Bells stop ringing – Church – begins – The Positive – of Bells – When Cogs – stop – that's Circumference – The Ultimate – of Wheels.

c. 1862 1945

634

You'll know Her – by Her Foot – The smallest Gamboge Hand With Fingers – where the Toes should be • Would more affront the Sand –

Than this Quaint Creature's Boot – Adjusted by a Stem – Without a Button – I could vouch – Unto a Velvet Limb –

You'll know Her – by Her Vest – Tight fitting – Orange – Brown – Inside a Jacket duller – She wore when she was born –

Her Cap is small – and snug – Constructed for the Winds – She'd pass for Barehead – short way off – But as She Closer stands

So finer 'tis than Wool –
You cannot feel the Seam –
Nor is it Clasped unto of Band –
Nor held upon – of Brim –

You'll know Her – by Her Voice – At first – a doubtful Tone –

[313]

A sweet endeavor – but as March To April – hurries on –

She squanders on your Ear Such Arguments of Pearl – You beg the Robin in your Brain To keep the other – still –

c. 1862 1945

635

I think the longest Hour of all Is when the Cars have come – And we are waiting for the Coach – It seems as though the Time

Indignant – that the Joy was come – Did block the Gilded Hands – And would not let the Seconds by – But slowest instant – ends –

The Pendulum begins to count – Like little Scholars – loud – The steps grow thicker – in the Hall-The Heart begins to crowd –

Then I – my timid service done – Tho' service 'twas, of Love – Take up my little Violin – And further North – remove.

c. 1862 1945

636

The Way I read a Letter's – this –
"Tis first – I lock the Door –
And push it with my fingers – nextFor transport it be sure –

And then I go the furthest off To counteract a knock -

[314]

Then draw my little Letter forth And slowly pick the lock –

Then – glancing narrow, at the Wall – And narrow at the floor For firm Conviction of a Mouse Not exorcised before –

Peruse how infinite I am
To no one that You – know –
And sigh for lack of Heaven – but not
The Heaven God bestow –

c. 1862 1891

### 637

The Child's faith is new – Whole – like His Principle – Wide – like the Sunrise On fresh Eyes – Never had a Doubt – Laughs – at a Scruple – Believes all sham But Paradise –

Credits the World –
Deems His Dominion
Broadest of Sovereignties –
And Caesar – mean –
In the Comparison –
Baseless Emperor –
Ruler of Nought,
Yet swaying all –

Grown bye and bye
To hold mistaken
His pretty estimates
Of Prickly Things
He gains the skill
Sorrowful – as certain –

### Men – to anticipate Instead of Kings –

c. 1862

638

To my small Hearth His fire came – And all my House aglow Did fan and rock, with sudden light – "Twas Sunrise – 'twas the Sky –

Impanelled from no Summer brief – With limit of Decay – "Twas Noon – without the News of Night-Nay, Nature, it was Day –

c. 1862

639

My Portion is Defeat – today – A paler luck than Victory – Less Paeans – fewer Bells – The Drums don't follow Me – with tunes -Defeat – a somewhat slower – means – More Arduous than Balls –

'Tis populous with Bone and stain – And Men too straight to stoop again, And Piles of solid Moan – And Chips of Blank – in Boyish Eyes – And scraps of Prayer – And Death's surprise, Stamped visible – in Stone –

There's somewhat prouder, over there—
The Trumpets tell it to the Air—
How different Victory
To Him who has it—and the One
Who to have had it, would have been
Contenteder—to die—

c. 1862

I cannot live with You – It would be Life – And Life is over there – Behind the Shelf

The Sexton keeps the Key to – Putting up Our Life – His Porcelain – Like a Cup –

Discarded of the Housewife – Quaint – or Broke – A newer Sevres pleases – Old Ones crack –

I could not die – with You – For One must wait To shut the Other's Gaze down – You – could not –

And I - Could I stand by And see You - freeze -Without my Right of Frost -Death's privilege?

Nor could I rise – with You – Because Your Face Would put out Jesus' – That New Grace

Glow plain – and foreign On my homesick Eye – Except that You than He Shone closer by –

They'd judge Us - How For You - served Heaven - You know,
Or sought to I could not -

Because You saturated Sight -And I had no more Eyes For sordid excellence As Paradise

And were You lost, I would be-Though My Name Rang loudest On the Heavenly fame –

And were You – saved – And I – condemned to be Where You were not – That self – were Hell to Me –

So We must meet apart —
You there — I — here —
With just the Door ajar
That Oceans are — and Prayer —
And that White Sustenance —
Despair —

c. 1862

1890

641

Size circumscribes – it has no room For petty furniture – The Giant tolerates no Gnat For Ease of Gianture –

Repudiates it, all the more – Because intrinsic size Ignores the possibility Of Calumnies – or Flies.

c. 1862

1935

642

Me from Myself – to banish – Had I Art – Impregnable my Fortress Unto All Heart – But since Myself – assault Me – How have I peace Except by subjugating Consciousness?

And since We're mutual Monarch How this be Except by Abdication – Me – of Me?

c. 1862

1929

### 643

I could suffice for Him, I knew – He – could suffice for Me – Yet Hesitating Fractions – Both Surveyed Infinity –

"Would I be Whole" He sudden broached-My syllable rebelled – "Twas face to face with Nature – forced – "Twas face to face with God –

Withdrew the Sun – to Other Wests – Withdrew the furthest Star Before Decision – stooped to speech – And then – be audibler

The Answer of the Sea unto
The Motion of the Moon –
Herself adjust Her Tides – unto –
Could I – do else – with Mine?

c. 1862

1935

# 644

You left me – Sire – two Legacies – A Legacy of Love A Heavenly Father would suffice Had He the offer of – You left me Boundaries of Pain – Capacious as the Sea – Between Eternity and Time – Your Consciousness – and Me –

c. 1862

1890

645

Bereavement in their death to feel Whom We have never seen – A Vital Kinsmanship import Our Soul and theirs – between –

For Stranger – Strangers do not mourn – There be Immortal friends Whom Death see first – 'tis news of this That paralyze Ourselves –

Who, vital only to Our Thought – Such Presence bear away In dying – 'tis as if Our Souls Absconded – suddenly –

c. 1862

1935

646

I think to Live – may be a Bliss To those who dare to try – Beyond my limit to conceive – My lip – to testify –

I think the Heart I former wore Could widen – till to me The Other, like the little Bank Appear – unto the Sea –

I think the Days – could every one In Ordination stand – And Majesty – be easier – Than an inferior kind – No numb alarm – lest Difference come-No Goblin – on the Bloom – No start in Apprehension's Ear, No Bankruptcy – no Doom –

But Certainties of Sun – Midsummer – in the Mind – A steadfast South – upon the Soul – Her Polar time – behind –

The Vision – pondered long – So plausible becomes That I esteem the fiction – real – The Real – fictitious seems –

How bountiful the Dream – What Plenty – it would be – Had all my Life but been Mistake Just rectified – in Thee

c. 1862

1935

647

A little Road – not made of Man-Enabled of the Eye – Accessible to Thill of Bee – Or Cart of Butterfly –

If Town it have – beyond itself – 'Tis that – I cannot say – I only know – no Curricle Bear Me –

c. 1862

648

Promise This – Wher Some shall summor Mine belong Your Mine – to Belt You

Į



Not with Coins – though they be Minted From an Emperor's Hand – Be my lips – the only Buckle Your low Eyes – demand –

Mine to stay – when all have wandered – To devise once more If the Life be too surrendered – Life of Mine – restore –

Poured like this – My Whole Libation – Just that You should see Bliss of Death – Life's Bliss extol thro' Imitating You –

Mine – to guard Your Narrow Precinct – To seduce the Sun Longest on Your South, to linger, Largest Dews of Morn

To demand, in Your low favor Lest the Jealous Grass Greener lean – Or fonder cluster Round some other face –

Mine to supplicate Madonna – If Madonna be Could behold so far a Creature – Christ – omitted – Me –

Just to follow Your dear feature – Ne'er so far behind – For My Heaven – Had I not been Most enough – denied?

c. 1862

b .1

1935

649

Her Sweet turn to leave the Homestead Came the Darker WayCarriages - Be sure - and Guests - too -But for Holiday

"Tis more pitiful Endeavor Than did Loaded Sea O'er the Curls attempt to caper It had cast away –

Never Bride had such Assembling – Never kinsmen kneeled To salute so fair a Forehead – Garland be indeed –

Fitter Feet – of Her before us – Than whatever Brow Art of Snow – or Trick of Lily Possibly bestow

Of Her Father – Whoso ask Her – He shall seek as high As the Palm – that serve the Desert – To obtain the Sky –

Distance – be Her only Motion – If 'tis Nay – or Yes – Acquiescence – or Demurral – Whosoever guess –

He – must pass the Crystal Angle That obscure Her face – He – must have achieved in person Equal Paradise –

c. 1862

1935

650

Pain – has an Element of Blank – It cannot recollect When it beguin – or if there were A time when it was not –

It has no Future – but itself – Its Infinite contain

[ 323 ]

c. 1862

x890

651

So much Summer
Me for showing
Illegitimate —
Would a Smile's minute bestowing
Too exorbitant

To the Lady
With the Guinea
Look – if She should know
Crumb of Mine
A Robin's Larder
Would suffice to stow –

c. 1862

1945

652

A Prison gets to be a friend – Between its Ponderous face And Ours – a Kinsmanship express – And in its narrow Eyes –

We come to look with gratitude For the appointed Beam It deal us – stated as our food – And hungered for – the same –

We learn to know the Planks – That answer to Our feet – So miserable a sound – at first – Nor ever now – so sweet –

As plashing in the Pools – When Memory was a Boy – But a Demurer Circuit – A Geometric Joy –

[ 324 ]

The Posture of the Key
That interrupt the Day
To Our Endeavor - Not so real
The Cheek of Liberty --

As this Phantasm Steel – Whose features – Day and Night – Are present to us – as Our Own – And as escapeless – quite –

The narrow Round – the Stint – The slow exchange of Hope – For something passiver – Content Too steep for looking up –

The Liberty we knew
Avoided – like a Dream –
Too wide for any Night but HeavenIf That – indeed – redeem –

c. 1862

653

Of Being is a Bird The likest to the Down An Easy Breeze do put afloat The General Heavens – upon –

It soars – and shifts – and whirls -And measures with the Clouds In easy – even – dazzling pace – No different the Birds –

Except a Wake of Music Accompany their feet – As did the Down emit a Tune – For Ecstasy – of it

A long - long Sleep - A famous - Sleep -That makes no show for Morn -By Stretch of Limb - or stir of Lid -An independent One -

Was ever idleness like This? Upon a Bank of Stone To bask the Centuries away – Nor once look up – for Noon?

c. 1862

1896

655

Without this – there is nought – All other Riches be As is the Twitter of a Bird – Heard opposite the Sea –

I could not care — to gain
A lesser than the Whole —
For did not this include themself —
As Seams — include the Ball?

I wished a way might be My Heart to subdivide – "Twould magnify – the Gratitude-And not reduce – the Gold –

c. 1862

1935

656

The name – of it – is "Autumn" -The hue – of it – is Blood – An Artery – upon the Hill – A Vein – along the Road –

Great Globules – in the Alleys – And Oh, the Shower of Stain – When Winds – upset the Basin -And spill the Scarlet Rain –

[ 326 ]

It sprinkles Bonnets – far below – It gathers ruddy Pools – Then – eddies like a Rose – away – Upon Vermilion Wheels –	1892
657	
I dwell in Possibility – A fairer House than Prose – More numerous of Windows – Superior – for Doors –	
Of Chambers as the Cedars – Impregnable of Eye – And for an Everlasting Roof The Gambrels of the Sky –	
Of Visitors – the fairest – For Occupation – This – The spreading wide my narrow Hands To gather Paradise –	1929
658	
Whole Gulfs – of Red, and Fleets – of Red- And Crews – of solid Blood – Did place about the West – Tonight – As 'twere specific Ground –	
And They – appointed Creatures – In Authorized Arrays – Due – promptly – as a Drama – That bows – and disappears –	
	1945
659	
That first Day, when you praised Me, Sweet, And said that I was strong –	

c. 1862

c. 1862

c. 1862

[ 327 ]

And could be mighty, if I liked – That Day – the Days among –

Glows Central – like a Jewel
Between Diverging Golds –
The Minor One – that gleamed behind –
And Vaster – of the World's.

c. 1862

1935

660

'Tis good – the looking back on Grief – To re-endure a Day – We thought the Mighty Funeral – Of All Conceived Joy –

To recollect how Busy Grass
Did meddle – one by one –
Till all the Grief with Summer – waved
And mone could see the stone.

And though the Woe you have Today Be larger – As the Sea Exceeds its Unremembered Drop – They're Water – equally –

ç. 1862

1935

661

Could I but ride indefinite As doth the Meadow Bee And visit only where I liked And No one visit me

And flirt all Day with Buttercups And marry whom I may And dwell a little everywhere Or better, run away

With no Police to follow Or chase Him if He do

[ 328 ]

Till He should jump Peninsulas To get away from me –

I said "But just to be a Bee"
Upon a Raft of Air
And row in Nowhere all Day long
And anchor "off the Bar"

What Liberty! So Captives deem Who tight in Dungeons are.

c. 1862

1896

662

Embarrassment of one another And God Is Revelation's limit, Aloud Is nothing that is chief, But still, Divinity dwells under seal.

c. 1862

1945

663

Again – his voice is at the door –
I feel the old Degree –
I hear him ask the servant
For such an one – as me –

I take a flower—as I go— My face to justify— He never saw me—in this life— I might surprise his eye!

I cross the Hall with mingled steps-I-silent-pass the door-I look on all this world contains-Just his face-nothing more!

We talk in careless - and in toss - A kind of plummet strain -

[ 329 ]

Each - sounding - shyly -Just - how - deep -The other's one - had been -

We walk – I leave my Dog – at home – A tender – thoughtful Moon Goes with us – just a little way – And – then – we are alone –

Alone – if Angels are "alone" – First time they try the sky! Alone – if those "veiled faces" – be – We cannot count – on High!

I'd give – to live that hour – again –
The purple – in my Vein –
But He must count the drops – himself ·
My price for every stain!

c. 1862

1945

### 664

Of all the Souls that stand create —
I have elected — One —
When Sense from Spirit — files away —
And Subterfuge — is done —
When that which is — and that which was —
Apart — intrinsic — stand —
And this brief Drama in the flesh —
Is shifted — like a Sand —
When Figures show their royal Front —
And Mists — are carved away,
Behold the Atom — I preferred —
To all the lists of Clay!

c. 1862

1891

665

Dropped into the Ether Acre – Wearing the Sod Gown –

[ 330 ]

Bonnet of Everlasting Laces – Brooch – frozen on –

Horses of Blonde – and Coach of Silver – Baggage a strapped Pearl – Journey of Down – and Whip of Diamond -Riding to meet the Earl –

с. 1863

1914

666

Ah, Teneriffe!
Retreating Mountain!
Purples of Ages – pause for you –
Sunset – reviews her Sapphire Regiment –
Day – drops you her Red Adieu!
Still – Clad in your Mail of ices –
Thigh of Granite – and thew – of Steel –
Heedless – alike – of pomp – or parting
Ah, Teneriffe!

с. 1863

1914

667

I'm kneeling - still -

Bloom upon the Mountain – stated-Blameless of a Name – Efflorescence of a Sunset – Reproduced – the same –

Seed, had I, my Purple Sowing Should endow the Day – Not a Tropic of a Twilight – Show itself away –

Who for tilling – to the Mountain Come, and disappear – Whose be Her Renown, or fading, Witness, is not here –

[ 331 ]

While I state – the Solemn Petals, Far as North – and East, Far as South and West – expanding -Culminate – in Rest –

And the Mountain to the Evening Fit His Countenance – Indicating, by no Muscle – The Experience –

с. 1863

1914

668

"Nature" is what we see –
The Hill – the Afternoon –
Squirrel – Eclipse – the Bumble beeNay – Nature is Heaven –
Nature is what we hear –
The Bobolink – the Sea –
Thunder – the Cricket –
Nay – Nature is Harmony –
Nature is what we know –
Yet have no art to say –
So impotent Our Wisdom is
To her Simplicity.

c. 1863

1914

669

No Romance sold unto Could so enthrall a Man As the perusal of His Individual One — 'Tis Fiction's — to dilute to Plausibility Our Novel — When 'tis small enough To Credit — 'Tisn't true!

с. 1863

1914

One need not be a Chamber – to be Haunted-One need not be a House – The Brain has Corridors – surpassing Material Place –

Far safer, of a Midnight Meeting External Ghost Than its interior Confronting – That Cooler Host.

Far safer, through an Abbey gallop, The Stones a'chase – Than Unarmed, one's a'self encounter – In lonesome Place –

Ourself behind ourself, concealed – Should startle most – Assassin hid in our Apartment Be Horror's least.

The Body – borrows a Revolver – He bolts the Door – O'erlooking a superior spectre – Or More –

c. 1863

1891

671

She dwelleth in the Ground – Where Daffodils – abide – Her Maker – Her Metropolis – The Universe – Her Maid –

To fetch Her Grace – and Hue – And Fairness – and Renown – The Firmament's – To Pluck Her-And fetch Her Thee – be mine –

с. 1863

1945

The Future – never spoke – Nor will He – like the Dumb -Reveal by sign – a syllable Of His Profound To Come –

But when the News be ripe— Presents it—in the Act— Forestalling Preparation— Escape—or Substitute—

Indifferent to Him –
The Dower – as the Doom –
His Office – but to execute
Fate's – Telegram – to Him –

c. 1863

1914

## 673

The Love a Life can show Below
Is but a filament, I know,
Of that diviner thing
That faints upon the face of Noon –
And smites the Tinder in the Sun –
And hinders Gabriel's Wing –

'Tis this – in Music – hints and sways –
And far abroad on Summer days –
Distils uncertain pain –
'Tis this enamors in the East –
And tints the Transit in the West
With harrowing Iodine –

"Tis this – invites – appalls – endows – Flits – glimmers – proves – dissolves – Returns – suggests – convicts – enchants -Then – flings in Paradise –

The Soul that hath a Guest Doth seldom go abroad – Diviner Crowd at Home – Obliterate the need –

And Courtesy forbid A Host's departure when Upon Himself be visiting The Emperor of Men –

c. 1863

1914

675

Essential Oils – are wrung – The Attar from the Rose Be not expressed by Suns – alone – It is the gift of Screws –

The General Rose – decay – But this – in Lady's Drawer Make Summer – When the Lady lie In Ceaseless Rosemary –

c. 1863

1891

676

Least Bee that brew –
A Honey's Weight
The Summer multiply –
Content Her smallest fraction help
The Amber Quantity –

с. 1863

1945

677

To be alive – is Power – Existence – in itself – Without a further function – Omnipotence – Enough – To be alive – and Will!
"Tis able as a God –
The Maker – of Ourselves – be what.
Such being Finitude!

c. 1863

1914

678

Wolfe demanded during dying "Which obtain the Day"? "General, the British" – "Easy" Answered Wolfe "to die"

Montcalm, his opposing Spirit Rendered with a smile "Sweet" said he "my own Surrender Liberty's beguile"

c. 1863

1945

679

Conscious am I in my Chamber, Of a shapeless friend – He doth not attest by Posture – Nor Confirm – by Word –

Neither Place – need I present Him-Fitter Courtesy Hospitable intuition Of His Company –

Presence – is His furthest license – Neither He to Me Nor Myself to Him – by Accent – Forfeit Probity –

Weariness of Him, were quainter Than Monotony Knew a Particle – of Space's Vast Society –

[ 336 ]

Neither if He visit Other –
Do He dwell – or Nay – know I –
But Instinct esteem Him
Immortality –

c. 1863

680

Each Life Converges to some Centre – Expressed – or still – Exists in every Human Nature A Goal –

Embodied scarcely to itself – it may be – Too fair For Credibility's presumption To mar –

Adored with caution – as a Brittle Heaven – To reach Were hopeless, as the Rainbow's Raiment To touch –

Yet persevered toward – sure – for the Distance – How high – Unto the Saints' slow diligence – The Sky –

Ungained – it may be – by a Life's low Venture – But then – Eternity enable the endeavoring Again.

с. 1863

68 I

Soil of Flint, if steady t Will refund the Han Seed of Palm, by Lib Fructified in Sand-

'Twould ease - a Butterfly -Elate – a Bee – Thou'rt neither – Neither – thy capacity – But, Blossom, were I, I would rather be Thy moment Than a Bee's Eternity – Content of fading Is enough for me -Fade I unto Divinity -And Dying - Lifetime -Ample as the Eye -Her least attention raise on mec. 1863 1945 683 The Soul unto itself Is an imperial friend -Or the most agonizing Spy -An Enemy – could send – Secure against its own -No treason it can fear -Itself - its Sovereign - of itself The Soul should stand in Awe – c. 1862 1891 684

Best Gains – must have the Losses' Test – To constitute them – Gains –

	,	
с. 1863	Not "Revelation" – 'tis – that waits, But our unfurnished eyes –	1891
	686	
	They say that "Time assuages" – Time never did assuage – An actual suffering strengthens As Sinews do, with age –	
	Time is a Test of Trouble – But not a Remedy – If such it prove, it prove too There was no Malady –	
с. 1863	•	1896
	68 <sub>7</sub>	
	I'll send the feather from my Hat! Who knows – but at the sight of that My Sovereign will relent? As trinket – worn by faded Child – Confronting eyes long – comforted – Blisters the Adamant!	
c. 1861		1894
	688	
	"Speech" – is a prank of Parliament – "Tears" – a trick of the nerve – But the Heart with the heaviest freight on –	

1894

The Zeroes – taught us – Phosphorus - We learned to like the Fire By playing Glaciers – when a Boy – And Tinder – guessed – by power Of Opposite – to balance Odd – If White – a Red – must be! Paralysis – our Primer – dumb – Unto Vitality!

c. 1863

690

Victory comes late —
And is held low to freezing lips —
Too rapt with frost
To take it —
How sweet it would have tasted —
Just a Drop —
Was God so economical?
His Table's spread too high for Us —
Unless We dine on tiptoe —
Crumbs — fit such little mouths —
Cherries — suit Robins —
The Eagle's Golden Breakfast strangles — Them—
God keep His Oath to Sparrows —
Who of little Love — know how to starve —

c. 1863

691

Would you like summer? Taste of ours.
Spices? Buy here!
Ill! We have berries, for the parching!
Weary! Furloughs of down!
Perplexed! Estates of violet trouble ne'er looked on!
Captive! We bring reprieve of roses!
Fainting! Flasks of air!

1863?

1894

692

The Sun kept setting – setting – still No Hue of Afternoon – Upon the Village I perceived – From House to House 'twas Noon –

The Dusk kept dropping – dropping – still No Dew upon the Grass – But only on my Forehead stopped – And wandered in my Face –

My Feet kept drowsing – drowsing – still My fingers were awake – Yet why so little sound – Myself Unto my Seeming – make?

How well I knew the Light before – I could see it now – 'Tis Dying – I am doing – but I'm not afraid to know –

с. 1863

1890

1891

1894

693

Shells from the Coast mistaking – I cherished them for All – . Happening in After Ages To entertain a Pearl –

Wherefore so late – I murmured – My need of Thee – be done – Therefore – the Pearl responded – My Period begin

с. 1863

1945

The Heaven vests for Each In that small Deity It craved the grace to worship Some bashful Summer's Day –

Half shrinking from the Glory It importuned to see Till these faint Tabernacles drop In full Eternity –

How imminent the Venture – As one should sue a Star – For His mean sake to leave the Row And entertain Despair –

A Clemency so common — We almost cease to fear — Enabling the minutest — And furthest — to adore —

c. 1863

1935

695

As if the Sea should part
And show a further Sea –
And that – a further – and the Three
But a presumption be –

Of Periods of Seas – Unvisited of Shores – Themselves the Verge of Seas to be – Eternity – is Those –

c. 1863

1929

696

Their Height in Heaven comforts not— Their Glory—nought to me— 'Twas best imperfect—as it was— I'm finite—I can't see—

[ 342 ]

The House of Supposition – The Glimmering Frontier that Skirts the Acres of Perhaps – To Me – shows insecure –

The Wealth I had – contented me-If 'twas a meaner size – Then I had counted it until It pleased my narrow Eyes –

Better than larger values – That show however true – This timid life of Evidence Keeps pleading – "I don't know."

c. 1863

697

I could bring You Jewels – had I a mind to – But You have enough – of those – I could bring You Odors from St. Domingo – Colors – from Vera Cruz –

Berries of the Bahamas – have I – But this little Blaze Flickering to itself – in the Meadow – Suits Me – more than those –

Never a Fellow matched this Topaz – And his Emerald Swing – Dower itself – for Bobadilo – Better – Could I bring?

c. 1863

698

Life – is what we make it –
Death – We do not know –
Christ's acquaintance with Him
Justify Him – though –

[ 343 ]

He – would trust no stranger -Other – could betray – Just His own endorsement – That – sufficeth Me –

All the other Distance He hath traversed first – No New Mile remaineth – Far as Paradise –

His sure foot preceding – Tender Pioneer – Base must be the Coward Dare not venture – now –

c. 1863

699

The Judge is like the Owl – I've heard my Father tell – And Owls do build in Oaks – So here's an Amber Sill –

That slanted in my Path – When going to the Barn – And if it serve You for a House – Itself is not in vain –

About the price – 'tis small – I only ask a Tune At Midnight – Let the Owl select His favorite Refrain.

c. 1863

700

You've seen Balloons set – Haven't You? So stately they ascend – It is as Swans – discarded You, For Duties Diamond –

[ 344 ]

Their Liquid Feet go softly out Upon a Sea of Blonde – They spurn the Air, as 'twere too mean For Creatures so renowned –

Their Ribbons just beyond the eye – They struggle – some – for Breath – And yet the Crowd applaud, below – They would not encore – Death –

The Gilded Creature strains – and spins -Trips frantic in a Tree – Tears open her imperial Veins – And tumbles in the Sea –

The Crowd – retire with an Oath – The Dust in Streets – go down – And Clerks in Counting Rooms Observe – "'Twas only a Balloon" –

c. 1863

1896

#### 701

A Thought went up my mind today – That I have had before – But did not finish – some way back – I could not fix the Year –

Nor where it went – nor why it came The second time to me – Nor definitely, what it was – Have I the Art to say –

But somewhere — in my Soul — I know —
I've met the Thing before —
It just reminded me — 'twas all —
And came my way no more —

с. 1863

1891

A first Mute Coming – In the Stranger's House – A first fair Going – When the Bells rejoice –

A first Exchange – of What hath mingled – been – For Lot – exhibited to Faith – alone –

c. 1863

1935

#### 703

Out of sight? What of that?
See the Bird – reach it!
Curve by Curve – Sweep by Sweep –
Round the Steep Air –
Danger! What is that to Her?
Better 'tis to fail – there –
Than debate – here –

Blue is Blue – the World through – Amber – Amber – Dew – Dew – Seek – Friend – and see – Heaven is shy of Earth – that's all – Bashful Heaven – thy Lovers small – Hide – too – from thee –

с. 1863

1929

704

No matter – now – Sweet – But when I'm Earl – Won't you wish you'd spoken To that dull Girl?

Trivial a Word – just – Trivial – a Smile –

[ 346 ]

But won't you wish you'd spared one When I'm Earl?

I shan't need it – then – Crests – will do – Eagles on my Buckles – On my Belt – too –

Ermine – my familiar Gown – Say – Sweet – then Won't you wish you'd smiled – just – Me upon?

c. 1863

1945

705

Suspense – is Hostiler than Death -Death – tho'soever Broad, Is just Death, and cannot increase -Suspense – does not conclude –

But perishes – to live anew – But just anew to die – Annihilation – plated fresh With Immortality –

с. 1863

1929

706

Life, and Death, and Giants –
Such as These – are still –
Minor – Apparatus – Hopper of the Mill –
Beetle at the Candle –
Or a Fife's Fame –
Maintain – by Accident that they proclaim

c. 1863

1896

707

The Grace – Myself – might not obtain – Confer upon My flower –

[ 347 ]

с. 1863

1935

708

I sometimes drop it, for a Quick – The Thought to be alive – Anonymous Delight to know – And Madder – to conceive –

Consoles a Woe so monstrous That did it tear all Day, Without an instant's Respite – "Twould look too far – to Die –

Delirium – diverts the Wretch For Whom the Scaffold neighs – The Hammock's Motion lulls the Heads So close on Paradise –

A Reef – crawled easy from the Sea Eats off the Brittle Line – The Sailor doesn't know the Stroke – Until He's past the Pain –

c. 1863

1935

709

Publication – is the Auction Of the Mind of Man – Poverty – be justifying For so foul a thing

Possibly – but We – would rather From Our Garret go White – Unto the White Creator – Than invest – Our Snow –

Thought belong to Him who gave it-Then – to Him Who bear Its Corporeal illustration – Sell The Royal Air –

In the Parcel – Be the Merchant Of the Heavenly Grace – But reduce no Human Spirit To Disgrace of Price –

c. 1863

710

The Sunrise runs for Both – The East – Her Purple Troth Keeps with the Hill – The Noon unwinds Her Blue Till One Breadth cover Two – Remotest – still –

Nor does the Night forget A Lamp for Each – to set – Wicks wide away – The North – Her blazing Sign Erects in lodine – Till Both – can see –

The Midnight's Dusky Arms Clasp Hemispheres, and Homes And so Upon Her Bosom – One – And One upon Her Hem – Both lie –

c. 1863

711

Strong Draughts of Their Refreshing Minds To drink – enables Mine Through Desert or the Wilderness As bore it Sealed Wine –

To go elastic - Or as One The Camel's trait - attained -

[349]

c. 1863

1929

712

Because I could not stop for Death – He kindly stopped for me – The Carriage held but just Ourselves – And Immortality.

We slowly drove – He knew no haste And I had put away My labor and my leisure too, For His Civility –

We passed the School, where Children strove At Recess – in the Ring – We passed the Fields of Gazing Grain – We passed the Setting Sun –

Or rather – He passed Us – The Dews drew quivering and chill – For only Gossamer, my Gown – My Tippet – only Tulle –

We paused before a House that seemed A Swelling of the Ground— The Roof was scarcely visible— The Cornice—in the Ground—

Since then—'tis Centuries—and yet Feels shorter than the Day I first surmised the Horses' Heads Were toward Eternity—

с. 1863

1890

713

Fame of Myself, to justify, All other Plaudit be Superfluous – An Incense Beyond Necessity –

Fame of Myself to lack – Although My Name be else Supreme – This were an Honor honorless – A futile Diadem –

c. 1863

1945

714

Rests at Night
The Sun from shining,
Nature – and some Men –
Rest at Noon – some MenWhile Nature
And the Sun – go on –

c. 1863

1945

715

The World – feels Dusty When We stop to Die – We want the Dew – then – Honors – taste dry –

Flags – vex a Dying face – But the least Fan Stirred by a friend's Hand – Cools – like the Rain –

Mine be the Ministry When thy Thirst comes – And Hybla Balms – Dews of Thessaly, to fetch –

с. 1863

1929

716

The Day undressed – Herself – Her Garter – was of Gold – Her Petticoat – of Purple plain – Her Dimities – as old

Exactly – as the World – And yet the newest Star – Enrolled upon the Hemisphere Be wrinkled – much as Her –

Too near to God – to pray – Too near to Heaven – to fear – The Lady of the Occident Retired without a care –

Her Candle so expire
The flickering be seen
On Ball of Mast in Bosporus –
And Dome – and Window Pane-

c. 1863

1935

#### 717

The Beggar Lad – dies early –
It's Somewhat in the Cold –
And Somewhat in the Trudging feet –
And haply, in the World –

The Cruel – smiling – bowing World – That took its Cambric Way – Nor heard the timid cry for "Bread" – "Sweet Lady – Charity" –

Among Redeemed Children
If Trudging feet may stand –
The Barefoot time forgotten – so –
The Sleet – the bitter Wind –

The Childish Hands that teased for Pence Lifted adoring – then – To Him whom never Ragged – Coat Did supplicate in vain –

I meant to find Her when I came – Death – had the same design – But the Success – was His – it seems – And the Surrender – Mine –

I meant to tell Her how I longed For just this single time – But Death had told Her so the first – And she had past, with Him –

To wander – now – is my Repose – To rest – To rest would be A privilege of Hurricane To Memory – and Me.

с. 1863

1896

719

A South Wind – has a pathos Of individual Voice – As One detect on Landings An Emigrant's address.

A Hint of Ports and Peoples – And much not understood – The fairer – for the farness – And for the foreignhood.

с. 1863

1945

720

No Prisoner be – Where Liberty – Himself – abide with Thee –

c. 1863

1932

721

Behind Me – dips Eternity – Before Me – Immortality – Myself – the Term between –

[ 353 ]

Death but the Drift of Eastern Gray, Dissolving into Dawn away, Before the West begin –

Tis Kingdoms – afterward – they say – In perfect – pauseless Monarchy – Whose Prince – is Son of None – Himself – His Dateless Dynasty – Himself – Himself diversify – In Duplicate divine –

Tis Miracle before Me – then –
Tis Miracle behind – between –
A Crescent in the Sea –
With Midnight to the North of Her –
And Midnight to the South of Her –
And Maelstrom – in the Sky –

c. 1863

1929

722

Sweet Mountains - Ye tell Me no lie -Never deny Me - Never fly -Those same unvarying Eyes Turn on Me - when I fail - or feign, Or take the Royal names in vain -Their far - slow - Violet Gaze -

My Strong Madonnas – Cherish still – The Wayward Nun – beneath the Hill – Whose service – is to You – Her latest Worship – When the Day Fades from the Firmament away – To lift Her Brows on You –

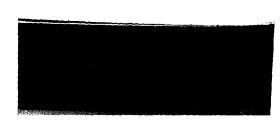
c. 1863

1945

723

It tossed – and tossed – A little Brig I knew – o'ertook by Blast –

[ 354 ]



It spun – and spun – And groped delirious, for Morn –

It slipped – and slipped – As One that drunken – stept – Its white foot tripped – Then dropped from sight –

Ah, Brig – Good Night To Crew and You – The Ocean's Heart too smooth – too Blue-To break for You –

c. 1863

724

It's easy to invent a Life – God does it – every Day – Creation – but the Gambol Of His Authority –

It's easy to efface it—
The thrifty Deity
Could scarce afford Eternity
To Spontaneity—

The Perished Patterns murmur – But His Perturbless Plan Proceed – inserting Here – a Sun – There – leaving out a Man –

c. 1863

725

Where Thou art - that - is Home -Cashmere - or Calvary - the same -Degree - or Shame -I scarce esteem Location's Name -So I may Come -

What Thou dost - is Delight -Bondage as Play - be sweet -

[ 355 ]



Imprisonment – Content – And Sentence – Sacrament – Just We two – meet –

Where Thou art not – is Woe – Tho' Bands of Spices – row – What Thou dost not – Despair – Tho' Gabriel – praise me – Sir –

c. 1863

# 726

We thirst at first – 'tis Nature's Act-And later – when we die – A little Water supplicate – Of fingers going by –

It intimates the finer want— Whose adequate supply Is that Great Water in the West— Termed Immortality—

c. 1863

#### 727

Precious to Me – She still shall be – Though She forget the name I bear – The fashion of the Gown I wear – The very Color of My Hair –

So like the Meadows – now – I dared to show a Tress of Theirs If haply – She might not despise A Buttercup's Array –

I know the Whole – obscures the Part – The fraction – that appeased the Heart Till Number's Empery – Remembered – as the Milliner's flower

728

1929

Let Us play Yesterday – I – the Girl at school – You – and Eternity – the Untold Tale –

Easing my famine
At my Lexicon –
Logarithm – had I – for Drink –
"Twas a dry Wine –

Somewhat different – must be – Dreams tint the Sleep – Cunning Reds of Morning Make the Blind – leap –

Still at the Egg-life – Chafing the Shell – When you troubled the Ellipse – And the Bird fell –

Manacles be dim – they say – To the new Free – Liberty – Commoner – Never could – to me –

'Twas my last gratitude When I slept – at night – 'Twas the first Miracle Let in – with Light –

Can the Lark resume the Shell -Easier - for the Sky -Wouldn't Bonds hurt more Than Yesterday?

Wouldn't Dungeons sorer grate On the Man-free-

[ 357 ]

Just long enough to taste-Then – doomed new – God of the Manacle As of the Free-Take not my Liberty Away from Me – с. 1863 1935 729 Alter! When the Hills do-Falter! When the Sun Question if His Glory Be the Perfect One -Surfeit! When the Daffodil Doth of the Dew -Even as Herself – Sir – I will - of You c. 1863 1890 730 Defrauded I a Butterfly-The lawful Heir - for Thee c. 1863 1929 731 "I want" - it pleaded - All its life -I want - was chief it said When Skill entreated it - the last -And when so newly dead – I could not deem it late - to hear That single – steadfast sigh – The lips had placed as with a "Please" Toward Eternity c. 1863 1945 [358]

She rose to His Requirement – dropt The Playthings of Her Life To take the honorable Work Of Woman, and of Wife –

If ought She missed in Her new Day, Of Amplitude, or Awe— Or first Prospective—Or the Gold In using, wear away,

It lay unmentioned — as the Sea Develop Pearl, and Weed, But only to Himself — be known The Fathoms they abide —

c. 1863

733

The Spirit is the Conscious Ear. We actually Hear When We inspect – that's audible-That is admitted – Here –

For other Services – as Sound – There hangs a smaller Ear Outside the Castle – that Contain – The other – only – Hear –

c. 1863

734

If He were living – dare I ask – And how if He be dead – And so around the Words I went – Of meeting them – afraid –

I hinted Changes – Lapse of Time – The Surfaces of Years – I touched with Caution – lest they crack-And show me to my fears –

[ 359 ]



Reverted to adjoining Lives – Adroitly turning out Wherever I suspected Graves – 'Twas prudenter – I thought –

And He – I pushed – with sudden force – In face of the Suspense – "Was buried" – "Buried"! "He!" My Life just holds the Trench –

c. 1863

1929

735

Upon Concluded Lives There's nothing cooler falls – Than Life's sweet Calculations – The mixing Bells and Palls –

Makes Lacerating Tune – To Ears the Dying Side – "Tis Coronal – and Funeral – Saluting – in the Road –

с. 1863

1945

736

Have any like Myself Investigating March, New Houses on the Hill descried – And possibly a Church –

That were not, We are sure – As lately as the Snow – And are Today – if We exist – Though how may this be so?

Have any like Myself Conjectured Who may be The Occupants of the Abodes – So easy to the Sky –

[ 360 ]

'Twould seem that God should be The nearest Neighbor to – And Heaven – a convenient Grace For Show, or Company –

Have any like Myself Preserved the Charm secure By shunning carefully the Place All Seasons of the Year,

Excepting March - 'Tis then My Villages be seen -And possibly a Steeple -Not afterward - by Men -

c. 1863

### 737

The Moon was but a Chin of Gold A Night or two ago – And now she turns Her perfect Face Upon the World below –

Her Forehead is of Amplest Blonde – Her Cheek – a Beryl hewn – Her Eye unto the Summer Dew The likest I have known –

Her Lips of Amber never part – But what must be the smile Upon Her Friend she could confer Were such Her Silver Will –

And what a privilege to be But the remotest Star – For Certainty She take Her Way Beside Your Palace Door –

Her Bonnet is the Firmament – The Universe – Her Shoe –

The	Stars - the	Trinkets	at I	Her	Belt-
Her	Dimities -	of Blue-			

c. 1863

# 738

You said that I "was Great" - one Day -Then "Great" it be - if that please Thee -Or Small - or any size at all -Nay - I'm the size suit Thee -

Tall – like the Stag – would that? Or lower – like the Wren – Or other heights of Other Ones I've seen?

Tell which – it's dull to guess – And I must be Rhinoceros Or Mouse At once – for Thee –

So say – if Queen it be –
Or Page – please Thee –
I'm that – or nought –
Or other thing – if other thing there be –
With just this Stipulus –
I suit Thee –

c. 1863

1945

#### 739

I many times thought Peace had come When Peace was far away – As Wrecked Men – deem they sight the Land At Centre of the Sea –

And struggle slacker – but to prove As hopelessly as I – How many the fictitious Shores – Before the Harbor be –

с. 1863

You taught me Waiting with Myself – Appointment strictly kept – You taught me fortitude of Fate – This – also – I have learnt –

An Altitude of Death, that could No bitterer debar Than Life – had done – before it – Yet – there is a Science more –

The Heaven you know – to understand That you be not ashamed Of Me – in Christ's bright Audience Upon the further Hand –

c. 1863

1929

### 741

Drama's Vitallest Expression is the Common Day That arise and set about Us – Other Tragedy

Perish in the Recitation – This – the best enact When the Audience is scattered And the Boxes shut –

"Hamlet" to Himself were Hamlet – Had not Shakespeare wrote – Though the "Romeo" left no Record Of his Juliet,

It were infinite enacted In the Human Heart – Only Theatre recorded Owner cannot shut –

с. 1863

Four Trees – upon a solitary Acre – Without Design
Or Order, or Apparent Action –
Maintain –

The Sun – upon a Morning meets them – The Wind – No nearer Neighbor – have they – But God –

The Acre gives them - Place They - Him - Attention of Passer by Of Shadow, or of Squirrel, haply Or Boy -

What Deed is Theirs unto the General Nature – What Plan They severally – retard – or further – Unknown –

с. 1863

1945

# 743

The Birds reported from the South – A News express to Me – A spicy Charge, My little Posts – But I am deaf – Today –

The Flowers – appealed – a timid Throng-I reinforced the Door –
Go blossom to the Bees – I said –
And trouble Me – no More –

The Summer Grace, for Notice strove – Remote – Her best Array – The Heart – to stimulate the Eye Refused too utterly –

At length, a Mourner, like Myself, She drew away austere – Her frosts to ponder – then it was I recollected Her –

She suffered Me, for I had mourned – I offered Her no word – My Witness – was the Crape I bore – Her – Witness – was Her Dead –

Thenceforward – We – together dwelt – I never questioned Her – Our Contract A Wiser Sympathy

c. 1863

1935

#### 744

Remorse – is Memory – awake – Her Parties all astir – A Presence of Departed Acts – At window – and at Door –

Its Past – set down before the Soul And lighted with a Match – Perusal – to facilitate – And help Belief to stretch –

Remorse is cureless—the Disease Not even God—can heal— For 'tis His institution—and The Adequate of Hell—

c. 1863

1891

#### 745

Renunciation – is a piercing Virtue –
The letting go
A Presence – for an Expectation –
Not now –
The putting out of Eyes –
Just Sunrise –
Lest Day –

Day's Great Progenitor —
Outvie
Renunciation — is the Choosing
Against itself —
Itself to justify
Unto itself —
When larger function —
Make that appear —
Smaller — that Covered Vision — Here —

c. 1863

1929

## 746

Never for Society
He shall seek in vain –
Who His own acquaintance
Cultivate – Of Men
Wiser Men may weary –
But the Man within

Never knew Satiety – Better entertain Than could Border Ballad – Or Biscayan Hymn – Neither introduction Need You – unto Him –

c. 1863

1894

### 747

It dropped so low – in my Regard – I heard it hit the Ground – And go to pieces on the Stones At bottom of my Mind –

Yet blamed the Fate that flung it – less Than I denounced Myself, For entertaining Plated Wares Upon my Silver Shelf –

c. 1863

Autumn – overlooked my Knitting-Dyes – said He – have I – Could disparage a Flamingo – Show Me them – said I –

Cochineal – I chose – for deeming It resemble Thee – And the little Border – Dusker – For resembling Me –

c. 1863

1929

749

All but Death, can be Adjusted – Dynasties repaired – Systems – settled in their Sockets – Citadels – dissolved –

Wastes of Lives – resown with Colors By Succeeding Springs – Death – unto itself – Exception – Is exempt from Change –

с. 1863

1929

750

Growth of Man – like Growth of Nature-Gravitates within – Atmosphere, and Sun endorse it – But it stir – alone –

Each – its difficult Ideal Must achieve – Itself – Through the solitary prowess Of a Silent Life –

Effort – is the sole condition – Patience of Itself – Patience of opposing forces – And intact Belief –

[367]



Looking on – is the Department Of its Audience – But Transaction – is assisted By no Countenance –

c. 1863

1929

751

My Worthiness is all my Doubt – His Merit – all my fear – Contrasting which, my quality Do lowlier – appear –

Lest I should insufficient prove For His beloved Need – The Chiefest Apprehension Upon my thronging Mind –

'Tis true – that Deity to stoop Inherently incline – For nothing higher than Itself Itself can rest upon –

So I – the undivine abode
Of His Elect Content –
Conform my Soul – as 'twere a Church,
Unto Her Sacrament –

c. 1863

1896

752

So the Eyes accost – and sunder In an Audience – Stamped – occasionally – forever -So may Countenance

Entertain – without addressing Countenance of One In a Neighboring Horizon – Gone – as soon as known –

c. 1863

My Soul – accused me – And I quailed – As Tongues of Diamond had reviled All else accused me – and I smiled – My Soul – that Morning – was My friend-

Her favor – is the best Disdain Toward Artifice of Time – or Men – But Her Disdain – 'twere lighter bear A finger of Enamelled Fire –

c. 1863

754

My Life had stood – a Loaded Gun – In Corners – till a Day The Owner passed – identified – And carried Me away –

And now We roam in Sovereign Woods – And now We hunt the Doe – And every time I speak for Him – The Mountains straight reply –

And do I smile, such cordial light Upon the Valley glow – It is as a Vesuvian face Had let its pleasure through –

And when at Night – Our good Day done - I guard My Master's Head – 'Tis better than the Eider-Duck's Deep Pillow – to have shared –

To foe of His – I'm deadly foe – None stir the second time – On whom I lay a Yellow Eye – Or an emphatic Thumb –

Though I than He – may longer live He longer must – than I –

[ 369 ]

c. 1863

755

No Bobolink – reverse His Singing When the only Tree Ever He minded occupying By the Farmer be –

Clove to the Root –
His Spacious Future –
Best Horizon – gone –
Whose Music be His
Only Anodyne –
Brave Bobolink –

c. 1863

756

One Blessing had I than the rest So larger to my Eyes That I stopped gauging – satisfied – For this enchanted size –

It was the limit of my Dream – The focus of my Prayer – A perfect – paralyzing Bliss – Contented as Despair –

I knew no more of Want – or Cold – Phantasms both become For this new Value in the Soul – Supremest Earthly Sum –

The Heaven below the Heaven above-Obscured with ruddier Blue – Life's Latitudes leant over – full – The Judgment perished – too –

[ 370 ]

Why Bliss so scantily disburse – Why Paradise defer --Why Floods be served to Us – in Bowls · I speculate no more –

c. 1863

1896

757

The Mountains – grow unnoticed-Their Purple figures rise Without attempt – Exhaustion – Assistance – or Applause –

In Their Eternal Faces
The Sun – with just delight
Looks long – and last – and goldenFor fellowship – at night –

c. 1863

1929

758

These – saw Visions –
Latch them softly –
These – held Dimples –
Smooth them slow –
This – addressed departing accents –
Quick – Sweet Mouth – to miss thee so-

This – We stroked –
Unnumbered Satin –
These – we held among our own –
Fingers of the Slim Aurora –
Not so arrogant – this Noon –

These – adjust – that ran to meet us – Pearl – for Stocking – Pearl for Shoe – Paradise – the only Palace Fit for Her reception – now –

c. 1863

He fought like those Who've nought to lose-Bestowed Himself to Balls As One who for a further Life Had not a further Use –

Invited Death – with bold attempt – But Death was Coy of Him As Other Men, were Coy of Death – To Him – to live – was Doom –

His Comrades, shifted like the Flakes When Gusts reverse the Snow – But He – was left alive Because Of Greediness to die –

c. 1863

# 760

Most she touched me by her muteness-Most she won me by the way She presented her small figure – Plea itself – for Charity –

Were a Crumb my whole possession — Were there famine in the land — Were it my resource from starving — Could I such a plea withstand —

Not upon her knee to thank me Sank this Beggar from the Sky – But the Crumb partook – departed – And returned On High –

I supposed – when sudden Such a Praise began 'Twas as Space sat singing To herself – and men –

'Twas the Winged Beggar – Afterward I learned

[ 372 ]

c. 1863

1929

**761** 

From Blank to Blank –
A Threadless Way
I pushed Mechanic feet –
To stop – or perish – or advance –
Alike indifferent –
.
If end I gained
It ends beyond
Indefinite disclosed –
I shut my eyes – and groped as well
'Twas lighter – to be Blind –

c. 1863

1929

762

The Whole of it came not at once—
"Twas Murder by degrees—
A Thrust—and then for Life a chance—
The Bliss to cauterize—

The Cat reprieves the Mouse She eases from her teeth Just long enough for Hope to tease – Then mashes it to death –

'Tis Life's award – to die – Contenteder if once – Than dying half – then rallying For consciouser Eclipse –

с. 1863

1945

763

He told a homely tale And spotted it with tears –

[ 373 ]

Upon his infant face was set The Cicatrice of years –

All crumpled was the cheek No other kiss had known Than flake of snow, divided with The Redbreast of the Barn –

If Mother – in the Grave – Or Father – on the Sea – Or Father in the Firmament – Or Brethren, had he –

If Commonwealth below,
Or Commonwealth above
Have missed a Barefoot Citizen –
I've ransomed it – alive –

с. 1863

1945

# 764

Presentiment – is that long Shadow – on the Lawn – Indicative that Suns go down –

The Notice to the startled Grass
That Darkness – is about to pass –

c. 1863

1890

# 765

You constituted Time – I deemed Eternity A Revelation of Yourself – "Twas therefore Deity

The Absolute – removed The Relative away – That I unto Himself adjust My slow idolatry –

c. 1863

My Faith is larger than the Hills – So when the Hills decay – My Faith must take the Purple Wheel To show the Sun the way –

Tis first He steps upon the Vane – And then – upon the Hill – And then abroad the World He go To do His Golden Will –

And if His Yellow feet should miss – The Bird would not arise – The Flowers would slumber on their Stems-No Bells have Paradise –

How dare I, therefore, stint a faith On which so vast depends – Lest Firmament should fail for me – The Rivet in the Bands

c. 1863

1929

767

To offer brave assistance
To Lives that stand alone –
When One has failed to stop them –
Is Human – but Divine

To lend an Ample Sinew Unto a Nameless Man – Whose Homely Benediction No other – stopped to earn –

c. 1863

1929

768

When I hoped, I recollect Just the place I stood – At a Window facing West – Roughest Air – was good –

[ 375 ]

Not a Sleet could bite me – Not a frost could cool – Hope it was that kept me warm-Not Merino shawl –

When I feared – I recollect Just the Day it was – Worlds were lying out to Sun – Yet how Nature froze –

Icicles upon my soul
Prickled Blue and Cool –
Bird went praising everywhere –
Only Me – was still –

And the Day that I despaired – This – if I forget Nature will – that it be Night After Sun has set – Darkness intersect her face – And put out her eye – Nature hesitate – before Memory and I –

с. 1863

1929

769

One and One – are One – Two – be finished using – Well enough for Schools – But for Minor Choosing –

Life – just – Or Death – Or the Everlasting – More – would be too vast For the Soul's Comprising -

с. 1863

1929

770

I lived on Dread – To Those who know

[ 376 ]

The Stimulus there is In Danger – Other impetus Is numb – and Vitalless –

As 'twere a Spur – upon the Soul-A Fear will urge it where To go without the Spectre's aid Were Challenging Despair.

c. 1863

1891

77 I

None can experience stint Who Bounty – have not known – The fact of Famine – could not be Except for Fact of Corn –

Want – is a meagre Art Acquired by Reverse – The Poverty that was not Wealth – Cannot be Indigence.

с. 1863

1945

772

The hallowing of Pain Like hallowing of Heaven, Obtains at a corporeal cost— The Summit is not given

To Him who strives severe At middle of the Hill – But He who has achieved the Top – All – is the price of All –

c. 1863

1945

773

Deprived of other Banquet, I entertained Myself -

[ 377 ]

At first – a scant nutrition – An insufficient Loaf -But grown by slender addings To so esteemed a size "Tis sumptuous enough for me -And almost to suffice A Robin's famine able -Red Pilgrim, He and I-A Berry from our table Reserve - for charity -1945 774 It is a lonesome Glee -Yet sanctifies the Mind-With fair association -Afar upon the Wind A Bird to overhear Delight without a Cause -Arrestless as invisible – A matter of the Skies. 1945 775 If Blame be my side - forfeit Me -But doom me not to forfeit Thee -To forfeit Thee? The very name Is sentence from Belief - and Home -1945 776 Purple-The Color of a Queen, is this-The Color of a Sun

c. 1863

c. 1863

c. 1863

[ 378 ]

At setting – this and Amber – Beryl – and this, at Noon –

And when at night – Auroran widths Fling suddenly on men –
"Tis this – and Witchcraft – nature keeps A Rank – for Iodine –

c. 1863

1945

#### 777

The Loneliness One dare not sound And would as soon surmise As in its Grave go plumbing To ascertain the size –

The Loneliness whose worst alarm Is lest itself should see— And perish from before itself For just a scrutiny—

The Horror not to be surveyed – But skirted in the Dark – With Consciousness suspended – And Being under Lock –

I fear me this – is Loneliness – The Maker of the soul Its Caverns and its Corridors Illuminate – or seal –

c. 1863

1945

# 778

This that would greet – an hour ago – Is quaintest Distance – now – Had it a Guest from Paradise – Nor glow, would it, nor bow –

Had it a notice from the Noon Nor beam would it nor warm –

[ 379 ]



779

The Service without Hope – Is tenderest, I think – Because 'tis unsustained By stint – Rewarded Work –

Has impetus of Gain – And impetus of Goal – There is no Diligence like that That knows not an Until –

с. 1863

1945

780

The Truth – is stirless –
Other force – may be presumed to moveThis – then – is best for confidence –
When oldest Cedars swerve –

And Oaks untwist their fists – And Mountains – feeble – lean – How excellent a Body, that Stands without a Bone –

How vigorous a Force
That holds without a Prop –
Truth stays Herself – and every man
That trusts Her – boldly up –

c. 1863

1945

781

To wait an Hour – is long –
If Love be just beyond –

[ 380 ]

782

There is an arid Pleasure –
As different from Joy –
As Frost is different from Dew-Like element – are they –

Yet one – rejoices Flowers – And one – the Flowers abhor – The finest Honey – curdled – Is worthless – to the Bee –

с. 1863

1945

783

The Birds begun at Four o'clock -Their period for Dawn – A Music numerous as space – But neighboring as Noon –

I could not count their Force – Their Voices did expend As Brook by Brook bestows itself To multiply the Pond.

Their Witnesses were not – Except occasional man – In homely industry arrayed – To overtake the Morn –

Nor was it for applause – That I could ascertain – But independent Ecstasy Of Deity and Men –

By Six, the Flood had done – No Tumult there had been Of Dressing, or Departure – And yet the Band was gone –

The Sun engrossed the East – The Day controlled the World-The Miracle that introduced Forgotten, as fulfilled.

c. 1863

1945

784

Bereaved of all, I went abroad – No less bereaved was I Upon a New Peninsula – The Grave preceded me –

Obtained my Lodgings, ere myself – And when I sought my Bed – The Grave it was reposed upon The Pillow for my Head –

I waked to find it first awake –
I rose – It followed me –
I tried to drop it in the Crowd –
To lose it in the Sea –

In Cups of artificial Drowse
To steep its shape away –
The Grave – was finished – but the Spade
Remained in Memory –

c. 1863

1896

Ç, I

785

They have a little Odor – that to me Is metre – nay – 'tis melody – And spiciest at fading – indicate – A Habit – of a Laureate –

с. 1863

Severer Service of myself I – hastened to demand To fill the awful Vacuum Your life had left behind –

I worried Nature with my Wheels When Hers had ceased to run – When she had put away Her Work My own had just begun.

I strove to weary Brain and Bone – To harass to fatigue The glittering Retinue of nerves – Vitality to clog

To some dull comfort Those obtain Who put a Head away They knew the Hair to – And forget the color of the Day –

Affliction would not be appeased – The Darkness braced as firm As all my stratagem had been The Midnight to confirm –

No Drug for Consciousness – can be-Alternative to die Is Nature's only Pharmacy For Being's Malady –

863

1945

787

Such is the Force of Happiness The Least – can lift a Ton Assisted by its stimulus –

Who Misery – sustain – No Sinew can afford – The Cargo of Themselves – 788

Joy to have merited the Pain -To merit the Release – Joy to have perished every step – To Compass Paradise –

Pardon – to look upon thy face – With these old fashioned Eyes – Better than new – could be – for that – Though bought in Paradise –

Because they looked on thee before – And thou hast looked on them – Prove Me – My Hazel Witnesses The features are the same –

So fleet thou wert, when present – So infinite – when gone – An Orient's Apparition – Remanded of the Morn –

The Height I recollect—
'Twas even with the Hills—
The Depth upon my Soul was notchedAs Floods—on Whites of Wheels—

To Haunt – till Time have dropped His last Decade away, And Haunting actualize – to last At least – Eternity –

c. 1863

1929

789

On a Columnar Self – How ample to rely In Tumult – or Extremity – How good the Certainty

That Lever cannot pry – And Wedge cannot divide Conviction – That Granitic Base-Though None be on our Side –

Suffice Us – for a Crowd – Ourself – and Rectitude – And that Assembly – not far off From furthest Spirit – God –

c. 1863

#### 790

Nature – the Gentlest Mother is, Impatient of no Child – The feeblest – or the waywardest-Her Admonition mild –

In Forest – and the Hill – By Traveller – be heard – Restraining Rampant Squirrel – Or too impetuous Bird –

How fair Her Conversation – A Summer Afternoon – Her Household – Her Assembly – And when the Sun go down –

Her Voice among the Aisles Incite the timid prayer Of the minutest Cricket – The most unworthy Flower –

When all the Children sleep – She turns as long away As will suffice to light Her lamps – Then bending from the Sky –

With infinite Affection – And infiniter Care –

[ 385 ]

791

God gave a Loaf to every Bird – But just a Crumb – to Me – I dare not eat it – tho' I starve – My poignant luxury –

To own it – touch it –
Prove the feat – that made the Pellet mine Too happy – for my Sparrow's chance –
For Ampler Coveting –

It might be Famine – all around – I could not miss an Ear – Such Plenty smiles upon my Board – My Garner shows so fair –

I won'der how the Rich – may feel – An Indiaman – An Earl – I deem that I – with but a Crumb – Am Sovereign of them all –

с. 1863

1891

792

Through the strait pass of suffering – The Martyrs – even – trod. Their feet – upon Temptation – Their faces – upon God –

A stately – shriven – Company – Convulsion – playing round – Harmless – as streaks of Meteor – Upon a Planet's Bond –

Their faith - the everlasting troth -Their Expectation - fair - c. 1863

1891

793

Grief is a Mouse – And chooses Wainscot in the Breast For His Shy House – And baffles quest –

Grief is a Thief – quick startled – Pricks His Ear – report to hear Of that Vast Dark – That swept His Being – back –

Grief is a Juggler – boldest at the Play – Lest if He flinch – the eye that way Pounce on His Bruises – One – say – or Three-Grief is a Gourmand – spare His luxury –

Best Grief is Tongueless – before He'll tell – Burn Him in the Public Square – His Ashes – will Possibly – if they refuse – How then know – Since a Rack couldn't coax a syllable – now.

c. 1863

1945

794

A Drop fell on the Apple Tree – Another – on the Roof – A Half a Dozen kissed the Eaves – And made the Gables laugh –

A few went out to help the Brook That went to help the Sea – Myself Conjectured were they Pearls-What Necklaces could be –

The Dust replaced, in Hoisted Roads-The Birds jocoser sungThe Sunshine threw his Hat away – The Bushes – spangles flung –

The Breezes brought dejected Lutes – And bathed them in the Glee – Then Orient showed a single Flag, And signed the Fete away –

c. 1863

1890

795

Her final Summer was it – And yet We guessed it not – If tenderer industriousness Pervaded Her, We thought

A further force of life
Developed from within –
When Death lit all the shortness up
It made the hurry plain –

We wondered at our blindness When nothing was to see But Her Carrara Guide post – At Our Stupidity –

When duller than our dullness The Busy Darling lay – So busy was she – finishing – So leisurely – were We –

c. 1863

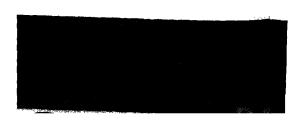
1891

796

Who Giants know, with lesser Men Are incomplete, and shy – For Greatness, that is ill at ease In minor Company –

A Smaller, could not be perturbed – The Summer Gnat displays –

[ 388 ]



c. 1863

1929

797

By my Window have I for Scenery
Just a Sea – with a Stem –
If the Bird and the Farmer – deem it a "Pine" –
The Opinion will serve – for them –

It has no Port, nor a "Line" – but the Jays – That split their route to the Sky – Or a Squirrel, whose giddy Peninsula May be easier reached – this way –

For Inlands – the Earth is the under side – And the upper side – is the Sun – And its Commerce – if Commerce it have – Of Spice – I infer from the Odors borne –

Of its Voice – to affirm – when the Wind is within-Can the Dumb – define the Divine? The Definition of Melody – is – That Definition is none –

It – suggests to our Faith –
They – suggest to our Sight –
When the latter – is put away
I shall meet with Conviction I somewhere met
That Immortality –

Was the Pine at my Window a "Fellow Of the Royal" Infinity? Apprehensions – are God's introductions – To be hallowed – accordingly –

c. 1863

1929

798

She staked her Feathers – Gained an Arc – Debated – Rose again – This time – beyond the estimate Of Envy, or of Men –

And now, among Circumference – Her steady Boat be seen – At home – among the Billows – As The Bough where she was born –

c. 1863

1935

799

Despair's advantage is achieved By suffering – Despair – To be assisted of Reverse One must Reverse have bore –

The Worthiness of Suffering like The Worthiness of Death Is ascertained by tasting –

As can no other Mouth

Of Savors – make us conscious – As did ourselves partake – Affliction feels impalpable Until Ourselves are struck –

c. 1863

1935

800

Two—were immortal twice— The privilege of few— Eternity—obtained—in Time-Reversed Divinity—

That our ignoble Eyes
The quality conceive
Of Paradise superlative –
Through their Comparative.

c. 1863

1945

I play at Riches – to appease The Clamoring for Gold – It kept me from a Thief, I think, For often, overbold

With Want, and Opportunity – I could have done a Sin And been Myself that easy Thing An independent Man –

But often as my lot displays Too hungry to be borne I deem Myself what I would be – And novel Comforting

My Poverty and I derive – We question if the Man – Who own – Esteem the Opulence – As We – Who never Can –

Should ever these exploring Hands Chance Sovereign on a Mine – Or in the long – uneven term To win, become their turn –

How fitter they will be – for Want – Enlightening so well – I know not which, Desire, or Grant – Be wholly beautiful –

с. 1863

1935

802

Time feels so vast that were it not For an Eternity – I fear me this Circumference Engross my Finity –

To His exclusion, who prepare By Processes of Size

803

Who Court obtain within Himself Sees every Man a King – And Poverty of Monarchy Is an interior thing –

No Man depose
Whom Fate Ordain –
And Who can add a Crown
To Him who doth continual
Conspire against His Own

c. 1863

804

No Notice gave She, but a Change – No Message, but a Sigh – For Whom, the Time did not suffice That She should specify.

She was not warm, though Summer shone Nor scrupulous of cold Though Rime by Rime, the steady Frost Upon Her Bosom piled —

Of shrinking ways – she did not fright Though all the Village looked – But held Her gravity aloft – And met the gaze – direct –

And when adjusted like a Seed In careful fitted Ground Unto the Everlasting Spring And hindered but a Mound

Her Warm return, if so she chose -And We - imploring drew -

[ 392 ]

805

This Bauble was preferred of Bees-By Butterflies admired At Heavenly – Hopeless Distances-Was justified of Bird –

Did Noon – enamel – in Herself Was Summer to a Score Who only knew of Universe – It had created Her.

c. 1863

806

A Plated Life – diversified With Gold and Silver Pain To prove the presence of the Ore In Particles – 'tis when

A Value struggle – it exist – A Power – will proclaim Although Annihilation pile Whole Chaoses on Him –

c. 1863

807

Expectation – is Contentment –
Gain – Satiety –
But Satiety – Conviction
Of Necessity

Of an Austere trait in Pleasure – Good, without alarm

[ 393 ]

	Is a too established Fortune – Danger – deepens Sum –	
c. 1863	•	1929
	808	
	So set its Sun in Thee What Day be dark to me— What Distance—far— So I the Ships may see That touch—how seldomly— Thy Shore?	
c. 1864		1914
	809	
	Unable are the Loved to die For Love is Immortality, Nay, it is Deity –	
	Unable they that love – to die For Love reforms Vitality Into Divinity.	
2. 1864	•	1932
	810	
	Her Grace is all she has— And that, so least displays— One Art to recognize, must be, Another Art, to praise.	
c. 1864	•	1914
	811	
	The Veins of other Flowers The Scarlet Flowers are Till Nature leisure has for Terms As "Branch," and "Jugular."	

[ 394 ]

1945

812

A Light exists in Spring
Not present on the Year
At any other period –
When March is scarcely here

A Color stands abroad On Solitary Fields That Science cannot overtake But Human Nature feels.

It waits upon the Lawn, It shows the furthest Tree Upon the furthest Slope you know It almost speaks to you.

Then as Horizons step
Or Noons report away
Without the Formula of sound
It passes and we stay –

A quality of loss Affecting our Content As Trade had suddenly encroached Upon a Sacrament.

c. 1864

1896

813

This quiet Dust was Gentlemen and Ladies And Lads and Girls – Was laughter and ability and Sighing And Frocks and Curls.

[ 395 ]

This Passive Place a Summer's nimble mansion Where Bloom and Bees Exists an Oriental Circuit Then cease, like these –

c. 1864

1914

814

One Day is there of the Series Termed Thanksgiving Day. Celebrated part at Table Part in Memory.

Neither Patriarch nor Pussy I dissect the Play Seems it to my Hooded thinking Reflex Holiday.

Had there been no sharp Subtraction From the early Sum – Not an Acre or a Caption Where was once a Room –

Not a Mention, whose small Pebble Wrinkled any Sea, Unto Such, were such Assembly "Twere Thanksgiving Day.

c. 1864

1896

815

The Luxury to apprehend The Luxury 'twould' be To look at Thee a single time An Epicure of Me

In whatsoever Presence makes Till for a further Food I scarcely recollect to starve So first am I supplied –

[ 396 ]



The Luxury to meditate
The Luxury it was
To banquet on thy Countenance
A Sumptuousness bestows

On plainer Days, whose Table far As Certainty can see Is laden with a single Crumb The Consciousness of Thee.

c. 1864

1914

816

A Death blow is a Life blow to Some Who till they died, did not alive become Who had they lived, had died but when They died, Vitality begun.

c. 1864

1891

817

Given in Marriage unto Thee Oh thou Celestial Host – Bride of the Father and the Son Bride of the Holy Ghost.

Other Betrothal shall dissolve – Wedlock of Will, decay – Only the Keeper of this Ring Conquer Mortality –

c. 1864

1896

818

I could not drink it, Sweet,
Till You had tasted first,
Though cooler than the Water was
The Thoughtfulness of Thirst.

c. 1864

1932

[ 397 ]

819

All I may, if small, Do it not display Larger for the Totalness . 'Tis Economy

To bestow a World And withhold a Star – Utmost, is Munificence – Less, tho' larger, poor.

c. 1864

1914

820

All Circumstances are the Frame In which His Face is set – All Latitudes exist for His Sufficient Continent –

The Light His Action, and the Dark The Leisure of His Will – In Him Existence serve or set A Force illegible.

c, 1864

1914

821

Away from Home are some and I-An Emigrant to be In a Metropolis of Homes Is easy, possibly—

The Habit of a Foreign Sky
We-difficult-acquire
As Children, who remain in Face
The more their Feet retire.

c. 1864

1894

This Consciousness that is aware Of Neighbors and the Sun Will be the one aware of Death And that itself alone

Is traversing the interval Experience between And most profound experiment Appointed unto Men –

How adequate unto itself Its properties shall be Itself unto itself and none Shall make discovery.

Adventure most unto itself The Soul condemned to be— Attended by a single Hound Its own identity.

c. 1864

1945

823

Not what We did, shall be the test When Act and Will are done But what Our Lord infers We would Had We diviner been –

c. 1864

1929

824

The Wind begun to knead the Grass –
As Women do a Dough –
He flung a Hand full at the Plain –
A Hand full at the Sky –
The Leaves unhooked themselves from TreesAnd started all abroad –
The Dust did scoop itself like Hands –
And throw away the Road –

The Wagons quickened on the Street –
The Thunders gossiped low –
The Lightning showed a Yellow Head –
And then a livid Toe –
The Birds put up the Bars to Nests –
The Cattle flung to Barns –
Then came one drop of Giant Rain –
And then, as if the Hands
That held the Dams – had parted hold –
The Waters Wrecked the Sky –
But overlooked my Father's House –
Just Quartering a Tree –

first version c. 1864

1955

The Wind begun to rock the Grass With threatening Tunes and low – He threw a Menace at the Earth – A Menace at the Sky.

The Leaves unhooked themselves from Trees-And started all abroad
The Dust did scoop itself like Hands
And threw away the Road.

The Wagons quickened on the Streets The Thunder hurried slow – The Lightning showed a Yellow Beak And then a livid Claw.

The Birds put up the Bars to Nests— The Cattle fled to Barns— There came one drop of Giant Rain And then as if the Hands

That held the Dams had parted hold The Waters Wrecked the Sky, But overlooked my Father's House – Just quartering a Tree –

second version c. 1864

1891

825

An Hour is a Sea Between a few, and me – With them would Harbor be –

c. 1864

1915

826

Love reckons by itself – alone –
"As large as I" – relate the Sun
To One who never felt it blaze –
Itself is all the like it has –

c. 1864

1914

827

The Only News I know Is Bulletins all Day From Immortality.

The Only Shows I see – Tomorrow and Today – Perchance Eternity –

The Only One I meet Is God – The Only Street – Existence – This traversed

If Other News there be – Or Admirabler Show – I'll tell it You –

c. 1864

1929

[401]



The Robin is the One That interrupt the Morn With hurried – few – express Reports When March is scarcely on –

The Robin is the One That overflow the Noon With her cherubic quantity – An April but begun –

The Robin is the One That speechless from her Nest Submit that Home – and Certainty And Sanctity, are best

c. 1864

1891

829

Ample make this Bed – Make this Bed with Awe – In it wait till Judgment break Excellent and Fair.

Be its Mattress straight – Be its Pillow round – Let no Sunrise' yellow noise Interrupt this Ground –

c. 1864

1891

830

To this World she returned. But with a tinge of that – A Compound manner, As a Sod Espoused a Violet, That chiefer to the Skies Than to Himself, allied,

Dwelt hesitating, half of Dust,
And half of Day, the Bride.

1864

831

Dying! To be afraid of thee
One must to thine Artillery
Have left exposed a Friend –
Than thine old Arrow is a Shot
Delivered straighter to the Heart
The leaving Love behind.

Not for itself, the Dust is shy, But, enemy, Beloved be Thy Batteries divorce. Fight sternly in a Dying eye Two Armies, Love and Certainty And Love and the Reverse.

c. 1864

832

Soto! Explore thyself!
Therein thyself shalt find
The "Undiscovered Continent" No Settler had the Mind.

c. 1864

833

Perhaps you think me stooping
I'm not ashamed of that
Christ – stooped until He touched the GraveDo those at Sacrament

Commemorate Dishonor
Or love annealed of love
Until it bend as low as Death
Redignified, above?

c. 1864

8	3	4
8	2	4

Before He comes we weigh the Time! "Tis Heavy and 'tis Light. When He depart, an Emptiness Is the prevailing Freight.

c. 1864

1894

835

Nature and God – I neither knew Yet Both so well knew me They startled, like Executors Of My identity.

Yet Neither told – that I could learn -My Secret as secure As Herschel's private interest Or Mercury's affair –

с. 1864

1894

836

Truth – is as old as God – His Twin identity And will endure as long as He A Co-Eternity –

And perish on the Day Himself is borne away From Mansion of the Universe A lifeless Deity.

c. 1864

1894

837

How well I knew Her not Whom not to know has been A Bounty in prospective, now Next Door to mine the Pain.

c. 1864

1894

Impossibility, like Wine Exhilarates the Man Who tastes it; Possibility Is flavorless – Combine

A Chance's faintest Tincture And in the former Dram Enchantment makes ingredient As certainly as Doom –

c. 1864

1945

839

Always Mine!
No more Vacation!
Term of Light this Day begun!
Failless as the fair rotation
Of the Seasons and the Sun.

Old the Grace, but new the Subjects Old, indeed, the East, Yet upon His Purple Programme Every Dawn, is first.

c. 1864

1945

840

I cannot buy it – 'tis not sold – There is no other in the World – Mine was the only one

I was so happy I forgot To shut the Door And it went out And I am all alone –

If I could find it Anywhere
I would not mind the journey there
Though it took all my store

[ 405 ]

But just to look it in the Eye -
"Did'st thou?" "Thou did'st not mean," to say,
Then, turn my Face away.

1945

#### 841

A Moth the hue of this Haunts Candles in Brazil. Nature's Experience would make Our Reddest Second pale.

Nature is fond, I sometimes think, Of Trinkets, as a Girl.

с. 1864

1945

### 842

Good to hide, and hear 'em hunt! Better, to be found, If one care to, that is, The Fox fits the Hound-

Good to know, and not tell, Best, to know and tell, Can one find the rare Ear Not too dull –

c. 1864

1945

## 843

I made slow Riches but my Gain Was steady as the Sun And every Night, it numbered more Than the preceding One

All Days, I did not earn the same But my perceiveless Gain Inferred the less by Growing than The Sum that it had grown.

c. 1864

1945

844

Spring is the Period Express from God. Among the other seasons Himself abide,

But during March and April None stir abroad Without a cordial interview With God.

c. 1864

1945

, 845

Be Mine the Doom – Sufficient Fame – To perish in Her Hand!

c. 1864

1945

846

Twice had Summer her fair Verdure Proffered to the Plain – Twice a Winter's silver Fracture On the Rivers been –

Two full Autumns for the Squirrel Bounteous prepared – Nature, Had'st thou not a Berry For thy wandering Bird?

c. 1864

1945

847

Finite – to fail, but infinite to Venture – For the one ship that struts the shore Many's the gallant – overwhelmed Creature Nodding in Navies nevermore –

c. 1864

. 1896

Just as He spoke it from his Hands This Edifice remain – A Turret more, a Turret less Dishonor his Design –

According as his skill prefer It perish, or endure – Content, soe'er, it ornament His absent character.

c. 1864

1945

849

The good Will of a Flower
The Man who would possess
Must first present
Certificate
Of minted Holiness.

c. 1864

1945

850

I sing to use the Waiting
My Bonnet but to tie
And shut the Door unto my House
No more to do have I

Till His best step approaching We journey to the Day And tell each other how We sung To Keep the Dark away.

c. 1864

1896

85 I

When the Astronomer stops seeking For his Pleiad's Face – When the lone British Lady Forsakes the Arctic Race

[408]

When to his Covenant Needle The Sailor doubting turns – It will be amply early To ask what treason means.

с. 1864

1945

852

Apology for Her Be rendered by the Bee – Herself, without a Parliament Apology for Me.

c. 1864

1945

853

When One has given up One's life The parting with the rest Feels easy, as when Day lets go Entirely the West

The Peaks, that lingered last Remain in Her regret As scarcely as the Iodine Upon the Cataract.

c. 1864

1945

854

Banish Air from Air –
Divide Light if you dare –
They'll meet
While Cubes in a Drop
Or Pellets of Shape
Fit
Films cannot annul
Odors return whole
Force Flame
And with a Blonde push

[ 409 ]

1945

855

To own the Art within the Soul The Soul to entertain With Silence as a Company And Festival maintain

Is an unfurnished Circumstance Possession is to One As an Estate perpetual Or a reduceless Mine.

c. 1864

1945

856

There is a finished feeling Experienced at Graves – A leisure of the Future – A Wilderness of Size.

By Death's bold Exhibition Preciser what we are And the Eternal function Enabled to infer.

c. 1864

1945

857

Uncertain lease – develops lustre On Time Uncertain Grasp, appreciation Of Sum –

The shorter Fate – is oftener the chiefest Because

[410]

1945

858

This Chasm, Sweet, upon my life I mention it to you, When Sunrise through a fissure drop The Day must follow too.

If we demur, its gaping sides Disclose as 'twere a Tomb Ourself am lying straight wherein The Favorite of Doom.

When it has just contained a Life Then, Darling, it will close And yet so bolder every Day So turbulent it grows

I'm tempted half to stitch it up With a remaining Breath I should not miss in yielding, though To Him, it would be Death –

And so I bear it big about My Burial – before A Life quite ready to depart Can harass me no more –

c. 1864

1945

859

A doubt if it be Us Assists the staggering Mind In an extremer Anguish Until it footing find.

An Unreality is lent, A merciful Mirage

[411]

That makes the living possible	3
While it suspends the lives.	

c. 1864 1945

860

Absence disembodies – so does Death Hiding individuals from the Earth Superstition helps, as well as love – Tenderness decreases as we prove –

c. 1864

861

Split the Lark – and you'll find the Music – Bulb after Bulb, in Silver rolled – Scantily dealt to the Summer Morning Saved for your Ear when Lutes be old.

Loose the Flood – you shall find it patent – Gush after Gush, reserved for you – Scarlet Experiment! Sceptic Thomas! Now, do you doubt that your Bird was true?

c. 1864

862

Light is sufficient to itself – If Others want to see It can be had on Window Panes Some Hours in the Day.

But not for Compensation – It holds as large a Glow To Squirrel in the Himmaleh Precisely, as to you...

c. 1864

That Distance was between Us
That is not of Mile or Main –
The Will it is that situates –
Equator – never can –

c. 1864

1945

864

The Robin for the Crumb Returns no syllable But long records the Lady's name In Silver Chronicle.

c. 1864

1945

865

He outstripped Time with but a Bout, He outstripped Stars and Sun And then, unjaded, challenged God In presence of the Throne.

And He and He in mighty List Unto this present, run, The larger Glory for the less A just sufficient Ring.

c. 1864

1945

866

Fame is the tint that Scholars leave Upon their Setting Names – The Iris not of Occident That disappears as comes –

c. 1864

1945

867

Escaping backward to perceive The Sea upon our place –

[413]

Escaping forward, to confront His glittering Embrace –

Retreating up, a Billow's height Retreating blinded down Our undermining feet to meet Instructs to the Divine.

c. 1864

868

They ask but our Delight— The Darlings of the Soil And grant us all their Countenance For a penurious smile.

c. 1864

869

Because the Bee may blameless hum For Thee a Bee do I become List even unto Me.

Because the Flowers unafraid May lift a look on thine, a Maid Alway a Flower would be.

Nor Robins, Robins need not hide When Thou upon their Crypts intrude So Wings bestow on Me Or Petals, or a Dower of Buzz That Bee to ride, or Flower of Furze I that way worship Thee.

c. 1864

870

Finding is the first Act The second, loss, Third, Expedition for The "Golden Fleece"

[414]

Fourth, no Discovery – Fifth, no Crew – Finally, no Golden Fleece-Jason – sham – too.

c. 1864

1945

1945

1945

871

The Sun and Moon must make their haste-The Stars express around For in the Zones of Paradise The Lord alone is burned –

His Eye, it is the East and West – The North and South when He Do concentrate His Countenance Like Glow Worms, flee away –

Oh Poor and Far –
Oh Hindered Eye
That hunted for the Day –
The Lord a Candle entertains
Entirely for Thee –

c. 1864

1945

872

As the Starved Markstrom laps the Navies As the Vulture teased Forces the Broods in lonely Valleys As the Tiger eased

By but a Crumb of Blood, fasts Scarlet Till he meet a Man Dainty adorned with Veins and Tissues And partakes – his Tongue

Cooled by the Morsel for a moment Grows a fiercer thing Till he esteem his Dates and Cocoa A Nutrition mean

[415]

1945

I, of a finer Famine
Deem my Supper dry
For but a Berry of Domingo
And a Torrid Eye.

c. 1864

1945

873

Ribbons of the Year – Multitude Brocade – Worn to Nature's Party once

Then, as flung aside As a faded Bead Or a Wrinkled Pearl Who shall charge the Vanity Of the Maker's Girl?

c. 1864

1945

874

They won't frown always – some sweet Day When I forget to tease – They'll recollect how cold I looked And how I just said "Please."

Then They will hasten to the Door To call the little Girl Who cannot thank Them for the Ice That filled the lisping full.

с. 1864

1896

875

I stepped from Plank to Plank A slow and cautious way The Stars about my Head I felt About my Feet the Sea.

I knew not but the next Would be my final inch –

[416]

This gave me that precarious Gait Some call Experience.

c. 1864

876

It was a Grave, yet bore no Stone Enclosed 'twas not of Rail A Consciousness its Acre, and It held a Human Soul.

Entombed by whom, for what offence If Home or Foreign born – Had I the curiosity "Twere not appeased of men

Till Resurrection, I must guess Denied the small desire A Rose upon its Ridge to sow Or take away a Briar.

c. 1864

877

Each Scar I'll keep for Him Instead I'll say of Gem In His long Absence worn A Costlier one

But every Tear I bore Were He to count them o'er His own would fall so more I'll mis sum them.

c. 1864

878

The Sun is gay or stark According to our Deed. If Merry, He is merrier – If eager for the Dead

[417]

Or an expended Day He helped to make too bright His mighty pleasure suits Us not It magnifies our Freight

c. 1864

1945

879

Each Second is the last Perhaps, recalls the Man Just measuring unconsciousness The Sea and Spar between.

To fail within a Chance – How terribler a thing Than perish from the Chance's list Before the Perishing!

c. 1864

1945

880

The Bird must sing to earn the Crumb What merit have the Tune No Breakfast if it guaranty

The Rose content may bloom
To gain renown of Lady's Drawer
But if the Lady come
But once a Century, the Rose
Superfluous become—

c. 1864

1945

88 I

I've none to tell me to but Thee
So when Thou failest, nobody.
It was a little tie –
It just held Two, nor those it held
Since Somewhere thy sweet Face has spilled
Beyond my Boundary –

If things were opposite – and Me
And Me it were – that ebbed from Thee
On some unanswering Shore –
Would'st Thou seek so – just say
That I the Answer may pursue
Unto the lips it eddied through –
So – overtaking Thee –

c. 1864

1945

882

A Shade upon the mind there passes As when on Noon — A Cloud the mighty Sun encloses Remembering

That some there be too numb to notice Oh God Why give if Thou must take away The Loved?

c. 1864

1945

883

The Poets light but Lamps – Themselves – go out – The Wicks they stimulate – If vital Light

Inhere as do the Suns – Each Age a Lens Disseminating their Circumference –

c. 1864

1945

884

An Everywhere of Silver With Ropes of Sand

[419]

1891

885

Our little Kinsmen – after Rain In plenty may be seen, A Pink and Pulpy multitude The tepid Ground upon.

A needless life, it seemed to me Until a little Bird As to a Hospitality Advanced and breakfasted.

As I of He, so God of Me I pondered, may have judged, And left the little Angle Worm With Modesties enlarged.

c. 1864

1945

886

These tested Our Horizon – Then disappeared As Birds before achieving A Latitude.

Our Retrospection of Them A fixed Delight, But our Anticipation A Dice – a Doubt –

c. 1864

1945

887

We outgrow love, like other things And put it in the Drawer -

[ 420 ]

888

When I have seen the Sun emerge From His amazing House – And leave a Day at every Door A Deed, in every place –

Without the incident of Fame Or accident of Noise – The Earth has seemed to me a Drum, Pursued of little Boys

c. 1864

889

Crisis is a Hair Toward which the forces creep Past which forces retrograde If it come in sleep

To suspend the Breath
Is the most we can
Ignorant is it Life or Death
Nicely balancing.

Let an instant push Or an Atom press Or a Circle hesitate In Circumference

It – may jolt the Hand That adjusts the Hair That secures Eternity From presenting – Here –

c. 1864

1945

1896

From Us She wandered now a Year, Her tarrying, unknown, If Wilderness prevent her feet Or that Ethereal Zone

No Eye hath seen and lived We ignorant must be— We only know what time of Year We took the Mystery.

c. 1864

1896

#### 891

To my quick ear the Leaves – conferred – The Bushes – they were Bells – I could not find a Privacy From Nature's sentinels –

In Cave if I presumed to hide The Walls – begun to tell – Creation seemed a mighty Crack – To make me visible –

c. 1864

1896

# 892

Who occupies this House? A Stranger I must judge Since No one knows His Circumstance – "Tis well the name and age

Are writ upon the Door
Or I should fear to pause
Where not so much as Honest Dog
Approach encourages.

It seems a curious Town – Some Houses very old, Some – newly raised this Afternoon, Were I compelled to build

[ 422 ]

It should not be among Inhabitants so still But where the Birds assemble And Boys were possible.

Before Myself was born
'Twas settled, so they say,
A Territory for the Ghosts –
And Squirrels, formerly.

Until a Pioneer, as Settlers often do Liking the quiet of the Place Attracted more unto –

And from a Settlement A Capital has grown Distinguished for the gravity Of every Citizen.

The Owner of this House A Stranger He must be – Eternity's Acquaintances Are mostly so – to me.

c. 1864

1945

893

Drab Habitation of Whom? Tabernacle or Tomb – Or Dome of Worm – Or Porch of Gnome – Or some Elf's Catacomb?

c. 1864

1896

894

Of Consciousness, her awful Mate The Soul cannot be rid – As easy the secreting her Behind the Eyes of God.

[423]

The deepest hid is sighted first And scant to Him the Crowd – What triple Lenses burn upon The Escapade from God –

c. 1864

895

A Cloud withdrew from the Sky Superior Glory be But that Cloud and its Auxiliaries Are forever lost to me

Had I but further scanned Had I secured the Glow In an Hermetic Memory It had availed me now.

Never to pass the Angel With a glance and a Bow Till I am firm in Heaven Is my intention now.

c. 1864

896

Of Silken Speech and Specious Shoe A Traitor is the Bee His service to the newest Grace Present continually

His Suit a chance
His Troth a Term
Protracted as the Breeze
Continual Ban propoundeth He
Continual Divorce.

c. 1864

How fortunate the Grave – All Prizes to obtain – Successful certain, if at last, First Suitor not in vain.

c. 1864

1945

898

How happy I was if I could forget To remember how sad I am Would be an easy adversity But the recollecting of Bloom

Keeps making November difficult Till I who was almost bold Lose my way like a little Child And perish of the cold,

c. 1864

1945

899

Herein a Blossom lies – A Sepulchre, between – Cross it, and overcome the Bee – Remain – 'tis but a Rind.

c. 1864

1945

900

What did They do since I saw Them? Were They industrious? So many questions to put Them Have I the eagerness

That could I snatch Their Faces That could Their lips reply Not till the last was answered Should They start for the Sky.

[ 425 ]

Not if Their Party were waiting, Not if to talk with Me Were to Them now, Homesickness After Eternity.

Not if the Just suspect me And offer a Reward Would I restore my Booty To that Bold Person, God –

c. 1864

1945

901

Sweet, to have had them lost For news that they be saved— The nearer they departed Us The nearer they, restored,

Shall stand to Our Right Hand— Most precious and the Dead— Next precious Those that rose to go— Then thought of Us, and stayed.

c. 1864

1935

902

The first Day that I was a Life I recollect it – How still –
That last Day that I was a Life I recollect it – as well –

"Twas stiller – though the first Was still – "Twas empty – but the first Was full –

This - was my finallest Occasion -But then My tenderer Experiment Toward Men -

[ 426 ]

"Which choose I"? That – I cannot say – "Which choose They"? Question Memory!

c. 1864

1945

903

I hide myself within my flower, That fading from your Vase, You, unsuspecting, feel for me— Almost a loneliness.

c. 1864

1890

904

Had I not This, or This, I said, Appealing to Myself, In moment of prosperity— Inadequate—were Life—

"Thou hast not Me, nor Me" – it said, In Moment of Reverse – "And yet Thou art industrious – No need – hadst Thou – of us"?

My need – was all I had – I said – The need did not reduce – Because the food – exterminate – The hunger – does not cease –

But diligence – is sharper – Proportioned to the Chance – To feed upon the Retrograde – Enfeebles – the Advance –

c. 1864

1935

905

Between My Country - and the Others -There is a Sea -

[ 427 ]

c. 1864

1935

906

The Admirations – and Contempts – of time-Show justest – through an Open Tomb – The Dying – as it were a Height Reorganizes Estimate . And what We saw not We distinguish clear – And mostly – see not What We saw before –

"Tis Compound Vision –
Light – enabling Light –
The Finite – furnished
With the Infinite –
Convex – and Concave Witness –
Back – toward Time –
And forward –
Toward the God of Him –

c. 1864

1929

907

Till Death – is narrow Loving – The scantest Heart extant Will hold you till your privilege Of Finiteness – be spent –

But He whose loss procures you Such Destitution that Your Life too abject for itself Thenceforward imitate—

Until – Resemblance perfect – Yourself, for His pursuit

[ 428 ]

c. 1864

1929

908

"Tis Sunrise – Little Maid – Hast Thou No Station in the Day? "Twas not thy wont, to hinder so – Retrieve thine industry –

"Tis Noon – My little Maid – Alas – and art thou sleeping yet? The Lily – waiting to be Wed – The Bee – Hast thou forgot?

My little Maid – 'Tis Night - Alas
That Night should be to thee
Instead of Morning – Had'st thou broached
'Thy little Plan to Die –
Dissuade thee, if I could not, Sweet,
I might have aided – thee –

c. 1864

1896

909

I make His Crescent fill or lack – His Nature is at Full Or Quarter – as I signify – His Tides – do I control –

He holds superior in the Sky Or gropes, at my Command Behind inferior Clouds – or round A Mist's slow Colonnade –

But since We hold a Mutual Disc – And front a Mutual Day – Which is the Despor, neither knows-Nor Whose – the Tyranny –

c. 1864

1929

Experience is the Angled Road Preferred against the Mind By – Paradox – the Mind itself – Presuming it to lead

Quite Opposite – How Complicate The Discipline of Man – Compelling Him to Choose Himself His Preappointed Pain –

c. 1864

1929

911

Too little way the House must lie From every Human Heart That holds in undisputed Lease A white inhabitant—

Too narrow is the Right between – Too imminent the chance – Each Consciousness must emigrate And lose its neighbor once –

c. 1864

1935

912

Peace is a fiction of our Faith – The Bells a Winter Night Bearing the Neighbor out of Sound That never did alight.

c. 1864

1945

913

And this of all my Hopes This, is the silent end Bountiful colored, my Morning rose Early and sere, its end

[ 430 ]

Never Bud from a Stem Stepped with so gay a Foot Never a Worm so confident Bored at so brave a Root

c. 1864

1929

914

I cannot be ashamed Because I cannot see The love you offer – Magnitude Reverses Modesty

And I cannot be proud Because a Height so high Involves Alpine Requirements And Services of Snow.

c. 1864

1929

915

Faith – is the Pierless Bridge Supporting what We see Unto the Scene that We do not – Too slender for the eye

It bears the Soul as bold As it were rocked in Steel With Arms of Steel at either side – It joins – behind the Veil

To what, could We presume The Bridge would cease to be To Our far, vacillating Feet A first Necessity.

c. 1864

1929

[431]

His Feet are shod with Gauze-His Helmet, is of Gold, His Breast, a Single Onyx With Chrysophrase, inlaid.

His Labor is a Chant – His Idleness – a Tune – Oh, for a Bee's experience Of Clovers, and of Noon!

c. 1864 1890

917

Love – is anterior to Life – Posterior – to Death – Initial of Creation, and The Exponent of Earth –

c. 1864 1896

918

Only a Shrine, but Mine – I made the Taper shine – Madonna dim, to whom all Feet may come, Regard a Nun –

Thou knowest every Woe –
Needless to tell thee – so –
But can'st thou do
The Grace next to it – heal?
That looks a harder skill to us –
Still – just as easy, if it be thy Will
To thee – Grant me –
Thou knowest, though, so Why tell thee?

c. 1864

If I can stop one Heart from breaking I shall not live in vain
If I can ease one Life the Aching
Or cool one Pain

Or help one fainting Robin Unto his Nest again I shall not live in Vain.

√ c. 1864

1890

920

We can but follow to the Sun – As oft as He go down He leave Ourselves a Sphere behind. "Tis mostly – following –

We go no further with the Dust Than to the Earthen Door – And then the Panels are reversed – And we behold – no more.

c. 1864

1955

92 I

If it had no pencil
Would it try mine –
Worn – now – and dull – sweet,
Writing much to thee.
If it had no word,
Would it make the Daisy,
Most as big as I was,
When it plucked me?

c. 1864

1945

922

Those who have been in the Grave the longest – Those who begin Today –

[ 433 ]

Equally perish from our Practise – Death is the other way –

Foot of the Bold did least attempt it-It—is the White Exploit— Once to achieve, annuls the power Once to communicate—

c. 1864

1945

923

How the Waters closed above Him We shall never know – How He stretched His Anguish to us That – is covered too –

Spreads the Pond Her Base of Lilies Bold above the Boy Whose unclaimed Hat and Jacket Sum the History –

c. 1864

1945

924

Love — is that later Thing than Death — More previous — than Life — Confirms it at its entrance — And Usurps it — of itself —

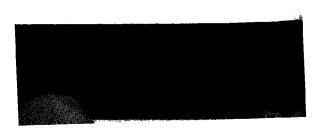
Tastes Death - the first - to hand the sting The Second - to its friend -Disarms the little interval -Deposits Him with God -

Then hovers – an inferior Guard – Lest this Beloved Charge Need – once in an Eternity – A smaller than the Large –

c. 1864

1945

[ 434 ]



Struck, was I, not yet by Lightning – Lightning – lets away Power to perceive His Process With Vitality.

Maimed – was I – yet not by Venture-Stone of stolid Boy – Nor a Sportsman's Peradventure – Who mine Enemy?

Robbed – was I – intact to Bandit – All my Mansion torn – Sun – withdrawn to Recognition – Furthest shining – done –

Yet was not the foe – of any – Not the smallest Bird In the nearest Orchard dwelling 'Be of Me – afraid.

Most – I love the Cause that slew Me. Often as I die Its beloved Recognition Holds a Sun on Me –

Best – at Setting – as is Nature's – Neither witnessed Rise Till the infinite Aurora In the other's eyes.

c. 1864

1945

926

Patience – has a quiet Outer – Patience – Look within – Is an Insect's futile forces Infinites – between –

'Scaping one - against the other Fruitlesser to fling - Patience – is the Smile's exertion Through the quivering –

c. 1864

1945

927

Absent Place – an April Day-Daffodils a-blow Homesick curiosity To the Souls that snow –

Drift may block within it Deeper than without— Daffodil delight but Him it duplicate—

c. 1864

1945

928

The Heart has narrow Banks It measures like the Sea In mighty – unremitting Bass And Blue Monotony

Till Hurricane bisect And as itself discerns Its insufficient Area The Heart convulsive learns

That Calm is but a Wall Of unattempted Gauze An instant's Push demolishes A Questioning – dissolves.

c. 1864

1945

929

How far is it to Heaven? As far as Death this way – Of River or of Ridge beyond Was no discovery.

[ 436 ]

How far is it to Hell? As far as Death this way – How far left hand the Sepulchre Defies Topography.

c. 1864

1945

930

There is a June when Corn is cut And Roses in the Seed – A Summer briefer than the first But tenderer indeed

As should a Face supposed the Grave's Emerge a single Noon In the Vermilion that it wore Affect us, and return –

Two Seasons, it is said, exist – The Summer of the Just, And this of Ours, diversified With Prospect, and with Frost –

May not our Second with its First So infinite compare That We but recollect the one The other to prefer?

c. 1864

1945

931

Noon – is the Hinge of Day – Evening – the Tissue Door – Morning – the East compelling the sill Till all the World is ajar –

c. 1864

1945

932

My best Acquaintances are those With Whom I spoke no Word –

[ 437 ]

The Stars that stated come to Town
Esteemed Me never rude
Although to their Celestial Call
I failed to make reply –
My constant – reverential Face
Sufficient Courtesy.

c. 1864

1945

933

Two Travellers perishing in Snow The Forests as they froze Together heard them strengthening Each other with the words

That Heaven if Heaven – must contain What Either left behind And then the cheer too solemn grew For language, and the wind

Long steps across the features took That Love had touched that Morn With reverential Hyacinth – The taleless Days went on

Till Mystery impatient drew And those They left behind Led absent, were procured of Heaven As Those first furnished, said –

c. 1864.

1945

934

That is solemn we have ended Be it but a Play Or a Glee among the Garret Or a Holiday

Or a leaving Home, or later, Parting with a World

[438]

с. 1864

1896

935

Death leaves Us homesick, who behind, Except that it is gone Are ignorant of its Concern As if it were not born.

Through all their former Places, we Like Individuals go Who something lost, the seeking for Is all that's left them, now –

c. 1863

1945

936

This Dust, and its Feature – Accredited – Today – Will in a second Future – Cease to identify –

This Mind, and its measure – A too minute Arca For its enlarged inspection's Comparison – appear –

This World, and its species A too concluded show For its absorbed Attention's Remotest scrutiny—

c. 1864

1945

937\*

I felt a Cleaving in my Mind – As if my Brain had split – I tried to match it – Seam by Sean But could not make them fit.

\* See poem 992.

The thought behind, I strove to join Unto the thought before – But Sequence ravelled out of Sound Like Balls – upon a Floor.

c. 1864

1896

938

Fairer through Fading – as the Day Into the Darkness dips away – Half Her Complexion of the Sun – Hindering – Haunting – Perishing –

Rallies Her Glow, like a dying Friend – Teasing with glittering Amend – Only to aggravate the Dark Through an expiring – perfect – look –

c. 1864

1945

939

What I see not, I better sec – Through Faith – my Hazel Eye Has periods of shutting – But, No lid has Memory –

For frequent, all my sense obscured I equally behold
As someone held a light unto
The Features so beloved –

And I arise – and in my Dream – Do Thee distinguished Grace – Till jealous Daylight interrupt – And mar thy perfectness –

с. 1864

1945

940

On that dear Frame the Years had worn Yet precious as the House

[440]

In which We first experienced Light The Witnessing, to Us-

Precious! It was conceiveless fair As Hands the Grave had grimed Should softly place within our own Denying that they died.

c. 1864

1945

941.

The Lady feeds Her little Bird At rarer intervals — The little Bird would not dissent But meekly recognize

The Gulf between the Hand and Her And crumbless and afar And fainting, on Her yellow Knee Fall softly, and adore –

c. 1864

1945

942

Snow beneath whose chilly softness Some that never lay Make their first Repose this Winter I admonish Thee

Blanket Wealthier the Neighbor We so new bestow Than thine acclimated Creature Wilt Thou, Austere Snow?

c. 1864

1945

943

A Coffin – is a small Domain, Yet able to contain A Citizen of Paradise In its diminished Plane.

[441]

A Grave – is a restricted Breadth – Yet ampler than the Sun – And all the Seas He populates And Lands He looks upon

To Him who on its small Repose Bestows a single Friend – Circumference without Relief – Or Estimate – or End –

c. 1864

1945

944

I learned – at least – what Home could be – How ignorant I had been Of pretty ways of Covenant – How awkward at the Hymn

Round our new Fireside – but for this – This pattern – of the Way – Whose Memory drowns me, like the Dip Of a Celestial Sea –

What Mornings in our Garden – guessed – What Bees – for us – to hum – With only Birds to interrupt The Ripple of our Theme –

And Task for Both –
When Play be done –
Your Problem – of the Brain –
And mine – some foolisher effect –
A Ruffle – or a Tune –

The Afternoons – Together spent – And Twilight – in the Lanes – Some ministry to poorer lives – Seen poorest – thro' our gains –

And then Return - and Night - and Home

And then away to You to pass – A new – diviner – care –

[ 442 ]

Till Sunrise take us back to Scene – Transmuted – Vivider –

This seems a Home –
And Home is not –
But what that Place could be –
Afflicts me – as a Setting Sun –
Where Dawn – knows how to be –

c. 1864

1945

945

This is a Blossom of the Brain – A small – italic Seed Lodged by Design or Happening The Spirit fructified –

Shy as the Wind of his Chambers Swift as a Freshet's Tongue So of the Flower of the Soul Its process is unknown.

When it is found, a few rejoice The Wise convey it Home Carefully cherishing the spot If other Flower become.

When it is lost, that Day shall be The Funeral of God, Upon his Breast, a closing Soul The Flower of our Lord.

c. 1864

1945

946

It is an honorable Thought And makes One lift One's Hat As One met sudden Gentlefolk Upon a daily Street

That We've immortal Place Though Pyramids decay

[ 443 ]

## 947

Of Tolling Bell I ask the cause?
"A Soul has gone to Heaven"
I'm answered in a lonesome tone—
Is Heaven then a Prison?

That Bells should ring till all should know A Soul had gone to Heaven Would seem to me the more the way A Good News should be given.

c. 1864 1896

## 948

"Twas Crisis - All the length had passed -That dull - benumbing time There is in Fever or Event -And now the Chance had come -

The instant holding in its claw The privilege to live Or warrant to report the Soul The other side the Grave.

The Muscles grappled as with leads That would not let the Will – The Spirit shook the Adamant – But could not make it feel.

The Second poised – debated – shot – Another had begun – And simultaneously, a Soul Escaped the House unseen –

c. 1864

Under the Light, yet under, Under the Grass and the Dirt, Under the Beetle's Cellar Under the Clover's Root,

Further than Arm could stretch Were it Giant long, Further than Sunshine could Were the Day Year long,

Over the Light, yet over, Over the Arc of the Bird – Over the Comet's chimney – Over the Cubit's Head,

Further than Guess can gallop Further than Riddle ride – Oh for a Disc to the Distance Between Ourselves and the Dead!

c. 1864

1945

950

The Sunset stopped on Cottages Where Sunset hence must be For treason not of His, but Life's, Gone Westerly, Today –

The Sunset stopped on Cottages
Where Morning just begun –
What difference, after all, Thou mak'st
Thou supercilious Sun?

с. 1864

1945

951

As Frost is best conceived By force of its Result – Affliction is inferred By subsequent effect –

[ 445 ]

If when the sun reveal, The Garden keep the Gash – If as the Days resume The wilted countenance

Cannot correct the crease
Or counteract the stain –
Presumption is Vitality
Was somewhere put in twain.

c. 1864

1945

952

A Man may make a Remark – In itself – a quiet thing That may furnish the Fuse unto a Spark In dormant nature – lain –

Let us deport – with skill – Let us discourse – with care – Powder exists in Charcoal – Before it exists in Fire.

c. 1864

1945

953

A Door just opened on a street – I – lost – was passing by – An instant's Width of Warmth disclosed -And Wealth – and Company.

The Door as instant shut – And 1 –
I – lost – was passing by –
Lost doubly – but by contrast – most –
Informing – misery –

c. 1864.

1896

954

The Chemical conviction That Nought be lost

[ 446 ]

Enable in Disaster My fractured Trust –

The Faces of the Atoms
If I shall see
How more the Finished Creatures
Departed me!

c. 1864

1945

955

The Hollows round His eager Eyes Were Pages where to read Pathetic Histories – although Himself had not complained. Biography to All who passed Of Unobtrusive Pain Except for the italic Face Endured, unhelped – unknown.

c. 1864

1945

956

What shall I do when the Summer troubles – What, when the Rose is ripe – What when the Eggs fly off in Music From the Maple Keep?

What shall I do when the Skies a'chirrup Drop a Tune on me – When the Bee hangs all Noon in the Buttercup What will become of me?

Oh, when the Squirrel fills His Pockets And the Berries stare How can I bear their jocund Faces Thou from Here, so far?

"Twouldn't afflict a Robin – All His Goods have Wings –

[447]

1945

957

As One does Sickness over In convalescent Mind, His scrutiny of Chances By blessed Health obscured—

As One rewalks a Precipice And whittles at the Twig That held Him from Perdition Sown sidewise in the Crag

A Custom of the Soul Far after suffering Identity to question For evidence 't has been –

c. 1864

1945

958

We met as Sparks – Diverging Flints Sent various – scattered ways – We parted as the Central Flint Were cloven with an Adze – Subsisting on the Light We bore Before We felt the Dark – A Flint unto this Day – perhaps – But for that single Spark.

c. 1864

1945

959

A loss of something ever felt I—
The first that I could recollect
Bereft I was—of what I knew not
Too young that any should suspect

[448]

A Mourner walked among the children I notwithstanding went about As one bemoaning a Dominion Itself the only Prince cast out—

Elder, Today, a session wiser And fainter, too, as Wiseness is – I find myself still softly searching For my Delinquent Palaces –

And a Suspicion, like a Finger Touches my Forehead now and then That I am looking oppositely For the site of the Kingdom of Heaven –

с. 1864

1945,

960

As plan for Noon and plan for Night So differ Life and Death In positive Prospective — The Foot upon the Earth

At Distance, and Achievement, strains, The Foot upon the Grave Makes effort at conclusion Assisted faint of Love.

c. 1864

1945

96 r

Wert Thou but ill – that I might show thee How long a Day I could endure Though thine attention stop not on me Nor the least signal, Me assure –

Wert Thou but Stranger in ungracious country-And Mine – the Door Thou paused at, for a passing bounty – No More –

[ 449 ]

Accused – wert Thou – and Myself – Tribunal -Convicted – Sentenced – Ermine – not to Me Half the Condition, thy Reverse – to follow – Just to partake – the infamy –

The Tenant of the Narrow Cottage, wert Thou-Permit to be The Housewife in thy low attendance Contenteth Me –

No Service hast Thou, I would not achieve it – To die – or live – The first – Sweet, proved I, ere I saw thee – For Life – be Love –

c. 1864 1945

962

Midsummer, was it, when They died-A full, and perfect time –
The Summer closed upon itself
In Consummated Bloom –

The Corn, her furthest kernel filled Before the coming Flail – When These – leaned into Perfectness – Through Haze of Burial –

c. 1864

963

A nearness to Tremendousness-An Agony procures – Affliction ranges Boundlessness-Vicinity to Laws

Contentment's quiet Suburb – Affliction cannot stay In Acres – Its Location Is Illocality –

c. 1864

"Unto Me?" I do not know you --Where may be your House?

"I am Jesus – Late of Judea – Now – of Paradise" –

Wagons - have you - to convey me? This is far from Thence -

"Arms of Mine – sufficient Phaeton – Trust Omnipotence" –

I am spotted – "I am Pardon" – I am small – "The Least Is esteemed in Heaven the Chiefest – Occupy my House" –

c. 1864

1929

965

Denial – is the only fact Perceived by the Denied – Whose Will – a numb significance – The Day the Heaven died –

And all the Earth strove common round-Without Delight, or Beam – What Comfort was it Wisdom – was – The spoiler of Our Home?

c. 1864

1929

966

All forgot for recollecting
Just a paltry One –
All forsook, for just a Stranger's
New Accompanying –

Grace of Wealth, and Grace of Station Less accounted than An unknown Esteem possessing – Estimate – Who can –

Home effaced – Her faces dwindled – Nature – altered small – Sun – if shone – or Storm – if shattered -Overlooked I all –

Dropped – my fate – a timid Pebble – In thy bolder Sea – Prove – me – Sweet – if I regret it – Prove Myself – of Thee –

c. 1864

1929

967

Pain – expands the Time – Ages coil within The minute Circumference Of a single Brain –

Pain contracts – the Time – Occupied with Shot Gamuts of Eternities Are as they were not –

c. 1864

1929

968

Fitter to see Him, I may be
For the long Hindrance – Grace – to Me –
With Summers, and with Winters, grow,
Some passing Year – A trait bestow

To make Me fairest of the Earth –
The Waiting – then – will seem so worth
I shall impute with half a pain
The blame that I was chosen – then –

Time to anticipate His Gaze – It's first – Delight – and then – Surprise –

[ 452 ]

The turning o'er and o'er my face For Evidence it be the Grace –

He left behind One Day - So less He seek Conviction, That - be This -

I only must not grow so new That He'll mistake – and ask for me Of me – when first unto the Door I go – to Elsewhere go no more –

I only must not change so fair He'll sigh – "The Other – She – is Where?" The Love, tho', will array me right I shall be perfect – in His sight –

If He perceive the other Truth – Upon an Excellenter Youth –

How sweet I shall not lack in Vain –
But gain – thro' loss – Through Grief – obtain The Beauty that reward Him best –
The Beauty of Demand – at Rest –

c. 1864

1930

969

He who in Himself believes-Fraud cannot presume — Faith is Constancy's Result — And assumes — from Home —

Cannot perish, though it fail Every second time – But defaced Vicariously – For Some Other Shame –

c. 1864

1945

970

Color – Caste – Denomination – These – are Time's Affair – Death's diviner Classifying Does not know they are -

As in sleep – All Hue forgotten – Tenets – put behind – Death's large – Democratic fingers Rub away the Brand –

If Circassian – He is careless –
If He put away
Chrysalis of Blonde – or Umber –
Equal Butterfly –

They emerge from His Obscuring — What Death — knows so well — Our minuter intuitions — Deem unplausible —

c. 1864

1929

971

Robbed by Death – but that was easy-To the failing Eye I could hold the latest Glowing – Robbed by Liberty

For Her Jugular Defences – This, too, I endured – Hint of Glory – it afforded – For the Brave Beloved –

Fraud of Distance – Fraud of Danger, Fraud of Death – to bear – It is Bounty – to Suspense's Vague Calamity –

Staking our entire Possession
On a Hair's result—
Then—Seesawing—coolly—on it—
Trying if it split—

c. 1864

Unfulfilled to Observation – Incomplete – to Eye – But to Faith – a Revolution In Locality –

Unto Us – the Suns extinguish – To our Opposite – New Horizons – they embellish -Fronting Us – with Night.

c. 1864

1935

973

Twas awkward, but it fitted me – An Ancient fashioned Heart – Its only lore – its Steadfastness – In Change – unerudite –

It only moved as do the Suns – For merit of Return – Or Birds – confirmed perpetual By Alternating Zone –

I only have it not Tonight In its established place – For technicality of Death – Omitted in the Lease –

c. 1864

1935

974

The Soul's distinct connection With immortality Is best disclosed by Danger Or quick Calamity--

As Lightning on a Landscape Exhibits Sheets of Place –

[ 455 ]

Not yet suspected – but for Flash – And Click – and Suddenness.

c. 1864

975

The Mountain sat upon the Plain In his tremendous Chair – His observation omnifold, His inquest, everywhere –

The Seasons played around his knees Like Children round a sire— Grandfather of the Days is He Of Dawn, the Ancestor—

c. 1864

976

Death is a Dialogue between The Spirit and the Dust. "Dissolve" says Death – The Spirit "Sir I have another Trust" –

Death doubts it – Argues from the Ground-The Spirit turns away Just laying off for evidence An Overcoat of Clay.

c. 1864

977

Besides this May
We know
There is Another –
How fair
Our Speculations of the Foreigner!

Some know Him whom We knew – Sweet Wonder –

[ 456 ]

A Nature be Where Saints, and our plain going Neighbor Keep May!

c. 1864

1945

978

It bloomed and dropt, a Single Noon – The Flower – distinct and Red – I, passing, thought another Noon Another in its stead

Will equal glow, and thought no More But came another Day To find the Species disappeared – The Same Locality –

The Sun in place – no other fraud On Nature's perfect Sum – Had I but lingered Yesterday – Was my retrieveless blame –

Much Flowers of this and further Zones Have perished in my Hands For seeking its Resemblance – But unapproached it stands –

The single Flower of the Earth That I, in passing by Unconscious was – Great Nature's Face Passed infinite by Me –

c. 1864

1955

979 -

This Merit hath the worst—
It cannot be again—
When Fate hath taunted last
And thrown Her furthest Stone—

The Maimed may pause, and breathe, And glance securely round -

[ 457 ]

1890

1929

1890

c. 1864	The Deer attracts no further Than it resists – the Hound –	1891
	980	
c. 1864	Purple – is fashionable twice – 'This season of the year, And when a soul perceives itself To be an Emperor.	1945
•		-777
	981	
с. 1864	As Sleigh Bells seem in summer Or Bees, at Christmas show – So fairy – so fictitious The individuals do Repealed from observation – A Party that we knew – More distant in an instant Than Dawn in Timbuctoo.	1945
	982	
	No Other can reduce Our mortal Consequence Like the remembering it be nought A Period from hence But Contemplation for Contemporaneous Nought Our Single Competition Jehovah's Estimate.	

c. 1865

1914

983

Ideals are the Fairy Oil With which we help the Wheel

[458]

c. 1865

1945

984

"Tis Anguish grander than Delight "Tis Resurrection Pain – The meeting Bands of smitten Face We questioned to, again.

"Tis Transport wild as thrills the Graves When Cerements let go And Creatures clad in Miracle Go up by Two and Two.

c. 1865

1945

985

The Missing All – prevented Me
From missing minor Things.
If nothing larger than a World's
Departure from a Hinge -Or Sun's extinction, be observed –
"Twas not so large that I
Could lift my Forehead from my work
For Curiosity.

c. 1865

1914

986

A narrow Fellow in the Grass
Occasionally rides —
You may have met Him – did you not
His notice sudden is –

The Grass divides as with a Comb – A spotted shaft is seen – And then it closes at your feet And opens further on –

[ 459 ]

He likes a Boggy Acre
A Floor too cool for Corn –
Yet when a Boy, and Barefoot –
I more than once at Noon
Have passed, I thought, a Whip lash
Unbraiding in the Sun
When stooping to secure it
It wrinkled, and was gone –

Several of Nature's People I know, and they know me – I feel for them a transport Of cordiality –

But never met this Fellow Attended, or alone Without a tighter breathing And Zero at the Bone –

c. 1865

1866

987

The Leaves like Women interchange Exclusive Confidence – Somewhat of nods and somewhat Portentous inference.

The Parties in both cases Enjoining secrecy – Inviolable compact To notoriety.

c. 1865

1891

The Definition of Beauty is That Definition is none – Of Heaven, easing Analysis, Since Heaven and He are one.

c. 1865

1924

989

Gratitude – is not the mention Of a Tenderness, But its still appreciation Out of Plumb of Speech.

When the Sea return no Answer By the Line and Lead Proves it there's no Sea, or rather A remoter Bed?

c. 1865

990

Not all die early, dying young – Maturity of Fate Is consummated equally In Ages, or a Night –

A Hoary Boy, I've known to drop Whole statured – by the side Of Junior of Fourscore – 'twas Act Not Period – that died.

c. 1865

991

She sped as Petals of a Rose
Offended by the Wind –
A frail Aristocrat of Time
Indemnity to find –
Leaving on nature – a Default
As Cricket or as Bee –
But Andes in the Bosoms where
She had begun to lie –

c. 1865

992\*

The Dust behind I strove to join Unto the Disk before – But Sequence ravelled out of Sound Like Balls upon a Floor –

c. 1865

1955

993

We miss Her, not because We see-The Absence of an Eye – Except its Mind accompany Abridge Society

As slightly as the Routes of Stars – Ourselves – asleep below – We know that their superior Eyes Include Us – as they go –

c. 1865

1945

994

Partake as doth the Bee, Abstemiously. The Rose is an Estate – In Sicily.

c. 1865

1945

995

This was in the White of the Year – That – was in the Green – Drifts were as difficult then to think As Daisies now to be seen –

Looking back is best that is left Or if it be – before –

' See poem 937.

Retrospection is Prospect's half, Sometimes, almost more.

c. 1865

1894

996

We'll pass without the parting So to spare Certificate of Absence – Deeming where

I left Her I could find Her If I tried – This way, I keep from missing Those that died.

c. 1865

1894

997

Crumbling is not an instant's Act A fundamental pause Dilapidation's processes Are organized Decays.

Tis first a Cobweb on the Soul A Cuticle of Dust A Borer in the Axis An Elemental Rust –

Ruin is formal – Devil's work Consecutive and slow – Fail in an instant, no man did Slipping – is Crash's law.

c. 1865

1945

998

Best Things dwell out of Sight The Pearl – the Just – Our Thought, Most shun the Public Air Legitimate, and Rare –

The Capsule of the Wind The Capsule of the Mind

Exhibit here, as doth a Burr - Germ's Germ be where?

c. 1865

1945

999

Superfluous were the Sun When Excellence be dead He were superfluous every Day For every Day be said

That syllable whose Faith
Just saves it from Despair
And whose "I'll meet You" hesitates
If Love inquire "Where"?

Upon His dateless Fame Our Periods may lie As Stars that drop anonymous From an abundant sky.

c. 1865

1896

1000

The Fingers of the Light
Tapped soft upon the Town
With "I am great and cannot wait
So therefore let me in."

"You're soon," the Town replied,
"My Faces are asleep –
But swear, and I will let you by,
You will not wake them up."

The easy Guest complied But once within the Town

[464]

The transport of His Countenance Awakened Maid and Man The Neighbor in the Pool Upon His Hip elate Made loud obeisance and the Gnat

Held up His Cup for Light. c. 1865

1001

1945

The Stimulus, beyond the Grave His Countenance to see Supports me like imperial Drams Afforded Day by Day.

c. 1865

1002

Aurora is the effort Of the Celestial Face Unconsciousness of Perfectness To simulate, to Us.

c. 1865

1003

Dying at my music!
Bubble! Bubble!
Hold me till the Octave's run!
Quick! Burst the Windows!
Ritardando!
Phials left, and the Sun!

c. 1865

1004

There is no Silence in the Earth - so silent As that endured

[ 465 ]



c. 1865

1945

1005

Bind me – I still can sing – Banish – my mandolin Strikes true within –

Slay – and my Soul shall rise Chanting to Paradise – Still thine.

c. 1865

1945

1006

The first We knew of Him was Death. The second – was – Renown – Except the first had justified The second had not been.

c: 1865

1945

1007

Falsehood of Thee could I suppose 'Twould undermine the Sill To which my Faith pinned Block by Block Her Cedar Citadel.

c. 1865

1945

8001

How still the Bells in Steeples stand Till swollen with the Sky
They leap upon their silver Feet
In frantic Melody!

c. 1865

1896

[466]



1009

I was a Phoebe – nothing more – A Phoebe – nothing less – The little note that others dropt I fitted into place –

I dwelt too low that any seek – Too shy, that any blame – · A Phoebe makes a little print Upon the Floors of Fame –

c. 1865

1945

1010

Up Life's Hill with my little Bundle If I prove it steep— If a Discouragement withhold me— If my newest step

Older feel than the Hope that prompted – Spotless be from blame Heart that proposed as Heart that accepted Homelessness, for Home –

c. 1865

1945

IOII

She rose as high as His Occasion Then sought the Dust – And lower lay in low Westminster For Her brief Crest –

c. 1865

1945

1012

Which is best? Heaven –
Or only Heaven to come
With that old Codicil of Doubt?
I cannot help esteem

[467]

The "Bird within the Hand" Superior to the one The "Bush" may yield me Or may not Too late to choose again.

c. 1865

1945

1013

Too scanty 'twas to die for you, The mercst Greek could that. The living, Sweet, is costlier – I offer even that –

The Dying, is a trifle, past, But living, this include The dying multifold – without The Respite to be dead.

c. 1865

1945

1014

Did We abolish Frost The Summer would not cease – If Seasons perish or prevail Is optional with Us –

c. 1865

1945

1015

Were it but Me that gained the Height — Were it but They, that failed! How many things the Dying play Might they but live, they would!

c. 1865

1945

1016

The Hills in Purple syllables The Day's Adventures tell

[ 468 ]

c. 1865	To little Groups of Continents Just going Home from School.	1945
	1017	
c. 1865	No die – without the Dying And live – without the Life This is the hardest Miracle Propounded to Belief.	1945
	8101	
	Who saw no Sunrise cannot say The Countenance 'twould be. Who guess at seeing, guess at loss Of the Ability.	
	The Emigrant of Light, it is Afflicted for the Day. The Blindness that beheld and blest And could not find its Eye.	
c. 1865		1945
	1019	
	My Season's furthest Flower – I tenderer commend Because I found Her Kinsmanless, A Grace without a Friend.	
c. 1865		1945

1020

Trudging to Eden, looking backward, I met Somebody's little Boy Asked him his name – He lisped me "Trotwood" Lady, did He belong to thee?

Would it comfort - to know I met him -
And that He didn't look afraid?
I couldn't weep - for so many smiling
New Acquaintance - this Baby made -

c. 1865

#### 1021

Far from Love the Heavenly Father Leads the Chosen Child, Oftener through Realm of Briar Than the Meadow mild.

Oftener by the Claw of Dragon Than the Hand of Friend Guides the Little One predestined To the Native Land.

c. 1865

#### 1022

I knew that I had gained And yet I knew not how By Diminution it was not But Discipline unto

A Rigor unrelieved Except by the Content Another bear its Duplicate In other Continent.

c. 1865

### 1023

It rises – passes – on our South Inscribes a simple Noon – Cajoles a Moment with the Spires And infinite is gone –

c. 1865

[ 470 ]

So large my Will The little that I may Embarrasses Like gentle infamy—

Affront to Him
For whom the Whole were small
Affront to me
Who know His Meed of all.

Earth at the best Is but a scanty Toy – Bought, carried Home To Immortality.

It looks so small
We chiefly wonder then
At our Conceit
In purchasing.

c. 1865

1945

### 1025

The Products of my Farm are these Sufficient for my Own And here and there a Benefit Unto a Neighbor's Bin.

With Us, 'tis Harvest all the Year For when the Frosts begin We just reverse the Zodiac And fetch the Acres in.

c. 1865

1945

### 1026

The Dying need but little, Dea A Glass of Water's all, A Flower's unobtrusive Face To punctuate the Wall,

[471]

c. 1865	A Fan, perhaps, a Friend's Regret And Certainty that one No color in the Rainbow Perceive, when you are gone.	1896
	1027	
	My Heart upon a little Plate Her Palate to delight A Berry or a Bun, would be, Might it an Apricot!	
c. 1865		1945
	1028 "Twas my one Glory – Let it be Remembered	
c. 1865	I was owned of Thee –	1945
	1029	
	Nor Mountain hinder Me Nor Sea – Who's Baltic – Who's Cordillera?	
c. 1865		1945
	1030	
	That Such have died enable Us The tranquiller to die – That Such have lived, Certificate for Immortality.	
c. 1865	[ 470 ]	1896
	[ 472 ]	

Fate slew Him, but He did not drop – She felled – He did not fall – Impaled Him on Her fiercest stakes – He neutralized them all –

She stung Him – sapped His firm Advance But when Her Worst was done And He – unmoved regarded Her – Acknowledged Him a Man.

c. 1865

1896

1032

Who is the East?
The Yellow Man
Who may be Purple if He can
That carries in the Sun.

Who is the West? The Purple Man Who may be Yellow if He can That lets Him out again.

c. 1865

1945

1033

Said Death to Passion
"Give of thine an Acre unto me."
Said Passion, through contracting Breaths
"A Thousand Times Thee Nay."

Bore Death from Passion All His East He – sovereign as the Sun Resituated in the West And the Debate was done.

c. 1865

His Bill an Auger is
His Head, a Cap and Frill
He laboreth at every Tree
A Worm, His utmost Goal.

c. 1865

1896

## 1035

Bee! I'm expecting you! Was saying Yesterday To Somebody you know That you were due –

The Frogs got Home last Week-Are settled, and at work –
Birds, mostly back –
The Clover warm and thick –

You'll get my Letter by The seventeenth; Reply Or better, be with me – Yours, Fly.

c. 1865

1945

# 1036

Satisfaction – is the Agent Of Satiety – Want – a quiet Commissary For Infinity.

To possess, is past the instant We achieve the Joy – Immortality contented Were Anomaly.

c. 1865

Here, where the Daisies fit my Head 'Tis easiest to lie And every Grass that plays outside Is sorry, some, for me.

Where I am not afraid to go I may confide my Flower – Who was not Enemy of Me` Will gentle be, to Her.

Nor separate, Herself and Me By Distances become – A single Bloom we constitute Departed, or at Home –

c. 1865

1945

1038

Her little Parasol to lift And once to let it down Her whole Responsibility – To imitate be Mine.

A Summer further I must wear, Content if Nature's Drawer Present me from sepulchral Crease As blemishless, as Her.

c. 1865

1945

1039

I heard, as if I had no Ear Until a Vital Word Came all the way from Life to me And then I knew I heard.

I saw, as if my Eye were on Another, till a Thing And now I know 'twas Light, because It fitted them, came in.

[ 475 ]

I dwelt, as if Myself were out, My Body but within Until a Might detected me And set my kernel in.

And Spirit turned unto the Dust "Old Friend, thou knowest me," And Time went out to tell the News And met Eternity.

c. 1865

1945

### 1040

Not so the infinite Relations - Below Division is Adhesion's forfeit - On High Affliction but a Speculation - And Woe A Fallacy, a Figment, We knew -

c. 1865

1945

## 1041

Somewhat, to hope for, Be it ne'er so far Is Capital against Despair –

Somewhat, to suffer, Be it ne'er so keen – If terminable, may be borne.

c. 1865

1945

### 1042

Spring comes on the World – I sight the Aprils – Hueless to me until thou come As, till the Bee Blossoms stand negative, Touched to Conditions By a Hum.

c. 1865

Lest this be Heaven indeed An Obstacle is given That always gauges a Degree Between Ourself and Heaven.

c. 1865

1945

## 1044

A Sickness of this World it most occasions When Best Men die. A Wishfulness their far Condition To occupy.

A Chief indifference, as Foreign A World must be Themselves forsake – contented, For Deity.

c. 1865

1896

## 1045

Nature rarer uses Yellow Than another Hue. Saves she all of that for Sunsets Prodigal of Blue

Spending Scarlet, like a Woman Yellow she affords Only scantly and selectly Like a Lover's Words.

c. 1865

1891

## 1046

I've dropped my Brain – My Soul is numb-The Veins that used to run Stop palsied – 'tis Paralysis Done perfecter on stone

[477]

Vitality is Carved and cool. My nerve in Marble lies – A Breathing Woman Yesterday – Endowed with Paradise.

Not dumb – I had a sort that moved – A Sense that smote and stirred – Instincts for Dance – a caper part – An Aptitude for Bird –

Who wrought Carrara in me And chiselled all my tune Were it a Witchcraft – were it Death – I've still a chance to strain

To Being, somewhere – Motion – Breath – Though Centuries beyond, And every limit a Decade – I'll shiver, satisfied.

c. 1865

1945

1047

The Opening and the Close Of Being, are alike Or differ, if they do, As Bloom upon a Stalk.

That from an equal Seed Unto an equal Bud Go parallel, perfected In that they have decayed.

c. 1865

1945

1048

Reportless Subjects, to the Quick Continual addressed – But foreign as the Dialect Of Danes, unto the rest.

[478]

Reportless Measures, to the Ear Susceptive – stimulus – But like an Oriental Tale To others, fabulous –

c. 1865

1945

1049

Pain has but one Acquaintance And that is Death – Each one unto the other Society enough.

Pain is the Junior Party By just a Second's right — Death tenderly assists Him And then absconds from Sight.

c. 1865

1945

1050

As willing lid o'er weary eye The Evening on the Day leans Till of all our nature's House Remains but Balcony

c. 1865

1945

1051

I cannot meet the Spring unmoved-I feel the old desire – A Hurry with a lingering, mixed, A Warrant to be fair –

A Competition in my sense With something hid in Her – And as she vanishes, Remorse I saw no more of Her.

c. 1865

I never saw a Moor – I never saw the Sea – Yet know I how the Heather looks And what a Billow be.

I never spoke with God Nor visited in Heaven – Yet certain am I of the spot As if the Checks were given –

c. 1865

1890

1053

Jt was a quiet way – He asked if I was his-I made no answer of the Tongue But answer of the Eyes And then He bore me on Before this mortal noise With swiftness, as of Chariots And distance, as of Wheels. This World did drop away As Acres from the feet Of one that leaneth from Balloon Upon an Ether street. The Gulf behind was not, The Continents were new -Eternity it was before Eternity was due. No Seasons were to us -It was not Night nor Morn -But Sunrise stopped upon the place And fastened it in Dawn.

c. 1865

1929

[480]



Not to discover weakness is The Artifice of strength – Impregnability inheres As much through Consciousness

Of faith of others in itself As Pyramidal Nerve Behind the most unconscious clock What skilful Pointers move –

c. 1865

## 1055

The Soul should always stand ajar That if the Heaven inquire He will not be obliged to wait Or shy of troubling Her

Depart, before the Host have slid The Bolt unto the Door – To search for the accomplished Guest, Her Visitor, no more –

c. 1865

# 1056

There is a Zone whose even Years No Solstice interrupt – Whose Sun constructs perpetual Noon Whose perfect Seasons wait –

Whose Summer set in Summer, till The Centuries of June And Centuries of August cease And Consciousness – is Noon,

c. 1865

I had a daily Bliss I half indifferent viewed Till sudden I perceived it stir – It grew as I pursued

Till when around a Height It wasted from my sight Increased beyond my utmost scope I learned to estimate.

c. 1865

1896

1058

Bloom – is Result – to meet a Flower And casually glance Would scarcely cause one to suspect The minor Circumstance

Assisting in the Bright Affair So intricately done Then offered as a Butterfly To the Meridian –

To pack the Bud-oppose the Worm-Obtain its right of Dew-Adjust the Heat-elude the Wind-Escape the prowling Bee

Great Nature not to disappoint Awaiting Her that Day – To be a Flower, is profound Responsibility –

c. 1865

1945

1059

Sang from the Heart, Sire, Dipped my Beak in it, If the Tune drip too much Have a tint too Red

[482]

Pardon the Cochineal – Suffer the Vermilion – Death is the Wealth Of the Poorest Bird.

Bear with the Ballad – Awkward – faltering – Death twists the strings – 'Twasn't my blame –

Pause in your Liturgies – Wait your Chorals – While I repeat your Hallowed name –

c. 1865

### тобо

Air has no Residence, no Neighbor, No Ear, no Door, No Apprehension of Another Oh, Happy Air!

Ethereal Guest at e'en an Outcast's Pillow – Essential Host, in Life's faint, wailing Inn, Later than Light thy Consciousness accost me Till it depart, persuading Mine –

c. 1865

### 1061

Three Weeks passed since I had seen Her-Some Disease had vext 'Twas with Text and Village Singing I beheld Her next

And a Company – our pleasure To discourse alone – Gracious now to me as any – Gracious unto none –

[ 483 ]

Borne without dissent of Either To the Parish night – Of the Separated Parties Which be out of sight?

c. 1865

1896

1062

He scanned it – staggered –
Dropped the Loop
To Past or Period –
Caught helpless at a sense as if
His Mind were going blind –

Groped up, to see if God was there-Groped backward at Himself Caressed a Trigger absently And wandered out of Life.

c. 1865

1945

1063

Ashes denote that Fire was – Revere the Grayest Pile For the Departed Creature's sake That hovered there awhile –

Fire exists the first in light And then consolidates Only the Chemist can disclose Into what Carbonates.

c. 1865

1896

1064

To help our Bleaker Parts Salubrious Hours are given Which if they do not fit for Earth Drill silently for Heaven –

c. 1865

1065

Let down the Bars, Oh Death – The tired Flocks come in Whose bleating ceases to repeat Whose wandering is done –

Thine is the stillest night
Thine the securest Fold
Too near Thou art for seeking Thee
Too tender, to be told.

c. 1865

1891

1066

Fame's Boys and Girls, who never die And are too seldom born -

c. 1865

1945

1067

Except the smaller size
No lives are round –
These – hurry to a sphere
And show and end –
The larger – slower grow
And later hang –
The Summers of Hesperides
Are long.

c. 1866

1891

1068

Further in Summer than the Birds Pathetic from the Grass A minor Nation celebrates Its unobtrusive Mass.

No Ordinance be seen So gradual the Grace

[485]

A pensive Custom it becomes Enlarging Loneliness.

Antiquest felt at Noon When August burning low Arise this spectral Canticle Repose to typify

Remit as yet no Grace No Furrow on the Glow Yet a Druidic Difference Enhances Nature now

с. 1866

1069

1891

Paradise is of the option. Whosoever will Own in Eden notwithstanding Adam and Repeal.

c. 1866 1931

1070

To undertake is to achieve Be Undertaking blent With fortitude of obstacle And toward encouragement

That fine Suspicion, Natures must Permitted to revere Departed Standards and the few Criterion Sources here

c. 1865

1071

Perception of an object costs Precise the Object's loss – Perception in itself a Gain Replying to its Price –

[ 486 ]

The Object Absolute - is nought -Perception sets it fair And then upbraids a Perfectness That situates so far -

c. 1866

1914

1072

Title divine - is mine! The Wife - without the Sign! Acute Degree – conferred on me – Empress of Calvary! Royal - all but the Crown! Betrothed - without the swoon God sends us Women -When you - hold - Garnet to Garnet-Gold-to Gold-Born - Bridalled - Shrouded -In a Day-Tri Victory "My Husband" - women say -Stroking the Melody -Is this - the way?

c. 1862

1924

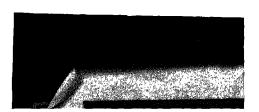
1073

Experiment to me Is every one I meet If it contain a Kernel? The Figure of a Nut

Presents upon a Tree Equally plausibly, But Meat within, is requisite To Squirrels, and to Me.

[487]

c. 1865



Count not that far that can be had, Though sunset lie between – Nor that adjacent, that beside, Is further than the sun.

1866

1894

## 1075

The Sky is low – the Clouds are mean. A Travelling Flake of Snow Across a Barn or through a Rut Debates if it will go –

A Narrow Wind complains all Day How some one treated him Nature, like Us is sometimes caught Without her Diadém.

c. 1866

1890

# 1076

Just Once! Oh least Request!
Could Adamant refuse
So small a Grace
So scanty put,
Such agonizing terms?
Would not a God of Flint
Be conscious of a sigh
As down His Heaven dropt remote
"Just Once" Sweet Deity?

c. 1862

1924

# 1077

These are the Signs to Nature's Inns – Her invitation broad To Whosoever famishing To taste her mystic Bread –

[ 488 ]

These are the rites of Nature's House-The Hospitality That opens with an equal width To Beggar and to Bee

For Sureties of her staunch Estate Her undecaying Cheer The Purple in the East is set And in the North, the Star –

c. 1866

1929

1078

The Bustle in a House The Morning after Death Is solemnest of industries Enacted upon Earth –

The Sweeping up the Heart And putting Love away We shall not want to use again Until Eternity.

c. 1866

189c

1079

The Sun went down – no Man looked on-The Earth and I, alone, Were present at the Majesty – He triumphed, and went on –

The Sun went up – no Man looked on – The Earth and I and One A nameless Bird – a Stranger Were Witness for the Crown –

c. 1866

1929

1080

When they come back – if Blossoms do-I always feel a doubt

[ 489 ]

If Blossoms can be born again When once the Art is out -

When they begin, if Robins may, I always had a fear I did not tell, it was their last Experiment Last Year,

When it is May, if May return, Had nobody a pang Lest in a Face so beautiful He might not look again?

If I am there—One does not know What Party—One may be Tomorrow, but if I am there I take back all I say—

c. 1866

1081

Superiority to Fate
Is difficult to gain
"Tis not conferred of Any
But possible to earn

A pittance at a time Until to Her surprise The Soul with strict economy Subsist till Paradise.

c. 1866

1082

Revolution is the Pod Systems rattle from When the Winds of Will are stirred Excellent is Bloom

But except its Russet Base Every Summer be

[490]

The Entomber of itself, So of Liberty –

Left inactive on the Stalk All its Purple fled Revolution shakes it for Test if it be dead.

c. 1866

1929

1083

We learn in the Retreating How vast an one Was recently among us – A Perished Sun

Endear in the departure How doubly more Than all the Golden presence It was – before –

€ 1866

1896

1084

At Half past Three, a single Bird Unto a silent Sky Propounded but a single term Of cautious melody.

At Half past Four, Experiment Had subjugated test And lo, Her silver Principle Supplanted all the rest.

At Half past Seven, Element Nor Implement, be seen – And Place was where the Presence was Circumference between.

c. 1866

If Nature smiles – the Mother must I'm sure, at many a whim Of Her eccentric Family – Is She so much to blame?

c. 1866

1929

1086

What Twigs We held by – Oh the View When Life's swift River striven through We pause before a further plunge To take Momentum – As the Fringe

Upon a former Garment shows
The Garment cast,
Our Props disclose
So scant, so eminently small
Of Might to help, so pitiful
To sink, if We had labored, fond
The diligence were not more blind

How scant, by everlasting Light
The Discs that satisfied Our Sight –
How dimmer than a Saturn's Bar
The Things esteemed, for Things that are!

c. 1866

1935

1087

We miss a Kinsman more When warranted to see Than when withheld of Oceans From possibility

A Furlong than a League Inflicts a pricklier pain,

[ 492 ]

c. 1866

1088

Ended, ere it begun – The Title was scarcely told When the Preface perished from Consciousness The Story, unrevealed –

Had it been mine, to print! Had it been yours, to read! That it was not Our privilege The interdict of God –

c. 1866

1089

Myself can read the Telegrams A Letter chief to me The Stock's advance and Retrograde And what the Markets say

The Weather – how the Rains In Counties have begun. "Tis News as null as nothing, But sweeter so – than none.

c. 1866

1090

I am afraid to own a Body – I am afraid to own a Soul – Profound – precarious Property – Possession, not optional –

Double Estate – entailed at pleasure Upon an unsuspecting Heir –

[ 493 ]

c.	1866	Duke in a moment of Deathlessness And God, for a Frontier.	1935
		1091	
		The Well upon the Brook Were foolish to depend – Let Brooks – renew of Brooks – But Wells – of failless Ground!	
c.	1866	But vyens—or lamess Ground:	1945
		1092	
		It was not Saint - it was too large -	
		Nor Snow – it was too small – It only held itself aloof	
		Like something spiritual –	
c.	1866	81	1929
		1093	
		Because 'twas Riches I could own, Myself had earned it – Me, I knew the Dollars by their names - It feels like Poverty	
		An Earldom out of sight to hold, An Income in the Air, Possession – has a sweeter chink	
c.	1866	Unto a Miser's Ear –	7025
			1935

1094

Themself are all I have – Myself a freckled – be – I thought you'd choose a Velvet Cheek

[ 494 ]

	Or one of Ivory	
c.	Would you – instead of Me? 1866	1935
	1095	
c.	To Whom the Mornings stand for Nights, What must the Midnights – be! 1866	1935
	1096	
	These Strangers, in a foreign World, Protection asked of me – Befriend them, lest Yourself in Heaven Be found a Refugee –	
c.	1866	1945
	1097	
	Dew – is the Freshet in the Grass – "Tis many a tiny Mill Turns unperceived beneath our feet And Artisan lies still –	
	We spy the Forests and the Hills The Tents to Nature's Show Mistake the Outside for the in And mention what we saw.	
	Could Commentators on the Sign Of Nature's Caravan Obtain "Admission" as a Child Some Wednesday Afternoon.	
c.	. 1866	1914
	1098	
	Of the Heart that goes in, and closes the Door Shall the Playfellow Heart complain	

c. 1866

## 1099

My Cocoon tightens – Colors tease – I'm feeling for the Air – A dim capacity for Wings Demeans the Dress I wear –

A power of Butterfly must be – The Aptitude to fly Meadows of Majesty implies And easy Sweeps of Sky –

So I must baffle at the Hint And cipher at the Sign And make much blunder, if at last I take the clue divine –

c. 1866 1890

#### 1100

The last Night that She lived It was a Common Night Except the Dying – this to Us Made Nature different

We noticed smallest things – Things overlooked before By this great light upon our Minds Italicized – as 'twere.

As We went out and in Between Her final Room And Rooms where Those to be alive Tomorrow were, a Blame

That Others could exist While She must finish quite

[ 496 ]

A Jealousy for Her arose So nearly infinite –

We waited while She passed – It was a narrow time – Too jostled were Our Souls to speak At length the notice came.

She mentioned, and forgot – Then lightly as a Reed Bent to the Water, struggled scarce – Consented, and was dead –

And We – We placed the Hair – And drew the Head erect – And then an awful leisure was Belief to regulate –

c. 1866

#### IOI

Between the form of Life and Life
The difference is as big
As Liquor at the Lip between
And Liquor in the Jug
The latter – excellent to keep –
But for ecstatic need
The corkless is superior –
I know for I have tried

c. 1866 1945

### 1102

His Bill is clasped – his Eye forsook –
His Feathers wilted low –
The Claws that clung, like lifeless Gloves
Indifferent hanging now –
The Joy that in his happy Throat
Was waiting to be poured
Gored through and through with Death, to be
Assassin of a Bird

Resembles to my outraged mind The firing in Heaven, On Angels – squandering for you Their Miracles of Tune –

c. 1866

1945

1103

The spry Arms of the Wind If I could crawl between I have an errand imminent To an adjoining Zone –

I should not care to stop
My Process is not long
The Wind could wait without the Gate
Or stroll the Town among.

To ascertain the House And is the soul at Home And hold the Wick of mine to it To light, and then return –

c. 1866

1945

1104

The Crickets sang And set the Sun And Workmen finished one by one Their Seam the Day upon.

The low Grass loaded with the Dew The Twilight stood, as Strangers do With Hat in Hand, polite and new To stay as if, or go.

A Vastness, as a Neighbor, came, A Wisdom, without Face, or Name, A Peace, as Hemispheres at Home And so the Night became.

c. 1866

1896

[498]



#### 1105

Like Men and Women Shadows walk
Upon the Hills Today –
With here and there a mighty Bow
Or trailing Courtesy
To Neighbors doubtless of their own
Not quickened to perceive
Minuter landscape as Ourselves
And Boroughs where we live –

c. 1867

1914

#### 1106

We do not know the time we lose – The awful moment is And takes its fundamental place Among the certainties –

A firm appearance still inflates
The card—the chance—the friendThe spectre of solidities
Whose substances are sand—

c. 1867

1932

#### 1107

The Bird did prance – the Bee did play-The Sun ran miles away So blind with joy he could not choose Between his Holiday

The morn was up – the meadows out The Fences all but ran, Republic of Delight, I thought Where each is Citizen –

From Heavy laden Lands to thee Were seas to cross to come A Caspian were crowded – Too near thou art for Fame –

c. 1867

1945

A Diamond on the Hand
To Custom Common grown
Subsides from its significance
The Gem were best unknown –
Within a Seller's Shrine
How many sight and sigh
And cannot, but are mad for fear
That any other buy.

c. 1867

1932

1109

I fit for them –
I seek the Dark
Till I am thorough fit.
The labor is a sober one
With this sufficient sweet
That abstinence of mine produce
A purer food for them, if I succeed,
If not I had
The transport of the Aim –

c. 1867

1914

IIIO

None who saw it ever told it
"Tis as hid as Death
Had for that specific treasure
A departing breath –
Surfaces may be invested
Did the Diamond grow
General as the Dandelion
Would you serve it so?

c. 1867

1945

IIII

Some Wretched creature, savior take Who would exult to die

[ 500 ]

# And leave for thy sweet mercy's sake Another Hour to me

c. 1867

#### 1112

That this should feel the need of Death The same as those that lived Is such a Feat of Irony As never was—achieved—

Not satisfied to ape the Great In his simplicity The small must die, as well as He – Oh the Audacity –

c. 1867

## 1113

There is a strength in proving that it can be borne Although it tear – What are the sinews of such cordage for Except to bear The ship might be of satin had it not to fight – To walk on seas requires cedar Feet

c. 1867

#### 1114

The largest Fire ever known
Occurs each Afternoon –
Discovered is without surprise
Proceeds without concern –
Consumes and no report to men
An Occidental Town,
Rebuilt another morning
To be burned down again.

c. 1864

The murmuring of Bees, has ceased But murmuring of some Posterior, prophetic, Has simultaneous come. The lower metres of the Year When Nature's laugh is done The Revelations of the Book Whose Genesis was June. Appropriate Creatures to her change The Typic Mother sends As Accent fades to interval With separating Friends Till what we speculate, has been And thoughts we will not show. More intimate with us become Than Persons, that we know.

c. 1868 1947

## 1116

There is another Loneliness
That many die without –
Not want of friend occasions it
Or circumstance of Lot

But nature, sometimes, sometimes thought And whoso it befall Is richer than could be revealed By mortal numeral –

c. 1868

#### 1117

A Mine there is no Man would own But must it be conferred, Demeaning by exclusive wealth A Universe beside –

[502]

Potosi never to be spent But hoarded in the mind What Misers wring their hands tonight For Indies in the Ground!

c. 1868

1932

# 1118

Exhilaration is the Breeze
That lifts us from the Ground
And leaves us in another place
Whose statement is not found-

Returns us not, but after time We soberly descend A little newer for the term Upon Enchanted Ground –

c. 1868

1914

### 1119

Paradise is that old mansion
Many owned before—
Occupied by each an instant
Then reversed the Door—
Bliss is frugal of her Leases
Adam taught her Thrift
Bankrupt once through his excesses-

c. 1868 (unfinished)

1945

#### 1120

This slow Day moved along –
I heard its axles go
As if they could not hoist themselves
They hated motion so –

I told my soul to come -It was no use to wait --

[503]

We went and p	layed and	l came again
And it was out	of sight -	

c. 1868

1945

#### 1121

Time does go on –
I tell it gay to those who suffer now –
They shall survive –
There is a sun –
They don't believe it now –

c. 1868

1945

#### 1122

'Tis my first night beneath the Sun If I should spend it here — Above him is too low a height For his Barometer Who Airs of expectation breathes And takes the Wind at prime — But Distance his Delights confides To those who visit him —

c. 1868

1945

#### 1123

A great Hope fell You heard no noise The Ruin was within Oh cunning wreck that told no tale And let no Witness in

The mind was built for mighty Freight For dread occasion planned How often foundering at Sea Ostensibly, on Land

A not admitting of the wound Until it grew so wide

[504]

That all my Life had entered it And there were troughs beside

A closing of the simple lid That opened to the sun Until the tender Carpenter Perpetual nail it down –

c. 1868

1945

#### I I 24

Had we known the Ton she bore We had helped the terror But she straighter walked for Freight So be hers the error –

c. 1868

1945

#### 1125

Oh Sumptuous moment
Slower go
That I may gloat on thee –
'Twill never be the same to starve
Now I abundance see –

Which was to famish, then or now-The difference of Day Ask him unto the Gallows led – With morning in the sky –

c. 1868

1945

#### 1126

Shall I take thee, the Poet said To the propounded word? Be stationed with the Candidates Till I have finer tried

The Poet searched Philology And when about to ring

[505]

For the suspended Candidate
There came unsummoned in-

That portion of the Vision The World applied to fill Not unto nomination The Cherubim reveal –

c. 1868

1945

1127

Soft as the massacre of Suns By Evening's Sabres slain

c. 1868

1945

#### 1128

These are the Nights that Beetles love -From Eminence remote Drives ponderous perpendicular His figure intimate The terror of the Children The merriment of men Depositing his Thunder He hoists abroad again -A Bomb upon the Ceiling Is an improving thing – It keeps the nerves progressive Conjecture flourishing -Too dear the Summer evening Without discreet alarm -Supplied by Entomology With its remaining charm -

с. 1868

1945

#### 1129

Tell all the Truth but tell it slant – Success in Circuit lies Too bright for our infirm Delight The Truth's superb surprise

[506]

As Lightning to the Children eased With explanation kind The Truth must dazzle gradually Or every man be blind—

c. 1868

#### 1130

That odd old man is dead a year – We miss his stated Hat. "Twas such an evening bright and stiff His faded lamp went out.

Who miss his antiquated Wick – Are any hoar for him? Waits any indurated mate His wrinkled coming Home?

Oh Life, begun in fluent Blood And consummated dull! Achievement contemplating thee – Feels transitive and cool.

c. 1868 1945

## 1131

The Merchant of the Picturesque A Counter has and sales
But is within or negative
Precisely as the calls –
To Children he is small in price
And large in courtesy –
It suits him better than a check
Their artless currency –
Of Counterfeits he is so shy
Do one advance so near
As to behold his ample flight –

c. 1868 (unfinished)

1945

The smouldering embers blush –
Oh Hearts within the Coal
Hast thou survived so many years?
The smouldering embers smile –
Soft stirs the news of Light
The stolid seconds glow
One requisite has Fire that lasts
Prometheus never knew –

c. 1868 (unfinished)

1945

### 1133

The Snow that never drifts – The transient, fragrant snow That comes a single time a Year Is softly driving now –

So thorough in the Tree At night beneath the star That it was February's Foot Experience would swear –

Like Winter as a Face We stern and former knew Repaired of all but Loneliness By Nature's Alibi –

Were every storm so spice
The Value could not be—
We buy with contrast—Pang is good
As near as memory—

c. 1868

1945

#### 1134

The Wind took up the Northern Things And piled them in the south – Then gave the East unto the West And opening his mouth

The four Divisions of the Earth Did make as to devour While everything to corners slunk Behind the awful power –

The Wind – unto his Chambers went And nature ventured out – Her subjects scattered into place Her systems ranged about

Again the smoke from Dwellings rose The Day abroad was heard – How intimate, a Tempest past The Transport of the Bird –

c. 1868

1945

1135

Too cold is this
To warm with Sun –
Too stiff to bended be,
To joint this Agate were a work Outstaring Masonry –

How went the Agile Kernel out Contusion of the Husk Nor Rip, nor wrinkle indicate But just an Asterisk.

c. 1868

1914

1136

The Frost of Death was on the Pane-"Secure your Flower" said he. Like Sailors fighting with a Leak We fought Mortality.

Our passive Flower we held to Sea – To Mountain – To the Sun –

[ 509 ]

Yet even on his Scarlet shelf To crawl the Frost begun –

We pried him back Ourselves we wedged Himself and her between, Yet easy as the narrow Snake He forked his way along

Till all her helpless beauty bent And then our wrath begun – We hunted him to his Ravine We chased him to his Den –

We hated Death and hated Life And nowhere was to go – Than Sea and continent there is A larger – it is Woe –

c. 1869

1945

## 1137

The duties of the Wind are few, To cast the ships, at Sea, Establish March, the Floods escort, And usher Liberty.

The pleasures of the Wind are broad, To dwell Extent among, Remain, or wander, Speculate, or Forests entertain.

The kinsmen of the Wind are Peaks Azof – the Equinox, Also with Bird and Asteroid A bowing intercourse.

The limitations of the Wind Do he exist, or die, Too wise he seems for Wakelessness, However, know not I.

c. 1869

1945

1138

A Spider sewed at Night Without a Light Upon an Arc of White.

If Ruff it was of Dame Or Shroud of Gnome Himself himself inform.

Of Immortality His Strategy Was Physiognomy.

с. 1869

1891

1139

Her sovereign People Nature knows as well And is as fond of signifying As if fallible –

c. 1869

1952

1140

The Day grew small, surrounded tight
By early, stooping Night—
The Afternoon in Evening deep
Its Yellow shortness dropt—
The Winds went out their martial ways
The Leaves obtained excuse—
November hung his Granite Hat
Upon a nail of Plush—

c. 1869

1945

1141

The Face we choose to miss-Be it but for a Day

[511]

c. 1869

1914

## 1142

The Props assist the House
Until the House is built
And then the Props withdraw
And adequate, erect,
The House support itself
And cease to recollect
The Auger and the Carpenter –
Just such a retrospect
Hath the perfected Life –
A past of Plank and Nail
And slowness – then the Scaffolds drop
Affirming it a Soul.

c. 1863

1914

### 1143

The Work of Her that went, The Toil of Fellows done – In Ovens green our Mother bakes, By Fires of the Sun.

c. 1869

1955

#### 1144

Ourselves we do inter with sweet derision. The channel of the dust who once achieves Invalidates the balm of that religion That doubts as fervently as it believes.

1869?

1894

#### 1145

In thy long Paradise of Light No moment will there be

[512]

# When I shall long for Earthly Play And mortal Company -

c. 1869 1945

# 1146

When Etna basks and purrs
Naples is more afraid
Than when she shows her Garnet Tooth Security is loud –

c. 1869

#### 1147

After a hundred years Nobody knows the Place Agony that enacted there Motionless as Peace

Weeds triumphant ranged Strangers strolled and spelled At the lone Orthography Of the Elder Dead

Winds of Summer Fields Recollect the way – Instinct picking up the Key Dropped by memory –

c. 1869

## 1148

After the Sun comes out How it alters the World – Waggons like messengers hurry about Yesterday is old –

All men meet as if Each foreclosed a news –

[513]

c. 1869

1955

#### 1149

I noticed People disappeared
When but a little child –
Supposed they visited remote
Or settled Regions wild –
Now know I – They both visited
And settled Regions wild
But did because they died
A Fact withheld the little child –

c. 1869 (unfinished) 1891

### 1150

How many schemes may die
In one short Afternoon
Entirely unknown
To those they most concern –
The man that was not lost
Because by accident
He varied by a Ribbon's width
From his accustomed route –
The Love that would not try
Because beside the Door
It must be competitions
Some unsuspecting Horse was tied
Surveying his Despair

c. 1869

1945

1151

Soul, take thy risk, With Death to be

[514]

c. 1869

1152

Tell as a Marksman – were forgotten Tell – this Day endures Ruddy as that coeval Apple The Tradition bears –

Fresh as Mankind that humble story Though a statelier Tale Grown in the Repetition hoary Scarcely would prevail –

Tell had a son – The ones that knew it Need not linger here – Those who did not to Human Nature Will subscribe a Tear –

Tell would not bare his Head In Presence Of the Ducal Hat – Threatened for that with Death – by Gessler -Tyranny bethought

Make of his only Boy a Target That surpasses Death – Stolid to Love's supreme entreaty Not forsook of Faith –

Mercy of the Almighty begging – Tell his Arrow sent – God it is said replies in Person When the cry is meant –

c. 1869 1945

1153

Through what transports of Patience I reached the stolid Bliss

[515]

To breathe my Blank without thee Attest me this and this – By that bleak exultation I won as near as this Thy privilege of dying Abbreviate me this –

c. 1874

1945

### 1154

A full fed Rose on meals of Tint A Dinner for a Bee In process of the Noon became – Each bright Mortality The Forfeit is of Creature fair Itself, adored before Submitting for our unknown sake To be esteemed no more –

c. 1870

1955

#### 1155

Distance – is not the Realm of Fox Nor by Relay of Bird Abated – Distance is Until thyself, Beloved.

c. 1870

1914

# 1156

Lest any doubt that we are glad that they were born Today Whose having lived is held by us in noble Holiday Without the date, like Consciousness or Immortality—

c. 1870

1932

#### 1157

Some Days retired from the rest In soft distinction lie

[516]

# The Day that a Companion came Or was obliged to die

2. 1870

# 1158

Best Witchcraft is Geometry To the magician's mind – His ordinary acts are feats To thinking of mankind.

c. 1870

#### 1159

Great Streets of silence led away To Neighborhoods of Pause – Here was no Notice – no Dissent No Universe – no Laws –

By Clocks, 'twas Morning, and for Night The Bells at Distance called – But Epoch had no basis here For Period exhaled.

c. 1870 1891

#### 1160

He is alive, this morning—
He is alive—and awake—
Birds are resuming for Him—
Blossoms—dress for His Sake.
Bees—to their Loaves of Honey
Add an Amber Crumb
Him—to regale—Me—Only—
Motion, and am dumb.

c. 1870

1161

Trust adjusts her "Peradventure" – Phantoms entered "and not you."

1870

1931

1162

The Life we have is very great. The Life that we shall see Surpasses it, we know, because It is Infinity. But when all Space has been beheld And all Dominion shown The smallest Human Heart's extent Reduces it to none.

1870

1945

1163

God made no act without a cause, Nor heart without an aim, Our inference is premature, Our premises to blame.

1870?

1894

1164

Were it to be the last How infinite would be What we did not suspect was marked Our final interview.

1870

1955 '

1165

Contained in this short Life Are magical extents The soul returning soft at night To steal securer thence

[518]

As Children strictest kept Turn soonest to the sea Whose nameless Fathoms slink away Beside infinity

c. 1870

1945

1166

Of Paul and Silas it is said They were in Prison laid But when they went to take them out They were not there instead.

Security the same insures
To our assaulted Minds –
The staple must be optional
That an Immortal binds.

c. 1870

1945

1167.

Alone and in a Circumstance Reluctant to be told A spider on my reticence Assiduously crawled

And so much more at Home than I Immediately grew I felt myself a visitor And hurriedly withdrew

Revisiting my late abode
With articles of claim
I found it quietly assumed
As a Gymnasium
Where Tax asleep and Title off
The inmates of the Air
Perpetual presumption took
As each were special Heir—
If any strike me on the street
I can return the Blow—

If any take my property
According to the Law
The Statute is my Learned friend
But what redress can be
For an offense nor here nor there
So not in Equity—
That Larceny of time and mind
The marrow of the Day
By spider, or forbid it Lord
That I should specify.

1870

1945

#### 1168

As old as Woe –
How old is that?
Some eighteen thousand years –
As old as Bliss
How old is that
They are of equal years

Together chiefest they are found But seldom side by side From neither of them tho' he try Can Human nature hide

c. 1870

1945

# 1169

Lest they should come – is all my fear When sweet incarcerated here

c. 1870

1945

## 1170

Nature affects to be sedate Upon occasion, grand But let our observation shut Her practices extend

[ 520 ]

To Necromancy and the Trades Remote to understand Behold our spacious Citizen Unto a Juggler turned –

c. 1870

1945

1171

On the World you colored Morning painted rose – Idle his Vermilion Aimless crept the Glows Over Realms of Orchards I the Day before Conquered with the Robin-Misery, how fair Till your wrinkled Finger Shored the sun away Midnight's awful Pattern In the Goods of Day –

c. 1870

1945

1172

The Clouds their Backs together laid The North begun to push The Forests galloped till they fell The Lightning played like mice

The Thunder crumbled like a stuff How good to be in Tombs Where Nature's Temper cannot reach Nor missile ever comes

c. 1870

1890

1173

The Lightning is a yellow Fork From Tables in the sky

[521]

By inadvertent fingers dropt The awful Cutlery

Of mansions never quite disclosed And never quite concealed The Apparatus of the Dark To ignorance revealed.

c. 1870

1945

1174

There's the Battle of Burgoyne – Over, every Day,
By the Time that Man and Beast
Put their work away
"Sunset" sounds majestic –
But that solemn War
Could you comprehend it
You would chastened stare –

c. 1870

1945

1175

We like a Hairbreadth 'scape It tingles in the Mind Far after Act or Accident Like paragraphs of Wind If we had ventured less

The Breeze were not so fine
That reaches to our utmost Hair
Its Tentacles divine.

c. 1870

1945

1176

We never know how high we are Till we are asked to rise And then if we are true to plan Our statures touch the skies –

[522]



The Heroism we recite
Would be a normal thing
Did not ourselves the Cubits warp
For fear to be a King –

c. 1870

1896

#### 1177

A prompt – executive Bird is the Jay-Bold as a Bailiff's Hymn – Brittle and Brief in quality – Warrant in every line –

Sitting a Bough like a Brigadier Confident and straight — Much is the mien of him in March As a Magistrate —

c. 1865

1914

## 1178

My God – He sees thee –
Shine thy best –
Fling up thy Balls of Gold
Till every Cubit play with thee
And every Crescent hold –
Elate the Acre at his feet –
Upon his Atom swim –
Oh Sun – but just a Second's right
In thy long Race with him!

c. 1871

1932

#### 1179

Of so divine a Loss We enter but the Gain, Indemnity for Loneliness That such a Bliss has been.

c. 1871

1914

[ 523 ]



"Remember me" implored the Thief! Oh Hospitality! My Guest "Today in Paradise" I give thee guaranty.

That Courtesy will fair remain
When the Delight is Dust
With which we cite this mightiest case
Of compensated Trust.

Of all we are allowed to hope But Affidavit stands That this was due where most we fear Be unexpected Friends.

c. 1871

1914

## 1181

When I hoped I feared –
Since I hoped I dared
Everywhere alone
As a Church remain –
Spectre cannot harm –
Serpent cannot charm –
He deposes Doom
Who hath suffered him –

c. 1862

1801

## 1182

Remembrance has a Rear and Front— "Tis something like a House— It has a Garret also For Refuse and the Mouse.

Besides the deepest Cellar That ever Mason laid -

[ 524 ]

# Look to it by its Fathoms Ourselves be not pursued -

2. 1871

# 1183

Step lightly on this narrow spot-The broadest Land that grows Is not so ample as the Breast These Emerald Seams enclose.

Step lofty, for this name be told As far as Cannon dwell Or Flag subsist or Fame export Her deathless Syllable.

c. 1871 1891

## 1184

The Days that we can spare Are those a Function die Or Friend or Nature – stranded then In our Economy

Our Estimates a Scheme – Our Ultimates a Sham – We let go all of Time without Arithmetic of him –

c. 1871 1932

## 1185

A little Dog that wags his tail And knows no other joy Of such a little Dog am I Reminded by a Boy

Who gambols all the living Day Without an earthly cause Because he is a little Boy I honestly suppose –

[525]

The Cat that in the Corner dwells Her martial Day forgot The Mouse but a Tradition now Of her desireless Lot

Another class remind me Who neither please nor play But not to make a "bit of noise" Beseech each little Boy—

c. 1871

1945

1186

Too few the mornings be, Too scant the nights. No lodging can be had For the delights That come to earth to stay, But no apartment find And ride away.

1871

1894

1187

Oh Shadow on the Grass,
Art thou a Step or not?
Go make thee fair my Candidate
My nominated Heart —
Oh Shadow on the Grass
While I delay to guess
Some other thou wilt consecrate —
Oh Unelected Face —

c. 1871

1929

1188

"Twas fighting for his Life he was – That sort accomplish well – The Ordnance of Vitality Is frugal of its Ball.

[ 526 ]

It aims once – kills once – conquers once. There is no second War In that Campaign inscrutable Of the Interior.

c. 1871

1945

1189

The Voice that stands for Floods to me Is sterile borne to some — The Face that makes the Morning mean Glows impotent on them —

What difference in Substance lies That what is Sum to me By other Financiers be deemed Exclusive Poverty!

c. 1871

1945

1190

The Sun and Fog contested
The Government of Day –
The Sun took down his Yellow Whip
And drove the Fog away –

c. 1871

1945

1191

The pungent atom in the Air Admits of no debate – All that is named of Summer Days Relinquished our Estate –

For what Department of Delight As positive are we As Limit of Dominion Or Dams-of Ecstasy-

c. 1871

1945

- [527]

An honest Tear Is durabler than Bronze – This Cenotaph May each that dies –

Reared by itself – No Deputy suffice – Gratitude bears When Obelisk decays

c. 1871

1945

## 1193

All men for Honor hardest work
But are not known to earn –
Paid after they have ceased to work
In Infamy or Urn –

c. 1871

1945

#### 1194

Somehow myself survived the Night And entered with the Day – That it be saved the Saved suffice Without the Formula.

Henceforth I take my living place As one commuted led – A Candidate for Morning Chance But dated with the Dead.

c. 1871

1935

## 1195

What we see we know somewhat Be it but a little – What we don't surmise we do Though it shows so fickle

[ 528 ]

I shall vote for Lands with Locks Granted I can pick 'em – Transport's doubtful Dividend Patented by Adam.

c. 1871

1945

# 1196

To make Routine a Stimulus Remember it can cease – Capacity to Terminate Is a Specific Grace – Of Retrospect the Arrow That power to repair Departed with the Torment Become, alas, more fair –

c. 1871

1947

## 1197

I should not dare to be so sad So many Years again – A Load is first impossible When we have put it down –

The Superhuman then withdraws And we who never saw The Giant at the other side Begin to perish now.

1871

1929

# 1198

A soft Sea washed around the House A Sea of Summer Air And rose and fell the magic Planks That sailed without a care – For Captain was the Butterfly For Helmsman was the Bee

[ 529 ]

c. 1871

1945

1199

Are Friends Delight or Pain? Could Bounty but remain Riches were good-

But if they only stay Ampler to fly away Riches are sad.

c. 1871

1896

1200

Because my Brook is fluent I know 'tis dry — Because my Brook is silent It is the Sea —

And startled at its rising I try to flee To where the Strong assure me Is "no more Sea" –

c. 1871

1945

1201

So I pull my Stockings off Wading in the Water For the Disobedience' Sake Boy that lived for "or'ter"

Went to Heaven perhaps at Death And perhaps he didn't Moses wasn't fairly used – Ananias wasn't—

c. 1871

1945

[ 530 ]



The Frost was never seen –
If met, too rapid passed,
Or in too unsubstantial Team –
The Flowers notice first

A Stranger hovering round A Symptom of alarm In Villages remotely set But search effaces him

Till some retrieveless Night Our Vigilance at waste The Garden gets the only shot That never could be traced.

Unproved is much we know – Unknown the worst we fear – Of Strangers is the Earth the Inn Of Secrets is the Air –

To analyze perhaps A Philip would prefer But Labor vaster than myself I find it to infer.

2. 1871

1945

1203

The Past is such a curious Creature To look her in the Face A Transport may receipt us Or a Disgrace –

Unarmed if any meet her I charge him fly Her faded Ammunition Might yet reply.

c. 1871

1896

Whatever it is – she has tried it-Awful Father of Love – Is not Ours the chastising – Do not chastise the Dove –

Not for Ourselves, petition – Nothing is left to pray – When a subject is finished – Words are handed away –

Only lest she be lonely
In thy beautiful House
Give her for her Transgression
License to think of us –

c. 1871

1945

## 1205

Immortal is an ample word When what we need is by But when it leaves us for a time "Tis a necessity.

Of Heaven above the firmest proof We fundamental know Except for its marauding Hand It had been Heaven below.

c. 1872

1896

#### 1206

The Show is not the Show But they that go – Menagerie to me My Neighbor be – Fair Play – Both went to see –

c. 1872

1891

He preached upon "Breadth" till it argued him narrow-The Broad are too broad to define And of "Truth" until it proclaimed him a Liar – The Truth never flaunted a Sign –

Simplicity fled from his counterfeit presence As Gold the Pyrites would shun – What confusion would cover the innocent Jesus To meet so enabled a Man!

c. 1872

#### 1208

1891

Our own possessions – though our own-Tis well to hoard anew – Remembering the Dimensions Of Possibility.

c. 1872

### 1209

To disappear enhances – The Man that runs away Is tinctured for an instant With Immortality

But yesterday a Vagrant – Today in Memory lain With superstitious value We tamper with "Again"

But "Never" far as Honor Withdraws the Worthless thing And impotent to cherish We hasten to adorn –

Of Death the sternest function That just as we discern

[533]

The Excellence defies us – Securest gathered then

The Fruit perverse to plucking, But leaning to the Sight With the ecstatic limit Of unobtained Delight –

c. 1872

1894

#### 1210

The Sea said "Come" to the Brook – The Brook said "Let me grow" – The Sea said "Then you will be a Sea – I want a Brook – Come now"!

The Sea said "Go" to the Sea – The Sea said "I am he You cherished" – "Learned Waters – Wisdom is stale – to Me"

c. 1872

1947

#### 12II

A Sparrow took a Slice of Twig And thought it very nice I think, because his empty Plate Was handed Nature twice –

Invigorated, waded In all the deepest Sky Until his little Figure Was forfeited away –

c. 1872

1945

#### 1212

A word is dead When it is said, Some say.

[534]

1872?

1894

1213

We like March.
His Shoes are Purple –
He is new and high –
Makes he Mud for Dog and Peddler,
Makes he Forests dry.
Knows the Adder Tongue his coming
And presents her Spot –
Stands the Sun so close and mighty
That our Minds are hot.

News is he of all the others – Bold it were to die With the Blue Birds exercising On his British Sky.

version of 1872

1955

We like March – his shoes are Purple.
He is new and high –
Makes he Mud for Dog and Peddler –
Makes he Forests Dry –
Knows the Adder's Tongue his coming
And begets her spot –
Stands the Sun so close and mighty –
That our Minds are hot.
News is he of all the others –
Bold it were to die
With the Blue Birds buccaneering
On his British sky –

version of 1878

1896

1214

We introduce ourselves To Planets and to Flowers

[ 535 ]

But with ourselves Have etiquettes Embarrassments And awes

c. 1872

1945

## 1215

I bet with every Wind that blew Till Nature in chagrin Employed a Fact to visit me And scuttle my Balloon –

c. 1872

1914

# 1216

A Deed knocks first at Thought And then – it knocks at Will – That is the manufacturing spot And Will at Home and well

It then goes out an Act Or is entombed so still That only to the ear of God Its Doom is audible –

c. 1872

1891

#### 1217

Fortitude incarnate Here is laid away In the swift Partitions Of the awful Sea –

Babble of the Happy Cavil of the Bold Hoary the Fruition But the Sea is old

Edifice of Ocean
Thy tumultuous Rooms

[536]

c. 1872

## 1218

Let my first Knowing be of thee With morning's warming Light – And my first Fearing, lest Unknowns Engulf thee in the night –

c. 1878

#### 1219

Now I knew I lost her – Not that she was gone – But Remoteness travelled On her Face and Tongue.

Alien, though adjoining As a Foreign Race – Traversed she though pausing Latitudeless Place.

Elements Unaltered – Universe the same But Love's transmigration – Somehow this had come –

Henceforth to remember
Nature took the Day
I had paid so much for—
His is Penury
Not who toils for Freedom
Or for Family
But the Restitution
Of Idolatry.

Of Nature I shall have enough When I have entered these Entitled to a Bumble bee's Familiarities.

c. 1872

1945

#### 1221

Some we see no more, Tenements of Wonder Occupy to us though perhaps to them Simpler are the Days than the Supposition Their removing Manners Leave us to presume

That oblique Belief which we call Conjecture Grapples with a Theme stubborn as Sublime Able as the Dust to equip its feature Adequate as Drums To enlist the Tomb.

c. 1872

1945

#### 1222

The Riddle we can guess We speedily despise – Not anything is stale so long As Yesterday's surprise –

c. 1870

1945

#### 1223

Who goes to dine must take his Feast Or find the Banquet mean – The Table is not laid without Till it is laid within.

For Pattern is the Mind bestowed That imitating her

[ 538 ]

Our most ignoble Services Exhibit worthier.

c. 1872

### 1224

Like Trains of Cars on Tracks of Plush I hear the level Bee – A Jar across the Flowers goes Their Velvet Masonry

Withstands until the sweet Assault
Their Chivalry consumes –
While He, victorious tilts away
To vanquish other Blooms.

c. 1872

# 1225

Its Hour with itself
The Spirit never shows.
What Terror would enthrall the Street
Could Countenance disclose

The Subterranean Freight
The Cellars of the Soul –
Thank God the loudest Place he made
Is licensed to be still.

c. 1872 1929

#### 1226

The Popular Heart is a Cannon first – Subsequent a Drum – Bells for an Auxiliary And an Afterward of Rum –

Not a Tomorrow to know its name Nor a Past to stare –

[ 539 ]

c. 1872

1929

### 1227

My Triumph lasted till the Drums
Had left the Dead alone
And then I dropped my Victory
And chastened stole along
To where the finished Faces
Conclusion turned on me
And then I hated Glory
And wished myself were They.

What is to be is best descried
When it has also been —
Could Prospect taste of Retrospect
The tyrannies of Men
Were Tenderer — diviner
The Transitive toward.
A Bayonet's contrition
Is nothing to the Dead.

c. 1872

1935

#### 1228

So much of Heaven has gone from Earth That there must be a Heaven If only to enclose the Saints To Affidavit given.

The Missionary to the Mole Must prove there is a Sky Location doubtless he would plead But what excuse have I?

Too much of Proof affronts Belief The Turtle will not try

[ 540 ]

c. 1872

# 1229

Because He loves Her We will pry and see if she is fair What difference is on her Face From Features others wear.

It will not harm her magic pace That we so far behind – Her Distances propitiate As Forests touch the Wind

Not hoping for his notice vast But nearer to adore 'Tis Glory's far sufficiency That makes our trying poor.

c. 1872

# 1230

It came at last but prompter Death Had occupied the House – His pallid Furniture arranged And his metallic Peace –

Oh faithful Frost that kept the Date Had Love as punctual been Delight had aggrandized the Gate And blocked the coming in.

c. 1872

#### 1231

Somewhere upon the general Earth Itself exist Today – The Magic passive but extant That consecrated me –

[ 541 ]

	Indifferent Seasons doubtless play Where I for right to be – Would pay each Atom that I am But Immortality –	
	Reserving that but just to prove Another Date of Thee – Oh God of Width, do not for us Curtail Eternity!	
c. 1872		1945
	1232	
	The Clover's simple Fame Remembered of the Cow – Is better than enameled Realms	
	Of notability.	
	Renown perceives itself  And that degrades the Flower –	
	The Daisy that has looked behind Has compromised its power –	
c. 1872	1 1 "	1945
	1233	
	Had I not seen the Sun	
	I could have borne the shade But Light a newer Wilderness	
	My Wilderness has made –	
c. 1872		1945
	1234	
	If my Bark sink	•
	"Tis to another sea – Mortality's Cround Floor	
	Mortality's Ground Floor Is Immortality –	
c. 1872	······································	1945
	[ 542 ]	

Like Rain it sounded till it curved And then I knew 'twas Wind -It walked as wet as any Wave But swept as dry as sand -When it had pushed itself away To some remotest Plain A coming as of Hosts was heard That was indeed the Rain – It filled the Wells, it pleased the Pools It warbled in the Road -It pulled the spigot from the Hills And let the Floods abroad – It loosened acres, lifted seas The sites of Centres stirred Then like Elijah rode away Upon a Wheel of Cloud.

c. 1872

1945

# 1236

Like Time's insidious wrinkle On a beloved Face We clutch the Grace the tighter Though we resent the crease

The Frost himself so comely Dishevels every prime Asserting from his Prism That none can punish him

c. 1872

1945

### 1237

My Heart ran so to thee It would not wait for me And I affronted grew And drew away

[543]

For whatsoe'er my pace He first achieve thy Face How general a Grace Allotted two –

Not in malignity
Mentioned I this to thee –
Had he obliquity
Soonest to share
But for the Greed of himBoasting my Premium –
Basking in Bethleem
Ere I be there –

1878

1945

1238

Power is a familiar growth –
Not foreign – not to be –
Beside us like a bland Abyss
In every company –
Escape it – there is but a chance –
When consciousness and clay
Lean forward for a final glance –
Disprove that and you may –

c. 1872

1945

1239

Risk is the Hair that holds the Tun Seductive in the Air — That Tun is hollow – but the Tun – With Hundred Weights – to spare –

Too ponderous to suspect the snare Espies that fickle chair And seats itself to be let go By that perfidious Hair –

The "foolish Tun" the Critics say – While that delusive Hair

[544]

Persuasive as Perdition, Decoys its Traveller.

c. 1872

### 1240

The Beggar at the Door for Fame Were easily supplied But Bread is that Diviner thing Disclosed to be denied

c. 1872

## 1241

The Lilac is an ancient shrub But ancienter than that The Firmamental Lilac Upon the Hill tonight -The Sun subsiding on his Course Bequeaths this final Plant To Contemplation – not to Touch – The Flower of Occident. Of one Corolla is the West -The Calyx is the Earth -The Capsules burnished Seeds the Stars The Scientist of Faith His research has but just begun -Above his synthesis The Flora unimpeachable To Time's Analysis -· "Eye hath not seen" may possibly Be current with the Blind But let not Revelation By theses be detained -

c. 1872

To flee from memory
Had we the Wings
Many would fly
Inured to slower things
Birds with surprise
Would scan the cowering Van
Of men escaping
From the mind of man

c. 1872

1945

1243

Safe Despair it is that raves – Agony is frugal. Puts itself severe away For its own perusal.

Garrisoned no Soul can be In the Front of Trouble – Love is one, not aggregate – Nor is Dying double –

c. 1873

1914

1244

The Butterfly's Assumption Gown In Chrysoprase Apartments hung This afternoon put on –

How condescending to descend And be of Buttercups the friend In a New England Town –

c. 1873

1890

1245

The Suburbs of a Secret A Strategist should keep,

[546]

	Better than on a Dream intrude To scrutinize the Sleep.	
c. 1873		1914
	1246	
	The Butterfly in honored Dust Assuredly will lie But none will pass the Catacomb So chastened as the Fly –	
c. 1873		1915
	1247	
	To pile like Thunder to its close Then crumble grand away While Everything created hid This—would be Poetry—	
	Or Love – the two coeval come – We both and neither prove – Experience either and consume – For None see God and live –	
c. 1873		1914
	1248	
	The incidents of love Are more than its Events — Investment's best Expositor Is the minute Per Cents —	
c. 1873		1914
	1249	
	The Stars are old, that stood for me-	

The West a little worn -

Yet newer glows the only Gold I ever cared to earn –

[547]

Presuming on that lone result Her infinite disdain But vanquished her with my defeat 'Twas Victory was slain.

c. 1873

1914

## 1250

White as an Indian Pipe Red as a Cardinal Flower Fabulous as a Moon at Noon February Hour –

c. 1873

1932

# 1251

Silence is all we dread. There's Ransom in a Voice – But Silence is Infinity. Himself have not a face.

1873

1932

## 1252

Like Brooms of Steel
The Snow and Wind
Had swept the Winter StreetThe House was hooked
The Sun sent out
Faint Deputies of Heat—
Where rode the Bird
The Silence tied
His ample—plodding Steed
The Apple in the Cellar snug
Was all the one that played.

c. 1873

Had this one Day not been, Or could it cease to be How smitten, how superfluous, Were every other Day!

Lest Love should value less What Loss would value more Had it the stricken privilege, It cherishes before.

c. 1873

### 1254

Elijah's Wagon knew no thill Was innocent of Wheel Elijah's horses as unique As was his vehicle –

Elijah's journey to portray Expire with him the skill Who justified Elijah In feats inscrutable –

c. 1873

#### 1255

Longing is like the Seed That wrestles in the Ground, Believing if it intercede It shall at length be found.

The Hour, and the Clime –
Each Circumstance unknown,
What Constancy must be achieved
Before it see the Sun!

c. 1873

# 1256

Not any higher stands the Grave For Heroes than for Men – Not any nearer for the Child Than numb Three Score and Ten –

This latest Leisure equal lulls The Beggar and his Queen Propitiate this Democrat A Summer's Afternoon –

c. 1873

1896

### 1257

Dominion lasts until obtained – Possession just as long – But these – endowing as they flit Eternally belong.

How everlasting are the Lips Known only to the Dew – These are the Brides of permanence Supplanting me and you.

c. 1873

1932

# 1258

Who were "the Father and the Son" We pondered when a child, And what had they to do with us And when portentous told

With inference appalling
By Childhood fortified
We thought, at least they are no worse
Than they have been described.

Who are "the Father and the Son" Did we demand Today "The Father and the Son" himself Would doubtless specify—

[ 550 ]

But had they the felicity When we desired to know, We better Friends had been, perhaps, Than time ensue to be –

We start – to learn that we believe But once – entirely – Belief, it does not fit so well When altered frequently –

We blush, that Heaven if we achieve – Event ineffable – We shall have shunned until ashamed To own the Miracle –

c. 1873

1914

1259

A Wind that rose
Though not a Leaf
In any Forest stirred
But with itself did cold engage
Beyond the Realm of Bird —
A Wind that woke a lone Delight
Like Separation's Swell
Restored in Arctic Confidence
To the Invisible —

ıс. 1873

1932

1260

Because that you are going And never coming back And I, however absolute, May overlook your Track—

Because that Death is final, However first it be, This instant be suspended Above Mortality—

[551]



Significance that each has lived The other to detect Discovery not God himself Could now annihilate

Eternity, Presumption
The instant I perceive
That you, who were Existence
Yourself forgot to live –

The "Life that is" will then have been A thing I never knew – As Paradise fictitious
Until the Realm of you –

The "Life that is to be," to me, A Residence too plain Unless in my Redeemer's Face I recognize your own –

Of Immortality who doubts
He may exchange with me
Curtailed by your obscuring Face
Of everything but He –

Of Heaven and Hell I also yield The Right to reprehend To whoso would commute this Face For his less priceless Friend.

If "God is Love" as he admits We think that he must be Because he is a "jealous God" He tells us certainly

If "All is possible with" him As he besides concedes He will refund us finally Our confiscated Gods – A Word dropped careless on a Page May stimulate an eye When folded in perpetual seam The Wrinkled Maker lie

Infection in the sentence breeds We may inhale Despair At distances of Centuries From the Malaria –

c. 1873

1947

#### 1262

I cannot see my soul but know 'tis there Nor ever saw his house nor furniture, Who has invited me with him to dwell; But a confiding guest consult as well, What raiment honor him the most, That I be adequately dressed, For he insures to none
Lest men specifical adorn
Procuring him perpetual drest
By dating it a sudden feast.

1873?

1894

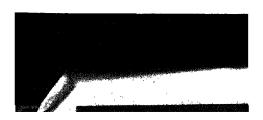
#### 1263

There is no Frigate like a Book
To take us Lands away
Nor any Coursers like a Page
Of prancing Poetry –
This Traverse may the poorest take
Without oppress of Toll –
How frugal is the Chariot
That bears the Human soul.

c. 1873

1894

[ 553 ]



This is the place they hoped before, Where I am hoping now.
The seed of disappointment grew Within a capsule gay,
Too distant to arrest the feet
That walk this plank of balm—
Before them lies escapeless sea—
The way is closed they came.

c. 1873

1894

# 1265

The most triumphant Bird I ever knew or met Embarked upon a twig today
And till Dominion set
I famish to behold so eminent a sight
And sang for nothing scrutable
But intimate Delight.
Retired, and resumed his transitive Estate –
To what delicious Accident
Does finest Glory fit!

c. 1873

1894

# 1266

When Memory is full Put on the perfect Lid— This Morning's finest syllable Presumptuous Evening said—

c. 1873

1951

# 1267

I saw that the Flake was on it But plotted with Time to dispute – "Unchanged" I urged with a candor That cost me my honest Heart –

[554]

But "you" – she returned with valor Sagacious of my mistake "Have altered – Accept the pillage For the progress' sake" –

1873

1915

#### 1268

Confirming All who analyze
In the Opinion fair
That Eloquence is when the Heart
Has not a Voice to spare –

c. 1873

1932

# 1269

I worked for chaff and earning Wheat Was haughty and betrayed.
What right had Fields to arbitrate
In matters ratified?

I tasted Wheat and hated Chaff And thanked the ample friend – Wisdom is more becoming viewed At distance than at hand.

c. 1873

1896

# 1270

Is Heaven a Physician?
They say that He can heal –
But Medicine Posthumous
Is unavailable –
Is Heaven an Exchequer?
They speak of what we oweBut that negotiation
I'm not a Party to –

c. 1873

September's Baccalaureate A combination is Of Crickets – Crows – and Retrospects And a dissembling Breeze

That hints without assuming – An Innuendo sear That makes the Heart put up its Fun And turn Philosopher.

c. 1873

1892

# 1272

So proud she was to die
It made us all ashamed
That what we cherished, so unknown
To her desire seemed –
So satisfied to go
Where none of us should be
Immediately – that Anguish stooped
Almost to Jealousy –

c. 1873

1896

#### 1273

That sacred Closet when you sweep-Entitled "Memory" — Select a reverential Broom — -And do it silently.

"Twill be a Labor of surprise – Besides Identity Of other Interlocutors A probability –

August the Dust of that Domain – Unchallenged – let it lie – You cannot supersede itself But it can silence you –

c. 1873

### 1274

The Bone that has no Marrow, What Ultimate for that? It is not fit for Table For Beggar or for Cat.

A Bone has obligations – A Being has the same – A Marrowless Assembly Is culpabler than shame.

But how shall finished Creatures A function fresh obtain? Old Nicodemus' Phantom Confronting us again!

c. 1873

1896

# 1275

The Spider as an Artist
Has never been employed –
Though his surpassing Merit
Is freely certified

By every Broom and Bridget Throughout a Christian Land-Neglected Son of Genius I take thee by the Hand-

c. 1873

1896

# 1276

'Twas later when the summer went Than when the Cricket came – And yet we knew that gentle Clock Meant nought but Going Home – 'Twas sooner when the Cricket went Than when the Winter came Yet that pathetic Pendulum Keeps esoteric Time.

1873

While we were fearing it, it came— But came with less of fear Because that fearing it so long Had almost made it fair—

There is a Fitting – a Dismay – A Fitting – a Despair – 'Tis harder knowing it is Due Than knowing it is Here.

The Trying on the Utmost The Morning it is new Is Terribler than wearing it A whole existence through.

c. 1873

1896

# 1278

The Mountains stood in Haze – The Valleys stopped below And went or waited as they liked The River and the Sky.

At leisure was the Sun – His interests of Fire A little from remark withdrawn – The Twilight spoke the Spire,

So soft upon the Scene The Act of evening fell We felt how neighborly a Thing Was the Invisible.

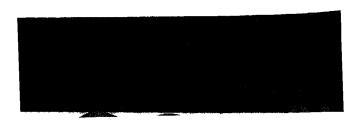
c. 1873

1945

#### 1279

The Way to know the Bobolink From every other Bird Precisely as the Joy of him – Obliged to be inferred.

[558]



Of impudent Habiliment Attired to defy, Impertinence subordinate At times to Majesty.

Of Sentiments seditious Amenable to Law – As Heresies of Transport Or Puck's Apostacy.

Extrinsic to Attention
Too intimate with Joy –
He compliments existence
Until allured away

By Seasons or his Children – Adult and urgent grown – Or unforeseen aggrandizement Or, happily, Renown –

By Contrast certifying
The Bird of Birds is gone –
How nullified the Meadow –
Her Sorcerer withdrawn!

c. 1873

1945

## 1280

The harm of Years is on him-The infamy of Time – Depose him like a Fashion And give Dominion room.

Forget his Morning Forces – The Glory of Decay Is a minuter Pageant Than least Vitality.

c. 1873

A stagnant pleasure like a Pool That lets its Rushes grow Until they heedless tumble in And make the Water slow

Impeding navigation bright Of Shadows going down Yet even this shall rouse itself When freshets come along.

c. 1873

1945

# 1282

Art thou the thing I wanted?
Begone – my Tooth has grown –
Supply the minor Palate
That has not starved so long –
I tell thee while I waited
The mystery of Food
Increased till I abjured it
And dine without Like God –

# rough draft I

Art thou the thing I wanted? Begone – my Tooth has grown – Affront a minor palate Thou could'st not goad so long –

I tell thee while I waited – The mystery of Food Increased till I abjured it Subsisting now like God –

rough draft II c. 1873

1945

1283

Could Hope inspect her Basis Her Craft were done –

[ 560 ]

Has a fictitious Charter Or it has none –

Balked in the vastest instance But to renew – Felled by but one assassin – Prosperity –

c. 1873

1945

# 1284

Had we our senses But perhaps 'tis well they're not at Home So intimate with Madness He's liable with them

Had we the eyes within our Head – How well that we are Blind – We could not look upon the Earth – So utterly unmoved –

c. 1873

1945

# 1285

I know Suspense – it steps so terse And turns so weak away – Besides – Suspense is neighborly When I am riding by –

Is always at the Window Though lately I descry And mention to my Horses The need is not of me –

c. 1873

1945

#### 1286

I thought that nature was enough Till Human nature came But that the other did absorb As Parallax a Flame –

[561]

Of Human nature just aware There added the Divine Brief struggle for capacity The power to contain

Is always as the contents
But give a Giant room
And you will lodge a Giant
And not a smaller man

c. 1873

1945

1287

this short Life
That only lasts an hour
How much – how little – is
Within our power

c. 1873

1945

1288

Lain in Nature – so suffice us The enchantless Pod When we advertise existence For the missing Seed –

Maddest Heart that God created Cannot move a sod Pasted by the simple summer On the Longed for Dead

c. 1873

1945

1289

Left in immortal Youth
On that low Plain
That hath nor Retrospection
Nor Again –
Ransomed from years –
Sequestered from Decay

[562]

c. 1873

# 1290

The most pathetic thing I do
Is play I hear from you —
I make believe until my Heart
Almost believes it too
But when I break it with the news
You knew it was not true
I wish I had not broken it—
Goliah—so would you—

c. 1873

## 1291

Until the Desert knows That Water grows His Sands suffice But let him once suspect That Caspian Fact Sahara dies

Utmost is relative –
Have not or Have
Adjacent sums
Enough – the first Abode
On the familiar Road
Galloped in Dreams –

c. 1873

# 1292

Yesterday is History, Tis so far away – Yesterday is Poetry – Tis Philosophy –

[ 563 ]

Yesterday is mystery – Where it is Today While we shrewdly speculate Flutter both away

c. 1873

1945

### 1293

The things we thought that we should do We other things have done But those peculiar industries Have never been begun –

The Lands we thought that v. 2 should seek When large enough to run By Speculation ceded To Speculation's Son –

The Heaven, in which we hoped to pause When Discipline was done Untenable to Logic But possibly the one –

c. 1874

1931

#### 1294

Of Life to own – From Life to draw – But never touch the reservoir -

1874

1931

## 1295

Two Lengths has every Day – Its absolute extent And Area superior By Hope or Horror lent –

Eternity will be Velocity or Pause

[ 564 ]

At Fundamental Signals From Fundamental Laws.

To die is not to go – On Doom's consummate Chart No Territory new is staked – Remain thou as thou art.

c. 1874

1914

# 1296

Death's Waylaying not the sharpest
Of the thefts of Time —
There Marauds a sorer Robber,
Silence — is his name —
No Assault, nor any Menace
Doth betoken him.
But from Life's consummate ClusterHe supplants the Balm.

c. 1874

1931

### 1297

Go slow, my soul, to feed thyself
Upon his rare approach —
Go rapid, lest Competing Death
Prevail upon the Coach —
Go timid, should his final eye
Determine thee amiss —
Go boldly — for thou paid'st his price
Redemption — for a Kiss —

c. 1874

1894

# 1298

The Mushroom is the Elf of Plants – At Evening, it is not – At Morning, in a Truffled Hut It stop upon a Spot

[565]

As if it tarried always And yet its whole Career Is shorter than a Snake's Delay And fleeter than a Tare—

'Tis Vegetation's Juggler – The Germ of Alibi – Doth like a Bubble antedate And like a Bubble, hie –

I feel as if the Grass was pleased To have it intermit – This surreptitious scion Of Summer's circumspect.

Had Nature any supple Face Or could she one contemn – Had Nature an Apostate – That Mushroom – it is Him!

c. 1874

1891

# 1299

Delight's Despair at setting
Is that Delight is less
Than the sufficing Longing
That so impoverish.

Enchantment's Perihelion Mistaken oft has been For the Authentic orbit Of its Anterior Sun.

c. 1874

1945

#### 1300

From his slim Palace in the Dust He relegates the Realm, More loyal for the exody That has befallen him.

c. 1874

I cannot want it more –
I cannot want it less –
My Human Nature's fullest force
Expends itself on this.

And yet it nothing is
To him who easy owns –
Is Worth itself or Distance
He fathoms who obtains.

c. 1874

1945

# 1302

I think that the Root of the Wind is Water-It would not sound so deep
Were it a Firmamental Product—
Airs no Oceans keep—
Mediterranean intonations—
To a Current's Ear—
There is a maritime conviction
In the Atmosphere—

c. 1874

1914

## 1303

Not One by Heaven defrauded stay – Although he seem to steal He restitutes in some sweet way Secreted in his will –

c. 1874

1914

#### 1304

Not with a Club, the Heart is broken Nor with a Stone – A Whip so small you could not see it I've known

[567]

To lash the Magic Creature Till it fell, Yet that Whip's Name Too noble then to tell. Magnanimous as Bird By Boy descried -Singing unto the Stone Of which it died -Shame need not crouch In such an Earth as Ours -Shame - stand erect -The Universe is yours. 1896 1305 Recollect the Face of me When in thy Felicity, Due in Paradise today Guest of mine assuredly -Other Courtesies have been -. Other Courtesy may be – We commend ourselves to thee Paragon of Chivalry. 1945 1306

c. 1874

c. 1874

Surprise is like a thrilling – pungent – Upon a tasteless meat Alone – too acrid – but combined

Alone – too acrid – but combined An edible Delight.

c. 1874

1945

1307

That short – potential stir
That each can make but once –

[568]

That Bustle so illustrious 'Tis almost Consequence –

Is the éclat of Death —
Oh, thou unknown Renown
That not a Beggar would accept
Had he the power to spurn —

c. 1874

189c

1308

The Day she goes
Or Day she stays
Are equally supreme –
Existence has a stated width
Departed, or at Home –

c. 1874

1945

1309

The Infinite a sudden Guest
Has been assumed to be—
But how can that stupendous come
Which never went away?

c. 1874

1945

1310

The Notice that is called the Spring Is but a month from here – Put up my Heart thy Hoary.work And take a Rosy Chair.

Not any House the Flowers keep – The Birds enamor Care – Our salary the longest Day Is nothing but a Bier.

c. 1874

This dirty – little – Heart Is freely mine. I won it with a Bun – A Freckled shrine –

But eligibly fair To him who sees The Visage of the Soul And not the knees.

c. 1874

1945

### 1312

To break so vast a Heart Required a Blow as vast – No Zephyr felled this Cedar straight – "Twas undeserved Blast –

c. 1874

1945

### 1313

Warm in her Hand these accents lie While faithful and afar The Grace so awkward for her sake Its fond subjection wear –

c. 1874

1945

### 1314

When a Lover is a Beggar Abject is his Knee – When a Lover is an Owner Different is he –

What he begged is then the Beggar-Oh disparity— Bread of Heaven resents bestowal Like an obloquy—

c. 1878

Which is the best - the Moon or the Crescent? Neither - said the Moon -That is best which is not - Achieve it -You efface the Sheen.

Not of detention is Fruition – Shudder to attain. Transport's decomposition follows – He is Prism born.

c. 1874

1945

### 1316

Winter is good – his Hoar Delights Italic flavor yield – To Intellects inebriate With Summer, or the World –

Generic as a Quarry And hearty – as a Rose – Invited with Asperity But welcome when he goes.

c. 1874

1945

### 1317

Abraham to kill him Was distinctly told – Isaac was an Urchin – Abraham was old –

Not a hesitation – Abraham complied – Flattered by Obeisance Tyranny demurred –

Isaac – to his children Lived to tell the tale –

[ 571 ]

c. 1874

1945

# 1318

Frigid and sweet Her parting Face – Frigid and fleet my Feet – Alien and vain whatever Clime Acrid whatever Fate.

Given to me without the Suit Riches and Name and Realm – Who was She to withhold from me Penury and Home?

c. 1874

1945

### 1319

How News must feel when travelling If News have any Heart Alighting at the Dwelling 'Twill enter like a Dart!

What News must think when pondering If News have any Thought Concerning the stupendousness Of its perceiveless freight!

What News will do when every Man Shall comprehend as one And not in all the Universe A thing to tell remain?

c. 1874

1945

1320

Dear March – Come in – How glad I am – I hoped for you before – Put down your Hat –
You must have walked –
How out of Breath you are –
Dear March, how are you, and the Rest –
Did you leave Nature well –
Oh March, Come right up stairs with me –
I have so much to tell –

I got your Letter, and the Birds –
The Maples never knew that you were coming – till I called I declare – how Red their Faces grew –
But March, forgive me – and
All those Hills you left for me to Hue –
There was no Purple suitable –
You took it all with you –

Who knocks? That April.
Lock the Door –
I will not be pursued –
He stayed away a Year to call
When I am occupied –
But trifles look so trivial
As soon as you have come

That Blame is just as dear as Praise And Praise as mere as Blame –

c. 1874 1896

1321

Elizabeth told Essex
That she could not forgive
The clemency of Deity
However – might survive –
That secondary succor
We trust that she partook
When suing – like her Essex
For a reprieving Look –

c. 1874

Floss won't save you from an Abyss But a Rope will – Notwithstanding a Rope for a Souvenir Is not beautiful –

But I tell you every step is a Trough – And every stop a Well – Now will you have the Rope or the Floss? Prices reasonable –

c. 1874

1945

#### 1323

I never hear that one is dead Without the chance of Life Afresh annihilating me That mightiest Belief,

Too mighty for the Daily mind That tilling its abyss, Had Madness, had it once or twice The yawning Consciousness,

Beliefs are Bandaged, like the Tongue When Terror were it told In any Tone commensurate Would strike us instant Dead

I do not know the man so bold He dare in lonely Place That awful stranger Consciousness Deliberately face –

c. 1874

1945

### 1324

I send you a decrepit flower
That nature sent to me
At parting – she was going south
And I designed to stay –

Her motive for the souvenir If sentiment for me Or circumstance prudential Withheld invincibly—

c. 1874

1945

1325

Knock with tremor –
These are Caesars –
Should they be at Home:
Flee as if you trod unthinking
On the Foot of Doom –

These receded to accostal

Centuries ago —

Should they rend you with "How are you"

What have you to show?

c. 1874

1945

1326

Our little secrets slink away –
Beside God's shall not tell –
He kept his word a Trillion years
And might we not as well –
But for the niggardly delight
To make each other stare
Is there no sweet beneath the sun
With this that may compare –

c. 1874

1945

1327

The Symptom of the Gale – The Second of Dismay – Between its Rumor and its Face – Is almost Revelry –

[ 575 ]

The Houses firmer root –
The Heavens cannot be found –
The Upper Surfaces of things
Take covert in the Ground –

The Mem'ry of the Sun
Not Any can recall —
Although by Nature's sterling Watch
So scant an interval —

And when the Noise is caught
And Nature looks around –
"We dreamed it"? She interrogates –
"Good Morning" – We propound?

c. 1874

1328

The vastest earthly Day Is shrunken small By one Defaulting Face Behind a Pall –

c. 1874

1329

Whether they have forgotten Or are forgetting now Or never remembered – Safer not to know –

Miseries of conjecture
Are a softer woe
Than a Fact of Iron
Hardened with I know—

c. 1874

1330

Without a smile – Without a Throe A Summer's soft Assemblies go To their entrancing end

[ 576 ]

Unknown – for all the times we met – Estranged, however intimate – What a dissembling Friend –

c. 1874 1945

### 1331

Wonder – is not precisely Knowing And not precisely Knowing not – A beautiful but bleak condition He has not lived who has not felt –

Suspense – is his maturer Sister – Whether Adult Delight is Pain Or of itself a new misgiving – This is the Gnat that mangles men –

c. 1874 1945

### 1332

Pink – small – and punctualAromatic – low –
Covert – in April –
Candid – in May –
Dear to the Moss –
Known to the Knoll –
Next to the Robin
In every human Soul –
Bold little Beauty
Bedecked with thee
Nature forswears
Antiquity –

c. 1875

#### 1333

A little Madness in the Spring Is wholesome even for the King, But God be with the Clown –

Who ponders this tremendous scene
This whole Experiment of Green -
As if it were his own!

c. 1875

1334

How soft this Prison is How sweet these sullen bars No Despot but the King of Down Invented this repose

Of Fate if this is All Has he no added Realm A Dungeon but a Kinsman is Incarceration – Home.

c. 1875

1335

Let me not mar that perfect Dream By an Auroral stain But so adjust my daily Night That it will come again.

Not when we know, the Power accosts-The Garment of Surprise Was all our timid Mother wore At Home – in Paradise.

c. 1875

1336

Nature assigns the Sun – That – is Astronomy – Nature cannot enact a Friend -That – is Astrology.

c. 1875

Upon a Lilac Sea
To toss incessantly
His Plush Alarm
Who fleeing from the Spring
The Spring avenging fling
To Dooms of Balm –

c. 1875

1945

## 1338

What tenements of clover
Are fitting for the bee,
What edifices azure
For butterflies and me –
What residences nimble
Arise and evanesce
Without a rhythmic rumor
Or an assaulting guess.

1875?

1894

### 1339

A Bee his burnished Carriage
Drove boldly to a Rose —
Combinedly alighting —
Himself — his Carriage was —
The Rose received his visit
With frank tranquillity
Withholding not a Crescent
To his Cupidity —
Their Moment consummated—
Remained for him — to flee —
Remained for her — of rapture
But the humility.

c. 1875

A Rat surrendered here A brief career of Cheer And Fraud and Fear.

Of Ignominy's due Let all addicted to Beware.

The most obliging Trap Its tendency to snap Cannot resist –

Temptation is the Friend Repugnantly resigned At last.

c. 1875

1945

### 1341

Unto the Whole – how add? Has "All" a further Realm – Or Utmost an Ulterior? Oh, Subsidy of Balm!

c. 1875

1945

## 1342

"Was not" was all the Statement. The Unpretension stuns – Perhaps – the Comprehension – They wore no Lexicons –

But lest our Speculation In inanition die Because "God took him" mention That was Philology –

c. 1875

A single Clover Plank
Was all that saved a Bee
A Bee I personally knew
From sinking in the sky-

'Twixt Firmament above And Firmament below The Billows of Circumference Were sweeping him away –

The idly swaying Plank Responsible to nought A sudden Freight of Wind assumed And Bumble Bee was not –

This harrowing event Transpiring in the Grass Did not so much as wring from him A wandering "Alas" –

c. 1875

### 1344

Not any more to be lacked – Not any more to be known – Denizen of Significance For a span so worn –

Even Nature herself Has forgot it is there – Sedulous of her Multitudes Notwithstanding Despair –

Of the Ones that pursued it Suing it not to go Some have solaced the longing To accompany –

Some – rescinded the Wrench – Others – Shall I say

[ 581 ]

Plated the residue of Adz With Monotony.

c. 1875

I345

An antiquated Grace
Becomes that cherished Face
As well as prime
Enjoining us to part
We and our pouting Heart
Good friends with time

c. 1875

# 1346

As Summer into Autumn slips
And yet we sooner say
"The Summer" than "the Autumn," lest
We turn the sun away,

And almost count it an Affront The presence to concede Of one however lovely, not The one that we have loved –

So we evade the charge of Years On one attempting shy The Circumvention of the Shaft Of Life's Declivity.

c. 1875

### 1347

Escape is such a thankful Word I often in the Night Consider it unto myself No spectacle in sight

Escape - it is the Basket In which the Heart is caught

[582]

When down some awful Battlement The rest of Life is dropt –

"Tis not to sight the savior — It is to be the saved — And that is why I lay my Head Upon this trusty word —

c. 1875

1348

Lift it – with the Feathers
Not alone we fly –
Launch it – the aquatic
Not the only sea –
Advocate the Azure
To the lower Eyes –
He has obligation
Who has Paradise –

c. 1875

1349

I'd rather recollect a setting
Than own a rising sun
Though one is beautiful forgettingAnd true the other one.

Because in going is a Drama Staying cannot confer To die divinely once a Twilight – Than wane is easier –

c. 1875

1350

Luck is not chance – It's Toil – Fortune's expensive smile Is earned –

[ 583 ]

The Father of the Mine
Is that old-fashioned Coin
We spurned –

c. 1875

1945

1351

You cannot take itself
From any Human soul –
That indestructible estate
Enable him to dwell –
Impregnable as Light
That every man behold
But take away as difficult
As undiscovered Gold –

c. 1875

1945

1352

To his simplicity
To die – was little Fate –
If Duty live – contented
But her Confederate.

c. 1876

1931

1353

The last of Summer is Delight -Deterred by Retrospect. 'Tis Ecstasy's revealed Review -Enchantment's Syndicate.

To meet it – nameless as it is – Without celestial Mail – Audacious as without a Knock To walk within the Veil.

c. 1876

The Heart is the Capital of the Mind – The Mind is a single State – The Heart and the Mind together make A single Continent –

One – is the Population – Numerous enough – This ecstatic Nation Seek – it is Yourself.

c. 1876

1929

### 1355

The Mind lives on the Heart Like any Parasite – If that is full of Meat The Mind is fat.

But if the Heart omit Emaciate the Wit - · The Aliment of it So absolute.

c. 1876

1932

# 1356

The Rat is the concisest Tenant. He pays no Rent. Repudiates the Obligation – On Schemes intent

Balking our Wit
To sound or circumvent –
Hate cannot harm
A Foe so reticent –
Neither Decree prohibit him –
Lawful as Equilibrium.

c. 1876

"Faithful to the end" Amended From the Heavenly Clause -Constancy with a Proviso Constancy abhors -"Crowns of Life" are servile Prizes To the stately Heart, Given for the Giving, solely, No Emolument. version I c. 1876 1932 "Faithful to the end" Amended From the Heavenly clause -Lucrative indeed the offer But the Heart withdraws -"I will give" the base Proviso -Spare Your "Crown of Life" -Those it fits, too fair to wear it -Try it on Yourself version II c. 1876 1945 1358 The Treason of an accent Might Ecstasy transfer -Of her effacing Fathom Is no Recoverer version I c. 1876 1931 The Treason of an Accent Might vilify the Joy -To breathe-corrode the rapture Of Sanctity to be version II c. 1876 1914 The long sigh of the Frog
Upon a Summer's Day
Enacts intoxication
Upon the Revery –
But his receding Swell
Substantiates a Peace
That makes the Ear inordinate
For corporal release –

c. 1876

1914

# 1360

I sued the News – yet feared – the News That such a Realm could be – "The House not made with Hands" it was -Thrown open wide to me –

c. 1876

1931

# 1361

The Flake the Wind exasperate More eloquently lie Than if escorted to its Down By Arm of Chivalry.

c. 1876

1931

# 1362

Of their peculiar light I keep one ray To clarify the Sight To seek them by –

c. 1876

1931

1363

Summer laid her simple Hat On its boundless Shelf –

[587]

Unobserved - a Ribbon slipt, Snatch it for yourself. Summer laid her supple Glove In its sylvan Drawer -Wheresoe'er, or was she -The demand of Awe? c. 1876 1947 1364 How know it from a Summer's Day? Its Fervors are as firm -And nothing in the Countenance But scintillates the same -Yet Birds examine it and flee -And Vans without a name Inspect the Admonition And sunder as they came c. 1876 1955 1365 Take all away -The only thing worth larceny Is left - the Immortality c. 1876 1891 1366A Brother of Ingots - Ah Peru -Empty the Hearts that purchased you c. 1876 1945

1366B

Sister of Ophir -Ah, Peru -

. [588]

Subtle the Sum	
That purchase you	_

c. 1878

1366C

Brother of Ophir Bright Adieu, Honor, the shortest route To you.

c. 1880

1367
"Tomorrow" – whose location
The Wise deceives
Though its hallucination
Is last that leaves –
Tomorrow – thou Retriever
Of every tare –
Of Alibi art thou
Or ownest where?

c. 1876

1368

Love's stricken "why"
Is all that love can speak –
Built of but just a syllable
The hugest hearts that break.

c. 1876

1369

Trusty as the stars
Who quit their shining working
Prompt as when I lit them
In Genesis' new house,
Durable as dawn
Whose antiquated blossom

[ 589 ]

Makes a world's suspense Perish and rejoice.	1894
1370	
Gathered into the Earth, And out of story – Gathered to that strange Fame – That lonesome Glory That hath no omen here – but Awe –	
	1945
1371	
How fits his Umber Coat The Tailor of the Nut? Combined without a seam Like Raiment of a Dream –	
Who spun the Auburn Cloth? Computed how the girth? The Chestnut aged grows	

In those primeval Clothes – We know that we are wise – Accomplished in Surprise – Yet by this Countryman – This nature – how undone!

1876?

c. 1876

c. 1876

1372

The Sun is one – and on the Tare He doth as punctual call As on the conscientious Flower And estimates them all –

c. 1876

[590]

The worthlessness of Earthly things The Ditty is that Nature Sings – And then – enforces their delight Till Synods are inordinate –

c. 1876

### 1374

A Saucer holds a Cup In sordid human Life But in a Squirrel's estimate A Saucer hold a Loaf.

A Table of a Tree Demands the little King And every Breeze that run along His Dining Room do swing.

His Cutlery – he keeps Within his Russet Lips – To see it flashing when he dines Do Birmingham eclipse –

Convicted – could we be Of our Minutiae The smallest Citizen that flies Is heartier than we –

c. 1876

#### 1375

Death warrants are supposed to be An enginery of equity A merciful mistake A pencil in an Idol's Hand A Devotee has oft consigned To Crucifix or Block

c. 1876

Dreams are the subtle Dower That make us rich an Hour – Then fling us poor Out of the purple Door Into the Precinct raw Possessed before –

c. 1876

1945

### 1377

Forbidden Fruit a flavor has That lawful Orchards mocks – How luscious lies within the Pod The Pea that Duty locks –

c. 1876

1896

## 1378

His Heart was darker than the starless night For that there is a morn But in this black Receptacle Can be no Bode of Dawn

c. 1876

1945

### 1379

His Mansion in the Pool
The Frog forsakes –
He rises on a Log
And statements makes –
His Auditors two Worlds
Deducting me –
The Orator of April
Is hoarse Today –
His Mittens at his Feet
No Hand hath he –
His eloquence a Bubble
As Fame should be –

[ 592 ]

Applaud him to discover To your chagrin Demosthenes has vanished In Waters Green –

c. 1876

1945

1380

How much the present moment means
To those who've nothing more —
The Fop — the Carp — the Atheist —
Stake an entire store
Upon a Moment's shallow Rim
While their commuted Feet
The Torrents of Eternity
Do all but inundate —

c. 1876

1945

1381

I suppose the time will come Aid it in the coming When the Bird will crowd the Tree And the Bee be booming.

I suppose the time will come Hinder it a little When the Corn in Silk will dress And in Chintz the Apple

I believe the Day will be When the Jay will giggle At his new white House the Earth That, too, halt a little –

c. 1876

1945

1382

In many and reportless places We feel a Joy-

[ 593 ]



Reportless, also, but sincere as Nature Or Deity –

It comes, without a consternation –
Dissolves – the same –
But leaves a sumptuous Destitution –
Without a Name –

Profane it by a search – we cannot It has no home – Nor we who having once inhaled it – Thereafter roam.

c. 1876

1945

# 1383

Long Years apart – can make no Breach a second cannot fill – The absence of the Witch does not Invalidate the spell –

The embers of a Thousand Years
Uncovered by the Hand
That fondled them when they were Fire
Will stir and understand—

c. 1876

1945

# 1384

Praise it—'tis dead—
It cannot glow—
Warm this inclement Ear
With the encomium it earned
Since it was gathered here—
Invest this alabaster Zest
In the Delights of Dust—
Remitted—since it flitted it
In recusance august.

c. 1876

"Secrets" is a daily word
Yet does not exist—
Muffled—it remits surmise—
Murmured—it has ceased—
Dungeoned in the Human Breast
Doubtless secrets lie—
But that Grate inviolate—
Goes nor comes away
Nothing with a Tongue or Ear—
Secrets stapled there
Will emerge but once—and dumbTo the Sepulchre—

c. 1879

1945

1386

Summer – we all have seen -A few of us – believed – A few – the more aspiring Unquestionably loved –

But Summer does not care – She goes her spacious way As eligible as the moon To our Temerity –

The Doom to be adored – The Affluence conferred – Unknown as to an Ecstasy The Embryo endowed –

c. 1876

1945

1387

The Butterfly's Numidian Gown With spots of Burnish roasted on Is proof against the Sun Yet prone to shut its spotted Fan

# And panting on a Clover lean As if it were undone –

c. 1876

1945

## 1388

Those Cattle smaller than a Bee That herd upon the eye – Whose tillage is the passing Crumb-Those Cattle are the Fly – Of Barns for Winter – blameless – Extemporaneous stalls They found to our objection -On eligible walls -Reserving the presumption To suddenly descend And gallop on the Furniture -Or odiouser offend -Of their peculiar calling Unqualified to judge To Nature we remand them To justify or scourge -

c. 1876

1945

# 1389

Touch lightly Nature's sweet Guitar Unless thou know'st the Tune Or every Bird will point at thee Because a Bard too soon –

c. 1876

1945

### 1390

These held their Wick above the West-Till when the Red declined— Or how the Amber aided it— Defied to be defined—

[ 596 ]

	Then waned without disparagement In a dissembling Hue That would not let the Eye decide Did it abide or no—	
c. 1877		1951
	1391	
c. 1877	They might not need me – yet they might-I'll let my Heart be just in sight – A smile so small as mine might be Precisely their necessity –	189 <i>4</i>
	1392	
	Hope is a strange invention. A Patent of the Heart — In unremitting action Yet never wearing out —	
	Of this electric Adjunct Not anything is known But its unique momentum Embellish all we own –	
c. 1877		1931
	¥202	
	1393  Lay this Laurel on the One  Too intrinsic for Renown –  Laurel – veil your deathless tree –  Him you chasten, that is He!	
<b>c</b> . 1877		1891
	1394	
	Whose Pink career may have a close Portentous as our own, who knows?	

c. 1877

1894

### 1395

After all Birds have been investigated and laid aside-Nature imparts the little Blue-Bird – assured Her conscientious Voice will soar unmoved Above ostensible Vicissitude.

First at the March – competing with the Wind – Her panting note exalts us – like a friend – Last to adhere when Summer cleaves away – Elegy of Integrity.

c. 1877

1932

## 1396

She laid her docile Crescent down And this confiding Stone Still states to Dates that have forgot The News that she is gone –

So constant to its stolid trust, The Shaft that never knew – It shames the Constancy that fled Before its emblem flew –

c. 1877

1896

### 1397

It sounded as if the Streets were running And then – the Streets stood still – Eclipse – was all we could see at the Window And Awe – was all we could feel.

By and by – the boldest stole out of his Covert To see if Time was there – Nature was in an Opal Apron, Mixing fresher Air.

c. 1877

1398

I have no Life but this – To lead it here – Nor any Death – but lest Dispelled from there –

Nor tie to Earths to come – Nor Action new – Except through this extent-The Realm of you –

c. 1877

1399

Perhaps they do not go so far As we who stay, suppose – Perhaps come closer, for the lapse Of their corporeal clothes –

It may be know so certainly How short we have to fear That comprehension antedates And estimates us there –

c. 1877

1400

What mystery pervades a well! That water lives so far – A neighbor from another world Residing in a jar

Whose limit none have ever seen, But just his lid of glass – Like looking every time you please In an abyss's face!

[ 599 ]

The grass does not appear afraid, I often wonder he Can stand so close and look so bold At what is awe to me.

Related somehow they may be, The sedge stands next the sea – Where he is floorless And does no timidity betray

But nature is a stranger yet; The ones that cite her most Have never passed her haunted house, Nor simplified her ghost.

To pity those that know her not Is helped by the regret That those who know her, know her less The nearer her they get.

1877?

1896

### 1401

To own a Susan of my own Is of itself a Bliss – Whatever Realm I forfeit, Lord, Continue me in this!

c. 1877

1932

### 1402

To the stanch Dust
We safe commit thee —
Tongue if it hath,
Inviolate to thee —
Silence — denote —
And Sanctity — enforce thee Passenger — of Infinity —

c. 1877

1403	
------	--

My Maker – let me be Enamored most of thee – But nearer this I more should miss –

c. 1877

1915

### 1404

March is the Month of Expectation. The things we do not know—
The Persons of prognostication
Are coming now—
We try to show becoming firmness—
But pompous Joy
Betrays us, as his first Betrothal
Betrays a Boy.

c. 1877

1914

### 1405

Bees are Black, with Gilt Surcingles – Buccaneers of Buzz. Ride abroad in ostentation And subsist on Fuzz.

Fuzz ordained – not Fuzz contingent -Marrows of the Hill. Jugs – a Universe's fracture Could not jar or spill.

c. 1877

1945

### 1406

No Passenger was known to flee – That lodged a night in memory – That wily – subterranean Inn Contrives that none go out again -

c. 1877

A Field of Stubble, lying sere
Beneath the second Sun –
Its Toils to Brindled People thrust –
Its Triumphs – to the Bin –
Accosted by a timid Bird
Irresolute of Alms –
Is often seen – but seldom felt,
On our New England Farms –

c. 1877

1932

1408

The Fact that Earth is Heaven – Whether Heaven is Heaven or not If not an Affidavit Of that specific Spot Not only must confirm us That it is not for us But that it would affront us To dwell in such a place –

c. 1877

1945

1409

Could mortal lip divine
The undeveloped Freight
Of a delivered syllable
"Twould crumble with the weight.

c. 1877

1894

1410

I shall not murmur if at last
The ones I loved below
Permission have to understand
For what I shunned them so—
Divulging it would rest my Heart
But it would ravage theirs—

[602]

Why, Katie, Treason has a Voice
But mine - dispels - in Tears.

c. 1877

### 1411

Of Paradise' existence All we know Is the uncertain certainty— But its vicinity infer, By its Bisecting Messenger—

c. 1877

#### 1412

Shame is the shawl of Pink
In which we wrap the Soul
To keep it from infesting EyesThe elemental Veil
Which helpless Nature drops
When pushed upon a scene
Repugnant to her probity—
Shame is the tint divine.

c. 1877

### 1413

Sweet Skepticism of the Heart –
That knows – and does not know –
And tosses like a Fleet of Balm –
Affronted by the snow –
Invites and then retards the Truth
Lest Certainty be sere
Compared with the delicious throe
Of transport thrilled with Fear –

c. 1877

Unworthy of her Breast
Though by that scathing test
What Soul survive?
By her exacting light
How counterfeit the white
We chiefly have!

c. 1877

1945

### 1415

A wild Blue sky abreast of Winds
That threatened it – did run
And crouched behind his Yellow Door
Was the defiant sun –
Some conflict with those upper friends
So genial in the main
That we deplore peculiarly
Their arrogant campaign –

c. 1877

1945

### 1416

Crisis is sweet and yet the Heart Upon the hither side Has Dowers of Prospective To Denizens denied

Inquire of the closing Rose Which rapture she preferred And she will point you sighing To her rescinded Bud.

c. 1877

1914

1417

How Human Nature dotes On what it can't detect.

[604]

The moment that a Plot is plumbed Prospective is extinct –

Prospective is the friend Reserved for us to know When Constancy is clarified Of Curiosity—

Of subjects that resist Redoubtablest is this Where go we – Go we anywhere Creation after this?

c. 1877

1945

### 1418

How lonesome the Wind must feel Nights-When people have put out the Lights And everything that has an Inn Closes the shutter and goes in—

How pompous the Wind must feel Noons Stepping to incorporeal Tunes Correcting errors of the sky And clarifying scenery

How mighty the Wind must feel Morns Encamping on a thousand dawns Espousing each and spurning all Then soaring to his Temple Tall –

c. 1877

1945

### 1419

It was a quiet seeming Day –
There was no harm in earth or sky –
Till with the closing sun
There strayed an accidental Red
A Strolling Hue, one would have said
To westward of the Town –

[605]

But when the Earth began to jar And Houses vanished with a roar And Human Nature hid We comprehended by the Awe As those that Dissolution saw The Poppy in the Cloud

c. 1877

1945

1420

One Joy of so much anguish
Sweet nature has for me
I shun it as I do Despair
Or dear iniquity –
Why Birds, a Summer morning
Before the Quick of Day
Should stab my ravished spirit
With Dirks of Melody
Is part of an inquiry
That will receive reply
When Flesh and Spirit sunder
In Death's Immediately –

c. 1877

1945

1421

Such are the inlets of the mind-His outlets – would you see Ascend with me the eminence Of immortality –

c. 1877

1945

1422

Summer has two Beginnings – Beginning once in June – Beginning in October Affectingly again –

[606]

Without, perhaps, the Riot But graphicker for Grace – As finer is a going Than a remaining Face –

Departing then – forever – Forever – until May – Forever is deciduous – Except to those who die –

c. 1877

1945

#### 1423

The fairest Home I ever knew
Was founded in an Hour
By Parties also that I knew
A spider and a Flower —
A manse of mechlin and of Floss-

c. 1877

1945

#### 1424

The Gentian has a parched Corolla-Like azure dried 'Tis Nature's buoyant juices Beatified — Without a vaunt or sheen As casual as Rain And as benign —

When most is past – it comes – Nor isolate it seems Its Bond its Friend – To fill its Fringed career And aid an aged Year Abundant end –

Its lot – were it forgot – This Truth endear –

[607]

c. 1877

1945

1425

The inundation of the Spring Enlarges every soul – It sweeps the tenement away But leaves the Water whole –

In which the soul at first estranged – Seeks faintly for its shore But acclimated – pines no more For that Peninsula –

c. 1877

1914

1426

The pretty Rain from those sweet Eaves Her unintending Eyes – Took her own Heart, including ours, By innocent Surprise –

The wrestle in her simple Throat
To hold the feeling down
That vanquished her – defeated Feat –
Was Fervor's sudden Crown –

c. 1877

1945

1427

To earn it by disdaining it Is Fame's consummate Fee — He loves what spurns him — Look behind – He is pursuing thee.

So let us gather – every Day – The Aggregate of

[608]

c. 1877

1428

Water makes many Beds
For those averse to sleep –
Its awful chamber open stands –
Its Curtains blandly sweep –
Abhorrent is the Rest
In undulating Rooms
Whose Amplitude no end in adesWhose Axis never comes.

c. 1877

1429

We shun because we prize her Face Lest sight's ineffable disgrace Our Adoration stain

c. 1877

1430

Who never wanted—maddest Joy Remains to him unknown— The Banquet of Abstemiousness Defaces that of Wine—

Within its reach, though yet ungrasped Desire's perfect Goal – No nearer – lest the Actual – Should disenthrall thy soul –

c. 1877

1431

With Pinions of Disdain The soul can farther fly

[609]



Than any feather specified in Ornithology –
It wasts this sordid Flesh
Beyond its dull – control
And during its electric gale –
The body is a soul –
instructing by the same –
How little work it be –
To put off filaments like this
for immortality

c. 1877

1945

1432

Spurn the temerity – Rashness of Calvary – Gay were Gethsemane Knew we of Thee –

c. 1878

1927

1433

How brittle are the Piers On which our Faith doth tread – No Bridge below doth totter so – Yet none hath such a Crowd.

It is as old as God –
Indeed – 'twas built by him –
He sent his Son to test the Plank,
And he pronounced it firm.

c. 1878

1894

1434

Go not too near a House of Rose – The depredation of a Breeze Or inundation of a Dew Alarms its walls away –

[610]

Nor try to tie the Butterfly, Nor climb the Bars of Ecstasy, In insecurity to lie Is Joy's insuring quality.

c. 1878

1894

## 1435

Not that he goes – we love him more Who led us while he stayed. Beyond earth's trafficking frontier, For what he moved, he made.

c. 1878

1894

## 1436

Than Heaven more remote, For Heaven is the root, But these the flitted seed, More flown indeed Than ones that never were, Or those that hide, and are.

What madness, by their side, A vision to provide Of future days They cannot praise.

My soul, to find them, come, They cannot call, they're dumb, Nor prove, nor woo, But that they have abode Is absolute as God, And instant, too.

1878?

1894

1437

A Dew sufficed itself -And satisfied a Leaf

[611]

And felt "how vast a destiny" "How trivial is Life!"

The Sun went out to work – The Day went out to play And not again that Dew be seen By Physiognomy

Whether by Day Abducted Or emptied by the Sun Into the Sea in passing Eternally unknown

Attested to this Day That awful Tragedy By Transport's instability And Doom's celerity.

c. 1878

1896

# 1438

Behold this little Bane – The Boon of all alive – As common as it is unknown The name of it is Love –

To lack of it is Woe – To own of it is Wound – Not elsewhere – if in Paradise Its Tantamount be found –

c. 1878

1945

## 1439

How ruthless are the gentle – How cruel are the kind – God broke his contract to his Lamb To qualify the Wind –

c. 1878

The healed Heart shows its shallow scar With confidential moan – Not mended by Mortality Are Fabrics truly torn – To go its convalescent way So shameless is to see More genuine were Perfidy Than such Fidelity.

c. 1878

1914

#### 1441

These Fevered Days – to take them to the Forest Where Waters cool around the mosses crawl – And shade is all that devastates the stillness Seems it sometimes this would be all –

c. 1878

1945

#### 1442

To mend each tattered Faith There is a needle fair Though no appearance indicate-'Tis threaded in the Air –

And though it do not wear As if it never Tore 'Tis very comfortable indeed And spacious as before –

c. 1878

1945

#### 1443

A chilly Peace infests the Grass The Sun respectful lies – Not any Trance of industry These shadows scrutinize –

[613]

Whose Allies go no more astray For service or for Glee – But all mankind deliver here From whatsoever sea –

c. 1878

1945

#### 1444

A little Snow was here and there Disseminated in her Hair – Since she and I had met and played Decade had gathered to Decade –

But Time had added not obtained Impregnable the Rose For summer too indelible Too obdurate for Snows –

c. 1878

1945

## 1445

Death is the supple Suitor
That wins at last—
It is a stealthy Wooing
Conducted first
By pallid innuendoes
And dim approach
But brave at last with Bugles
And a bisected Coach
It bears away in triumph
To Troth unknown
And Kindred as responsive
As Porcelain.

c. 1878

1945

# 1446

His Mind like Fabrics of the East Displayed to the despair

[614]

Of everyone but here and there An humble Purchaser – For though his price was not of Gold – More arduous there is – That one should comprehend the worth Was all the price there was –

c. 1878

1945

#### 1447

How good his Lava Bed,
To this laborious Boy –
Who must be up to call the World
And dress the sleepy Day –

c. 1878

1945

## 1448

How soft a Caterpillar steps —
I find one on my Hand
From such a velvet world it comes
Such plushes at command
Its soundless travels just arrest
My slow — terrestrial eye
Intent upon its own career
What use has it for me —

c. 1878

1945

#### 1449

I thought the Train would never come – How slow the whistle sang – I don't believe a peevish Bird So whimpered for the Spring – I taught my Heart a hundred times Precisely what to say – Provoking Lover, when you came Its Treatise flew away

To hide my strategy too late To wiser be too soon –	
For miseries so halcyon	
The happiness atone –	
The happiness atome -	
	1945
1450	
The Road was lit with Moon and star – The Trees were bright and still – Descried I – by the distant Light A Traveller on a Hill – To magic Perpendiculars Ascending, though Terrene –	
Unknown his shimmering ultimate -	
But he indorsed the sheen –	
,	1945
1451	
Whoever disenchants A single Human soul By failure of irreverence Is guilty of the whole.	
As guileless as a Bird As graphic as a star Till the suggestion sinister Things are not what they are –	1945
1452	
Your thoughts don't have words every day They come a single time Like signal esoteric sips Of the communion Wine Which while you taste so native seems So easy so to be You cannot comprehend its price	
Nor its infrequency	

c. 1878

c. 1878

c. 1878

c. 1878

A Counterfeit – a Plated Person –
I would not be –
Whatever strata of Iniquity
My Nature underlie –
Truth is good Health – and Safety, and the Sky.
How meagre, what an Exile – is a Lie,
And Vocal – when we die –

c. 1879

1924

## 1454

Those not live yet
Who doubt to live again —
"Again" is of a twice
But this — is one —
The Ship beneath the Draw
Aground — is he?
Death — so — the Hyphen of the Sea —
Deep is the Schedule
Of the Disk to be —
Costumeless Consciousness —
That is he —

c. 1879

1932

#### 1455

Opinion is a flitting thing, But Truth, outlasts the Sun – If then we cannot own them both-Possess the oldest one –

c. 1879

1924

1456

So gay a Flower Bereaves the Mind As if it were a Woe –

[617]

		n Affliction – then? ught to know –	
с.	1879		1914
		1457	
	It stole al	long so stealthy	
		n it was done	
		as to the wealthy	
c.	1879	ng not to own –	1010
O.	~~/)		1915
		1458	
		hargers will not wait	
	At any Gate b	ut Woe's – gloat to hesitate	
		stir for blows -	
c.	1879		1932
		1459	
		ar had a Letter –	
		r had but one – ar's Correspondent	
		ed and begun	
		nmortal Copy	
		science of us all l without its Glasses	
		lation's Wall –	
c.	1879		1890
		1460	
		is his Biographer-	
		ne can blush : Opprobrium —	
		e sins in peace –	
c.	1879	*	1914
		[ 618 ]	

## 1461

"Heavenly Father" – take to thee
The supreme iniquity
Fashioned by thy candid Hand
In a moment contraband –
Though to trust us – seem to us
More respectful – "We are Dust" –
We apologize to thee
For thine own Duplicity –

c. 1879

1914

# 1462

We knew not that we were to live-Nor when – we are to die – Our ignorance – our cuirass is – We wear Mortality As lightly as an Option Gown Till asked to take it off – By his intrusion, God is known – It is the same with Life –

c. 1879

1894

A Route of Evanescence
With a revolving Wheel –
A Resonance of Emerald –
A Rush of Cochineal –
And every Blossom on the Bush
Adjusts its tumbled Head –
The mail from Tunis, probably,

1463

c. 1879

1891

1464

One thing of it we borrow And promise to return –

An easy Morning's Ride –

[619]

The Booty and the Sorrow
Its Sweetness to have known –
One thing of it we covet –
The power to forget –
The Anguish of the Avarice
Defrays the Dross of it –

c. 1879

1894

# 1465

Before you thought of Spring Except as a Surmise You see – God bless his suddenness – A Fellow in the Skies Of independent Hues A little weather worn Inspiriting habiliments Of Indigo and Brown – With specimens of Song As if for you to choose --Discretion in the interval With gay delays he goes To some superior Tree Without a single Leaf And shouts for joy to Nobody But his seraphic self -

c. 1871

1891

# 1466

One of the ones that Midas touched Who failed to touch us all Was that confiding Prodigal The reeling Oriole –

So drunk he disavows it With badinage divine – So dazzling we mistake him For an alighting Mine –

[620]

A Pleader - a Dissembler -An Epicure - a Thief -Betimes an Oratorio -An Ecstasy in chief –

The Jesuit of Orchards He cheats as he enchants Of an entire Attar For his decamping wants -

The splendor of a Burmah The Meteor of Birds, Departing like a Pageant Of Ballads and of Bards -

I never thought that Jason sought For any Golden Fleece But then I am a rural man With thoughts that make for Peace-

But if there were a Jason, Tradition bear with me Behold his lost Aggrandizement Upon the Apple Tree –

с. 1879

1467

A little overflowing word That any, hearing, had inferred For Ardor or for Tears, Though Generations pass away, Traditions ripen and decay, As eloquent appears -

c. 1879

1924

1891

1468

A winged spark doth soar about -I never met it near

[621]

For Lightning it is oft mistook When nights are hot and sere –

Its twinkling Travels it pursues
Above the Haunts of men –
A speck of Rapture – first perceived
By feeling it is gone –
Rekindled by some action quaint

**c**. 1879

1945

## 1469

If wrecked upon the Shoal of Thought How is it with the Sea? The only Vessel that is shunned Is safe – Simplicity –

c. 1879

1945

#### 1470

The Sweets of Pillage, can be known To no one but the Thief – Compassion for Integrity Is his divinest Grief –

c. 1879

1914

#### 1471

Their Barricade against the Sky The martial Trees withdraw And with a Flag at every turn Their Armies are no more.

What Russet Halts in Nature's March They indicate or cause An inference of Mexico Effaces the Surmise –

Recurrent to the After Mind That Massacre of Air –

[622]

The Wound that was not Wound nor Scar But Holidays of War -1945 1472 To see the Summer Sky Is Poetry, though never in a Book it lie-True Poems flee -1945 1473 We talked with each other about each other Though neither of us spoke -We were listening to the seconds' Races And the Hoofs of the Clock -Pausing in Front of our Palsied Faces Time compassion took -Arks of Reprieve he offered to us -Ararats - we took -1945

1474

Estranged from Beauty - none can be-For Beauty is Infinity -And power to be finite ceased Before Identity was leased.

c. 1879 1945

1475

Fame is the one that does not stay -Its occupant must die Or out of sight of estimate Ascend incessantly -Or be that most insolvent thing A Lightning in the Germ –

[623]



c. 1879

c. 1879

c. 1879

Electrical the embryo But we demand the Flame

c. 1879

1945

1476

His voice decrepit was with Joy –
Her words did totter so
How old the News of Love must be
To make Lips elderly
That purled a moment since with GleeIs it Delight or Woe –
Or Terror – that do decorate
This livid interview –

c. 1879

1945

1477

How destitute is he
Whose Gold is firm
Who finds it every time
The small stale Sum –
When Love with but a Pence
Will so display
As is a disrespect
To India.

c. 1879

1914

1478

Look back on Time, with kindly eyes-He doubtless did his best – How softly sinks that trembling sun In Human Nature's West –

c. 1879

1890

1479

The Devil - had he fidelity
Would be the best friend -

[624]

į 1.

Because he has ability –
But Devils cannot mend –
Perfidy is the virtue
That would but he resign
The Devil – without question
Were thoroughly divine

c. 1879

1914

## 1480

The fascinating chill that music leaves
Is Earth's corroboration
Of Ecstasy's impediment –
'Tis Rapture's germination
In timid and tumultuous soil
A fine – estranging creature –
To something upper wooing us
But not to our Creator –

c. 1879

1945

# 1481

The way Hope builds his House It is not with a sill – Nor Rafter – has that Edifice But only Pinnacle –

Abode in as supreme This superficies As if it were of Ledges smit Or mortised with the Laws—

c. 1879

1945

# 1482

Tis whiter than an Indian Pipe – Tis dimmer than a Lace – No stature has it, like a Fog When you approach the place –

[625]

Not any voice imply it here Or intimate it there A spirit – how doth it accost – What function hath the Air? This limitless Hyperbole Each one of us shall be – 'Tis Drama – if Hypothesis It be not Tragedy –

c. 1879

1896

# 1483

The Robin is a Gabriel
In humble circumstances —
His Dress denotes him socially,
Of Transport's Working Classes —
He has the punctuality
Of the New England Farmer —
The same oblique integrity,
A Vista vastly warmer —

A small but sturdy Residence,
A self denying Household,
The Guests of Perspicacity
Are all that cross his Threshold—
As covert as a Fugitive,
Cajoling Consternation
By Ditties to the Enemy
And Sylvan Punctuation—

c. 1880

1894

# 1484

We shall find the Cube of the Rainbow. Of that, there is no doubt. But the Arc of a Lover's conjecture Eludes the finding out.

c. 1880

# 1485

Love is done when Love's begun, Sages say, But have Sages known? Truth adjourn your Boon Without Day.

c. 1880

1894

## 1486

Her spirit rose to such a height
Her countenance it did inflate
Like one that fed on awe.
More prudent to assault the dawn
Than merit the ethereal scorn
That effervesced from her.

c. 1880

1932

# 1487

The Savior must have been A docile Gentleman – To come so far so cold a Day For little Fellowmen –

The Road to Bethlehem
Since He and I were Boys
Was leveled, but for that 'twould be
A rugged billion Miles –

c. 1880

1915

# 1488

Birthday of but a single pang That there are less to come – Afflictive is the Adjective But affluent the doom –

c. 1880

1489

A Dimple in the Tomb Makes that ferocious Room A Home-

c. 1880

1931

## 1490

The Face in evanescence lain
Is more distinct than ours —
And ours surrendered for its sake
As Capsules are for Flower's —
Or is it the confiding sheen
Dissenting to be won
Descending to enamor us
Of Detriment divine?

c. 1880

1931

## 1491

The Road to Paradise is plain,
And holds scarce one.
Not that it is not firm
But we presume
A Dimpled Road
Is more preferred.
The Belles of Paradise are fewNot me – nor you –
But unsuspected things –
Mines have no Wings.

c. 1880

1945

## 1492

"And with what body do they come?" –
Then they do come – Rejoice!
What Door – What Hour – Run – run – My Soul!
Illuminate the House!

"Body!" Then real – a Face and Eyes – To know that it is them! – Paul knew the Man that knew the News – He passed through Bethlehem –

c. 1880

1894

## 1493

Could that sweet Darkness where they dwell Be once disclosed to us The clamor for their loveliness Would burst the Loneliness –

1894

#### 1494

The competitions of the sky Corrodeless ply.

188o?

1931

## 1495

The Thrill came slowly like a Boon for Centuries delayed Its fitness growing like the Flood In sumptuous solitude – The desolation only missed While Rapture changed its Dress And stood amazed before the Change In ravished Holiness –

c. 1880

1945

1496

All that I do
Is in review
To his enamored mind
I know his eye
Where e'er I ply
Is pushing close behind

[629]

Not any Port Nor any flight But he doth there preside What omnipresence lies in wait For her to be a Bride

c. 1880

1945

## 1497

Facts by our side are never sudden Until they look around And then they scare us like a spectre Protruding from the Ground –

The height of our portentous Neighbor We never know – Till summoned to his recognition By an Adieu –

Adieu for whence
The sage cannot conjecture
The bravest die
As ignorant of their resumption
As you or I—

c. 1880

1945

# 1498

Glass was the Street – in tinsel Peril Tree and Traveller stood – Filled was the Air with merry venture Hearty with Boys the Road –

Shot the lithe Sleds like shod vibrations Emphasized and gone It is the Past's supreme italic Makes this Present mean –

c. 1880

How firm Eternity must look To crumbling men like me The only Adamant Estate In all Identity—

How mighty to the insecure Thy Physiognomy To whom not any Face cohere-Unless concealed in thee

c. 1880

1945

1500

It came his turn to beg – The begging for the life Is different from another Alms "Tis Penury in Chief –

I scanned his narrow realm I gave him leave to live Lest Gratitude revive the snake Though smuggled his reprieve

c. 1880

1945

1501

Its little Ether Hood Doth sit upon its Head – The millinery supple Of the sagacious God –

Till when it slip away A nothing at a time – And Dandelion's Drama Expires in a stem.

c. 1880

## 1502

I saw the wind within her
I knew it blew for me –
But she must buy my shelter
I asked Humility

c. 1880

## 1503

More than the Grave is closed to me-The Grave and that Eternity To which the Grave adheres – I cling to nowhere till I fall – The Crash of nothing, yet of all – How similar appears –

c. 1880

## 1504

Of whom so dear
The name to hear
Illumines with a Glow
As intimate – as fugitive
As Sunset on the snow –

c. 1880

# 1505

She could not live upon the Past
The Present did not know her
And so she sought this sweet at last
And nature gently owned her
The mother that has not a knell
for either Duke or Robin

c. 1880

1506

Summer is shorter than any one-Life is shorter than Summer -Seventy Years is spent as quick

As an only Dollar –

1955

Sorrow - now - is polite - and stays -See how well we spurn him-Equally to abhor Delight -Equally retain him –

c. 1880

1945

1507

The Pile of Years is not so high As when you came before But it is rising every Day From recollection's Floor And while by standing on my Heart I still can reach the top Efface the mountain with your face And catch me ere I drop

c. 1880

1945

1508

1945

1945

You cannot make Remembrance grow When it has lost its Root -The tightening the Soil around And setting it upright Deceives perhaps the Universe But not retrieves the Plant -Real Memory, like Cedar Feet Is shod with Adamant -Nor can you cut Remembrance down When it shall once have grown -Its Iron Buds will sprout anew However overthrown -

c. 1880

1945

[633]

Mine Enemy is growing old – I have at last Revenge – The Palate of the Hate departs – If any would avenge

Let him be quick – the Viand flits – It is a faded Meat --Anger as soon as fed is dead – "Tis starving makes it fat –

c. 1881

1891

#### 1510

How happy is the little Stone
That rambles in the Road alone,
And doesn't care about Careers
And Exigencies never fears —
Whose Coat of elemental Brown
A passing Universe put on,
And independent as the Sun
Associates or glows alone,
Fulfilling absolute Decree
In casual simplicity —

c. 1881

1891

## 1511

My country need not change her gown, Her triple suit as sweet As when 'twas cut at Lexington, And first pronounced "a fit."

Great Britain disapproves, "the stars"; Disparagement discreet, – There's something in their attitude That taunts her bayonet.

c. 1881

# All things swept sole away This – is immensity –

c. 1881 1931

1513

"Go traveling with us!"

Her travels daily be
By routes of ecstasy
To Evening's Sea –

c. 1881 1931

1514

An Antiquated Tree
Is cherished of the Crow
Because that Junior Foliage is disrespectful now
To venerable Birds
Whose Corporation Coat
Would decorate Oblivion's
Remotest Consulate.

c. 1881

#### 1515

The Things that never can come back, are several—
Childhood—some forms of Hope—the Dead—
Though Joys—like Men—may sometimes make a Journey—
And still abide—
We do not mourn for Traveler, or Sailor,
Their Routes are fair—
But think enlarged of all that they will tell us
Returning here—
"Here!" There are typic "Heres"—
Foretold Locations—
The Spirit does not stand—

Himself - at whatsoever	Fathorn
His Native Land -	

c. 1881

1945

# 1516

No Autumn's intercepting Chill Appalls this Tropic Breast – But African Exuberance And Asiatic rest.

c. 1881

1914

#### 1517

How much of Source escapes with thee-How chief thy sessions be – For thou hast borne a universe Entirely away.

1881

1894

# 1518

Not seeing, still we know – Not knowing, guess – Not guessing, simile and hide And half caress –

And quake – and turn away, Seraphic fear – Is Eden's innuendo "If you dare"?

c. 1881

1894

## 1519

The Dandelion's pallid tube Astonishes the Grass, And Winter instantly becomes An infinite Alas –

[636]

The tube uplifts a signal Bud And then a shouting Flower, – The Proclamation of the Suns That sepulture is o'er.

c. 1881

1520

The stem of a departed Flower Has still a silent rank. The Bearer from an Emerald Court Of a Despatch of Pink.

c. 1881 1894

1521

The Butterfly upon the Sky, That doesn't know its Name And hasn't any tax to pay And hasn't any Home Is just as high as you and I, And higher, I believe, So soar away and never sigh And that's the way to grieve –

c. 1881 1894

1522

His little Hearse like Figure Unto itself a Dirge To a delusive Lilac The vanity divulge Of Industry and Morals And every righteous thing For the divine Perdition Of Idleness and Spring—

c. 1881 [637]



We never know we go when we are going-We jest and shut the Door – Fate – following – behind us bolts it – And we accost no more –

c. 1881

1894

#### 1524

A faded Boy – in sallow Clothes Who drove a lonesome Cow To pastures of Oblivion – A statesman's Embryo –

The Boys that whistled are extinct-The Cows that fed and thanked Remanded to a Ballad's Barn Or Clover's Retrospect –

c. 1881

1945

# 1525\*

He lived the Life of Ambush And went the way of Dusk And now against his subtle name There stands an Asterisk As confident of him as we – Impregnable we are – The whole of Immortality intrenched Within a star –

z. 1881

1945

# 1526

His oriental heresies Exhilarate the Bee, And filling all the Earth and Air With gay apostasy

<sup>\*</sup> See poem 1616.

Fatigued at last, a Clover plain Allures his jaded eye That lowly Breast where Butterflies Have felt it meet to die –

c. 1881

1945

#### 1527

Oh give it Motion – deck it sweet
With Artery and Vein –
Upon its fastened Lips lay words –
Affiance it again
To that Pink stranger we call Dust –
Acquainted more with that
Than with this horizontal one
That will not lift its Hat –

c. 1881

1945

## 1528

The Moon upon her fluent Route Defiant of a Road – The Star's Etruscan Argument Substantiate a God –

If Aims impel these Astral Ones
The ones allowed to know
Know that which makes them as forgot
As Dawn forgets them – now –

c. 1881

1914

## 1529

"Tis Seasons since the Dimpled War In which we each were Conqueror And each of us were slain And Centuries 'twill be and more Another Massacre before So modest and so vain –

Without a Formul	la we fought
Each was to each t	he Pink Ředoubt–

c. 1881

1945

## 1530

A Pang is more conspicuous in Spring In contrast with the things that sing Not Birds entirely – but Minds – Minute Effulgencies and Winds – When what they sung for is undone Who cares about a Blue Bird's Tune – Why, Resurrection had to wait Till they had moved a Stone –

c. 1881

1945

#### 1531

Above Oblivion's Tide there is a Pier And an effaceless "Few" are lifted there – Nay – lift themselves – Fame has no Arms-And but one smile – that meagres Balms –

c. 1881

1945

## 1532

From all the Jails the Boys and Girls Ecstatically leap — Beloved only Afternoon That Prison doesn't keep

They storm the Earth and stun the Air, A Mob of solid Bliss – Alas – that Frowns should lie in wait For such a Foe as this –

c. 1881

On that specific Pillow
Our projects flit away –
The Night's tremendous Morrow
And whether sleep will stay
Or usher us – a stranger –
To situations new
The effort to comprise it
Is all the soul can do.

c. 1881

1945

1534

Society for me my misery Since Gift of Thee -

c. 1881

1945

1535

The Life that tied too tight escapes
Will ever after run
With a prudential look behind
And spectres of the Rein –
The Horse that scents the living Grass
And sees the Pastures smile
Will be retaken with a shot
If he is caught at all –

c. 1881

1945

1536

There comes a warning like a spy A shorter breath of Day A stealing that is not a stealth And Summers are away –

2. 1881

1945

[641]



Candor – my tepid friend – Come not to play with me – The Myrrhs, and Mochas, of the Mind Are its iniquity –

c. 1881

1914

1538

Follow wise Orion
Till you waste your Eye –
Dazzingly decamping
He is just as high –

c. 1882

1914

1539

Now I lay thee down to Sleep – I pray the Lord thy Dust to keep – And if thou live before thou wake – I pray the Lord thy Soul to make –

c. 1882

1924

1540

As imperceptibly as Grief
The Summer lapsed away –
Too imperceptible at last
To seem like Perfidy –
A Quietness distilled
As Twilight long begun,
Or Nature spending with herself
Sequestered Afternoon –
The Dusk drew earlier in –
The Morning foreign shone –
A courteous, yet harrowing Grace,
As Guest, that would be gone –

And thus, without a Wing Or service of a Keel Our Summer made her light escape Into the Beautiful.

c. 1865

1891

#### 1541

No matter where the Saints abide, They make their Circuit fair Behold how great a Firmament Accompanies a Star.

1882?

1914

#### 1542

Come show thy Durham Breast
To her who loves thee best,
Delicious Robin —
And if it be not me
At least within my Tree
Do the avowing —
Thy Nuptial so minute
Perhaps is more astute
Than vaster suing —
For so to soar away
Is our propensity
The Day ensuing —

c. 1882

1947

#### 1543

Obtaining but our own Extent In whatsoever Realm – 'Twas Christ's own personal Expanse That bore him from the Tomb –

c. 1882

Who has not found the Heaven – below-Will fail of it above – For Angels rent the House next ours, Wherever we remove –

c. 1883

1896

## 1545

The Bible is an antique Volume – Written by faded Men At the suggestion of Holy Spectres – Subjects - Bethlehem -Eden – the ancient Homestead – Satan - the Brigadier -Judas - the Great Defaulter -David - the Troubadour -Sin – a distinguished Precipice Others must resist -Boys that "believe" are very lonesome. Other Boys are "lost" -Had but the Tale a warbling Teller -All the Boys would come -Orpheus' Sermon captivated -It did not condemn –

c. 1882

1924

## 1546

Sweet Pirate of the heart, Not Pirate of the Sea, What wrecketh thee? Some spice's Mutiny – Some Attar's perfidy? Confide in me.

c. 1882

Hope is a subtle Glutton – He feeds upon the Fair – And yet – inspected closely What Abstinence is there –

His is the Halcyon Table – That never seats but One – And whatsoever is consumed The same amount remain –

c. 1882

1896

## 1548

Meeting by Accident,
We hovered by design –
As often as a Century
An error so divine
Is ratified by Destiny,
But Destiny is old
And economical of Bliss
As Midas is of Gold –

c. 1882

1945

#### 1549

My Wars are laid away in Books –
I have one Battle more –
A Foe whom I have never seen
But oft has scanned me o'er –
And hesitated me between
And others at my side,
But chose the best – Neglecting me – till
All the rest, have died –
How sweet if I am not forgot
By Chums that passed away –
Since Playmates at threescore and ten
Are such a scarcity –

c. 1882

The pattern of the sun Can fit but him alone For sheen must have a Disk To be a sun -

c. 1882

1945

1551

Those – dying then, Knew where they went – They went to God's Right Hand-That Hand is amputated now And God cannot be found –

The abdication of Belief Makes the Behavior small – Better an ignis fatuus Than no illume at all –

c. 1882

1945

1552

Within thy Grave!
Oh no, but on some other flight—
Thou only camest to mankind
To rend it with Good night—

c. 1882

1945

1553

Bliss is the plaything of the child— The secret of the man The sacred stealth of Boy and Girl Rebuke it if we can

c. 1882

"Go tell it" – What a Message –
To whom – is specified –
Not murmur – not endearment –
But simply – we – obeyed –
Obeyed – a Lure – a Longing?
Oh Nature – none of this –
To Law – said sweet Thermopylae
I give my dying Kiss –

c. 1882

1945

#### 1555

I groped for him before I knew
With solemn nameless need
All other bounty sudden chaff
For this foreshadowed Food
Which others taste and spurn and sneerThough I within suppose
That consecrated it could be
The only Food that grows

c. 1882

1945

# 1556

Image of Light, Adieu – Thanks for the interview – So long – so short – Preceptor of the whole – Coeval Cardinal – Impart – Depart –

c. 1882

1945

1557

Lives he in any other world My faith cannot reply

[647]

c. 1882

1945

## 1558

Of Death I try to think like this— The Well in which they lay us Is but the Likeness of the Brook That menaced not to slay us, But to invite by that Dismay Which is the Zest of sweetness To the same Flower Hesperian, Decoying but to greet us—

I do remember when a Child
With bolder Playmates straying
To where a Brook that seemed a Sea
Withheld us by its roaring
From just a Purple Flower beyond
Until constrained to clutch it
If Doom-itself were the result,
The boldest leaped, and clutched it—

c. 1882

1945

#### 1559

Tried always and Condemned by thee Permit me this reprieve That dying I may earn the look For which I cease to live –

c. 1882

1945

1560

To be forgot by thee Surpasses Memory Of other minds

[ 648 ]

The Heart cannot forget
Unless it contemplate
What it declines
I was regarded then
Raised from oblivion
A single time
To be remembered what –
Worthy to be forgot
Is my renown

c. 1883

#### 1561

No Brigadier throughout the Year So civic as the Jay -A Neighbor and a Warrior too With shrill felicity Pursuing Winds that censure us A February Day, The Brother of the Universe Was never blown away – The Snow and he are intimate – I've often seen them play When Heaven looked upon us all With such severity I felt apology were due To an insulted sky Whose pompous frown was Nutriment To their Temerity -The Pillow of this daring Head Is pungent Evergreens – His Larder - terse and Militant -Unknown - refreshing things -His Character – a Tonic – His Future – a Dispute – Unfair an Immortality That leaves this Neighbor out -

c. 1883

Her Losses make our Gains ashamed-She bore Life's empty Pack As gallantly as if the East Were swinging at her Back. Life's empty Pack is heaviest, As every Porter knows – In vain to punish Honey – It only sweeter grows.

c. 1883

1894

## 1563

By homely gift and hindered Words
The human heart is told
Of Nothing –
"Nothing" is the force
That renovates the World –

c. 1883

1955

# 1564

Pass to thy Rendezvous of Light, Pangless except for us – Who slowly ford the Mystery Which thou hast leaped across!

c. 1883

1924

# 1565

Some Arrows slay but whom they strike. But this slew all but him — Who so appareled his Escape — Too trackless for a Tomb —

c. 1883

Climbing to reach the costly Hearts To which he gave the worth, He broke them, fearing punishment He ran away from Earth –

c. 1883

1931

## 1567

The Heart has many Doors – I can but knock – For any sweet "Come in" Impelled to hark – Not saddened by repulse, Repast to me That somewhere, there exists, Supremacy –

c. 1883

1955

## 1568

To see her is a Picture –
To hear her is a Tune –
To know her an Intemperance
As innocent as June –
To know her not – Affliction –
To own her for a Friend
A warmth as near as if the Sun
Were shining in your Hand.

c. 1883

1945

# 1569

The Clock strikes one that just struck two-Some schism in the Sum – A Vagabond for Genesis Has wrecked the Pendulum –

c. 1883

Forever honored be the Tree Whose Apple Winterworn Enticed to Breakfast from the Sky Two Gabriels Yestermorn.

They registered in Nature's Book As Robins – Sire and Son – But Angels have that modest way To screen them from Renown.

c. 1883

1914

#### 1571

How slow the Wind – how slow the sea – how late their Feathers be!

c. 1883

1894

#### 1572

We wear our sober Dresses when we die, But Summer, frilled as for a Holiday Adjourns her sigh –

c. 1883

1894

#### 1573

To the bright east she flies, Brothers of Paradise Remit her home, Without a change of wings, Or Love's convenient things, Enticed to come.

Fashioning what she is, Fathoming what she was, We deem we dream –

[652]

And that dissolves the days Through which existence strays Homeless at home.

c. 1883

#### 1574

No ladder needs the bird but skies
To situate its wings,
Nor any leader's grim baton
Arraigns it as it sings.
The implements of bliss are few—
As Jesus says of *Him*,
"Come unto me" the moiety
That wafts the cherubim.

1894

#### 1575

The Bat is dun, with wrinkled Wings-Like fallow Article –
And not a song pervade his Lips –
Or none perceptible.

His small Umbrella quaintly halved Describing in the Air An Arc alike inscrutable Elate Philosopher.

Deputed from what Firmament – Of what Astute Abode – Empowered with what Malignity Auspiciously withheld –

To his adroit Creator Ascribe no less the praise – Beneficent, believe me, His Eccentricities –

c. 1876

The Spirit lasts - but in what mode -Below, the Body speaks, But as the Spirit furnishes -Apart, it never talks -The Music in the Violin Does not emerge alone But Arm in Arm with Touch, yet Touch Alone – is not a Tune – The Spirit lurks within the Flesh Like Tides within the Sea That make the Water live, estranged What would the Either be? Does that know - now - or does it cease -That which to this is done, Resuming at a mutual date With every future one? Instinct pursues the Adamant, Exacting this Reply -Adversity if it may be, or Wild Prosperity, The Rumor's Gate was shut so tight Before my Mind was sown, Not even a Prognostic's Push Could make a Dent thereon -

c. 1883

1894

#### 1577

Morning is due to all-To some – the Night-To an imperial few – The Auroral light.

c. 1883

1931

1578

Blossoms will run away, Cakes reign but a Day,

[654]

c. 1883

#### 1579

It would not know if it were spurned, This gallant little flower – How therefore safe to be a flower If one would tamper there.

To enter, it would not aspire—But may it not despair
That it is not a Cavalier,
To dare and perish there?

c. 1882

## 1580

We shun it ere it comes,
Afraid of Joy,
Then sue it to delay
And lest it fly,
Beguile it more and more –
May not this be
Old Suitor Heaven,
Like our dismay at thee?

c. 1882 1894

## 1581

The farthest Thunder that I heard
Was nearer than the Sky
And rumbles still, though torrid Noons
Have lain their missiles by—
The Lightning that preceded it
Struck no one but myself—
But I would not exchange the Bolt
For all the rest of Life—

Indebtedness to Oxygen
The Happy may repay,
But not the obligation
To Electricity—
It founds the Homes and decks the Days
And every clamor bright
Is but the gleam concomitant
Of that waylaying Light—
The Thought is quiet as a Flake—
A Crash without a Sound,
How Life's reverberation
Its Explanation found—

c. 1883

1932

1582

Where Roses would not dare to go, What Heart would risk the way – And so I send my Crimson Scouts To sound the Enemy –

c. 1883

1945

1583

Witchcraft was hung, in History, But History and I Find all the Witchcraft that we need Around us, every Day—

c. 1883

1945

1584

Expanse cannot be lost – Not Joy, but a Decree Is Deity – His Scene, Infinity – Whose rumor's Gate was shut so tight Before my Beam was sown,

[656]

Not even a Prognostic's push Could make a Dent thereon –

The World that thou hast opened Shuts for thee,
But not alone,
We all have followed thee –
Escape more slowly
To thy Tracts of Sheen –
The Tent is listening,
But the Troops are gone!

с. 1883

1955

1585

The Bird her punctual music brings And lays it in its place – Its place is in the Human Heart And in the Heavenly Grace – What respite from her thrilling toil Did Beauty ever take – But Work might be electric Rest To those that Magic make –

c. 1883

1955

1585

To her derided Home
A Weed of Summer came –
She did not know her station low
Nor Ignominy's Name –
Bestowed a summer long
Upon a fameless flower –
Then swept as lightly from disdain
As Lady from her Bower –

Of Bliss the Codes are few – As Jesus cites of Him –

[657]

c. 1883

1945

# 1587

He ate and drank the precious Words-His Spirit grew robust — He knew no more that he was poor, Nor that his frame was Dust —

He danced along the dingy Days And this Bequest of Wings Was but a Book – What Liberty A loosened spirit brings –

c. 1883

1890

#### 1588

This Me – that walks and works – must die, Some fair or stormy Day, Adversity if it may be Or wild prosperity The Rumor's Gate was shut so tight Before my mind was born Not even a Prognostic's push Can make a Dent thereon –

c. 1883

1945

## 1589

Cosmopolites without a plea Alight in every Land The compliments of Paradise From those within my Hand

Their dappled Journey to themselves A compensation fair

[ 658 ]

Knock and it shall be opened
Is their Theology

c. 1883

1590

Not at Home to Callers Says the Naked Tree – Bonnet due in April – Wishing you Good Day –

c. 1883

1591

The Bobolink is gone –
The Rowdy of the Meadow –
And no one swaggers now but me –
The Presbyterian Birds
Can now resume the Meeting
He boldly interrupted that overflowing Day
When supplicating mercy
In a portentous way
He swung upon the Decalogue
And shouted let us pray –

c. 1883

1592

The Lassitudes of Contemplation Beget a force They are the spirit's still vacation That him refresh – The Dreams consolidate in action – What mettle fair

c. 1883

1593

There came a Wind like a Bugle – It quivered through the Grass

[ 659 ]

And a Green Chill upon the Heat
So ominous did pass
We barred the Windows and the Doors
As from an Emerald Ghost —
The Doom's electric Moccasin
That very instant passed —
On a strange Mob of panting Trees
And Fences fled away
And Rivers where the Houses ran
Those looked that lived — that Day —
The Bell within the steeple wild
The flying tidings told —
How much can come
And much can go,
And yet abide the World!

c. 1883

1891

1594

Immured in Heaven!
What a Cell!
Let every Bondage be,
Thou sweetest of the Universe,
Like that which ravished thee!

c. 1883

1914

1595

Declaiming Waters none may dread-But Waters that are still Are so for that most fatal cause In Nature – they are full –

c. 1884

1932

1596

Few, yet enough, Enough is One – To that ethereal throng

[660]

c. 1884

1896

#### 1597

'Tis not the swaying frame we miss, It is the steadfast Heart,
That had it beat a thousand years,
With Love alone had bent,
Its fervor the electric Oar,
That bore it through the Tomb,
Ourselves, denied the privilege,
Consolelessly presume –

c. 1884

1932

## 1598

Who is it seeks my Pillow Nights – With plain inspecting face – "Did you" or "Did you not," to ask – "Tis "Conscience" – Childhood's Nurse –

With Martial Hand she strokes the Hair Upon my wincing Head – "All" Rogues "shall have their part in" what-The Phosphorus of God –

c. 1884

1914

#### 1599

Though the great Waters sleep, That they are still the Deep, We cannot doubt – No vacillating God Ignited this Abode To put it out –

c. 1884

Upon his Saddle sprung a Bird And crossed a thousand Trees Before a Fence without a Fare His Fantasy did please And then he lifted up his Throat And squandered such a Note A Universe that overheard Is stricken by it yet—

c. 1884

1947

#### 1601

Of God we ask one favor,
That we may be forgiven –
For what, he is presumed to know –
The Crime, from us, is hidden –
Immured the whole of Life
Within a magic Prison
We reprimand the Happiness
That too competes with Heaven.

c. 1884

1894

## 1602

Pursuing you in your transitions, In other Motes – Of other Myths Your requisition be. The Prism never held the Hues, It only heard them play –

c. 1884

1931

## 1603

The going from a world we know
To one a wonder still
Is like the child's adversity
Whose vista is a hill,

[662]

# Behind the hill is sorcery And everything unknown, But will the secret compensate For climbing it alone?

c. 1884

1894

## 1604

We send the Wave to find the Wave –
An Errand so divine,
The Messenger enamored too,
Forgetting to return,
We make the wise distinction still,
Soever made in vain,
The sagest time to dam the sea is when the sea is gone-

c. 1884

1894

## 1605

Each that we lose takes part of us; A crescent still abides, Which like the moon, some turbid night, Is summoned by the tides.

c. 1884

1894

#### 1606

Quite empty, quite at rest,
The Robin locks her Nest, and tries her Wings.
She does not know a Route
But puts her Craft about
For rumored Springs —
She does not ask for Noon —
She does not ask for Boon,
Crumbless and homeless, of but one request—
The Birds she lost—

c. 1884

Ι	6с	7
T	UC	1

Within that little Hive Such Hints of Honey lay As made Reality a Dream And Dreams, Reality –

c. 1884

1951

1608

The ecstasy to guess Were a receipted bliss If grace could talk.

1884?

1894

1609

Sunset that screens, reveals – Enhancing what we see By menaces of Amethyst And Moats of Mystery.

c. 1

1945

1610

Morning that comes but once, Considers coming twice – Two Dawns upon a single Morn, Make Life a sudden price.

c. 1884

1945

1611

Their dappled importunity Disparage or dismiss – The Obloquies of Etiquette Are obsolete to Bliss –

c. 1884

1945

[ 664 ]

The Auctioneer of Parting
His "Going, going, gone"
Shouts even from the Crucifix,
And brings his Hammer down –
He only sells the Wilderness,
The prices of Despair
Range from a single human Heart
To Two – not any more –

c 1884

1945

## 1613

Not Sickness stains the Brave, Nor any Dart, Nor Doubt of Scene to come, But an adjourning Heart –

c. 1884

1894

## 1614

Parting with Thee reluctantly, That we have never met, A Heart sometimes a Foreigner, Remembers it forgot –

c. 1884

1931

## 1615

Oh what a Grace is this, What Majesties of Peace, That having breathed The fine – ensuing Right Without Diminuet Proceed!

c. 1884

#### 1616\*

Who abdicated Ambush And went the way of Dusk, And now against his subtle Name There stands an Asterisk As confident of him as we – Impregnable we are – The whole of Immortality Secreted in a Star.

с. 1884

1894

## 1617

To try to speak, and miss the way And ask it of the Tears, Is Gratitude's sweet poverty, The Tatters that he wears –

A better Coat if he possessed Would help him to conceal, Not subjugate, the Mutineer Whose title is "the Soul."

c. 1884

1894

#### 1618

There are two Mays
And then a Must
And after that a Shall.
How infinite the compromise
That indicates I will!

c. 1884

1955

# 1619

Not knowing when the Dawn will come, I open every Door,

<sup>&#</sup>x27; See poem 1525.

# Or has it Feathers, like a Bird, Or Billows, like a Shore –

c. 1884

#### 1620

Circumference thou Bride of Awe Possessing thou shalt be Possessed by every hallowed Knight That dares to covet thee

c. 1884 1932

#### 1621

A Flower will not trouble her, it has so small a Foot, And yet if you compare the Lasts, Hers is the smallest Boot—

c. 1884

#### 1622

A Sloop of Amber slips away Upon an Ether Sea, And wrecks in Peace a Purple Tar, The Son of Ecstasy --

c. 1884 1896

#### 1623

A World made penniless by that departure Of minor fabrics begs But sustenance is of the spirit The Gods but Dregs

c. 1885

#### 1624

Apparently with no surprise To any happy Flower

[667]



The Frost beheads it at its play – In accidental power –
The blonde Assassin passes on –
The Sun proceeds unmoved
To measure off another Day
For an Approving God.

c. 1884

1890

# 1625

Back from the cordial Grave I drag thee He shall not take thy Hand Nor put his spacious arm around thee That none can understand

c. 1884

1945

#### 1626

No Life can pompless pass away— The lowliest career To the same Pageant wends its way As that exalted here—

How cordial is the mystery!
The hospitable Pall
A "this way" beckons spaciously –
A Miracle for all!

c. 1884

1891

# 1627

The pedigree of Honey
Does not concern the Bee,
Nor lineage of Ecstasy
Delay the Butterfly
On spangled journeys to the peak
Of some perceiveless thing—

.[668]

	The right of way to Tripoli	
7	A more essential thing.	
version I c. 1884		1945
	The Pedigree of Honey Does not concern the Bee – A Clover, any time, to him, Is Aristocracy –	
version II		•
c. 18		1890
	1628	
c. 1	A Drunkard cannot meet a Cork Without a Revery – And so encountering a Fly This January Day Jamaicas of Remembrance stir That send me reeling in – The moderate drinker of Delight Does not deserve the spring – Of juleps, part are in the Jug And more are in the joy – Your connoisseur in Liquors Consults the Bumble Bee –	1945
	1629	
c. 1884	Arrows enamored of his Heart – Forgot to rankle there And Venoms he mistook for Balms disdained to rankle there –	1945
	1630	
	As from the earth the light Balloon Asks nothing but release –	

[ 669 ]

Ascension that for which it was, Its soaring Residence.
The spirit looks upon the Dust That fastened it so long With indignation,
As a Bird
Defrauded of its song.

c. 1884

1945

## 1631

Oh Future! thou secreted peace
Or subterranean woe —
Is there no wandering route of grace
That leads away from thee —
No circuit sage of all the course
Descried by cunning Men
To balk thee of thy sacred Prey —
Advancing to thy Den —

c. 1884

1945

## 1632

So give me back to Death –
The Death I never feared
Except that it deprived of thee –
And now, by Life deprived,
In my own Grave I breathe
And estimate its size –
Its size is all that Hell can guess –
And all that Heaven was –

c. 1884

1945

# 1633

Still own thee – still thou art
What surgeons call alive –
Though slipping – slipping I perceive
To thy reportless Grave –

[670]

Which question shall I clutch – What answer wrest from thee Before thou dost exude away In the recallless sea?

c. 1884

1945

## 1634

Talk not to me of Summer Trees
The foliage of the mind
A Tabernacle is for Birds
Of no corporeal kind
And winds do go that way at noon
To their Ethereal Homes
Whose Bugles call the least of us
To undepicted Realms

c. 1884

1945

## 1635

The Jay his Castanet has struck Put on your muff for Winter The Tippet that ignores his voice Is impudent to nature

Of Swarthy Days he is the close His Lotus is a chestnut The Cricket drops a sable line No more from yours at present

c. 1884

1945

# 1636

The Sun in reining to the West Makes not as much of sound As Cart of man in road below Adroitly turning round That Whiffletree of Amethyst

c. 1884

Is it too late to touch you, Dear? We this moment knew – Love Marine and Love terrene – Love celestial too –

c. 1885

1894

## 1638

Go thy great way! The Stars thou meetst Are even as Thyself – For what are Stars but Asterisks To point a human Life?

c. 1885

1894

## 1639

A Letter is a joy of Earth – It is denied the Gods –

c. 1885

1931

# 1640

Take all away from me, but leave me Ecstasy, And I am richer then than all my Fellow Men – Ill it becometh me to dwell so wealthily When at my very Door are those possessing more, In abject poverty –

c. 1885

1931

# 1641

Betrothed to Righteousness might be An Ecstasy discreet But Nature relishes the Pinks Which she was taught to eat –

c. 1885

"Red Sea," indeed! Talk not to me
Of purple Pharaoh –
I have a Navy in the West
Would pierce his Columns thro' –
Guileless, yet of such Glory fine
That all along the Line
Is it, or is it not, Marine –
Is it, or not, divine –
The Eye inquires with a sigh
That Earth sh'd be so big –
What Exultation in the Woe –
What Wine in the fatigue!

c. 1885

## 1643

Extol thee – could I? Then I will By saying nothing new – But just the truest truth That thou art heavenly.

Perceiving thee is evidence That we are of the sky Partaking thee a guaranty Of immortality

c. 1885

# 1644

Some one prepared this mighty show To which without a Ticket go The nations and the Days –

Displayed before the simplest Door That all may witness it and more, The pomp of summer Days.

c. 1885

The Ditch is dear to the Drunken man For is it not his Bed— His Advocate—his Edifice? How safe his fallen Head In her disheveled Sanctity— Above him is the sky— Oblivion bending over him— And Honor leagues away.

c. 1885

1945

## 1646

Why should we hurry – why indeed? When every way we fly We are molested equally By immortality. No respite from the inference That this which is begun, Though where its labors lie A bland uncertainty Besets the sight This mighty night –

c. 1885

1945

# 1647

Of Glory not a Beam is left But her Eternal House – The Asterisk is for the Dead, The Living, for the Stars –

c. 1886

1931

# 1648

The immortality she gave We borrowed at her Grave –

[674]

c. 1886

1931

# 1649

A Cap of Lead across the sky ·Was tight and surly drawn We could not find the mighty Face The Figure was withdrawn –

A Chill came up as from a shaft Our noon became a well A Thunder storm combines the charms Of Winter and of Hell.

1914

## 1650

A lane of Yellow led the eye
Unto a Purple Wood
Whose soft inhabitants to be
Surpasses solitude
If Bird the silence contradict
Or flower presume to show
In that low summer of the West
Impossible to know—

1955

# 1651

A Word made Flesh is seldom And tremblingly partook Nor then perhaps reported But have I not mistook Each one of us has tasted With ecstasies of stealth The very food debated To our specific strength—

[675]

A Word that breathes distinctly
Has not the power to die
Cohesive as the Spirit
It may expire if He—
"Made Flesh and dwelt among us"
Could condescension be
Like this consent of Language
This loved Philology.

1955

## 1652

Advance is Life's condition The Grave but a Relay Supposed to be a terminus That makes it hated so –

The Tunnel is not lighted Existence with a wall Is better we consider Than not exist at all –

1955

# 1653

As we pass Houses musing slow If they be occupied So minds pass minds If they be occupied

1955

# 1654

Beauty crowds me till I die Beauty mercy have on me But if I expire today Let it be in sight of thee –

Conferring with myself
My stranger disappeared
Though first upon a berry fat
Miraculously fared
How paltry looked my cares
My practise how absurd
Superfluous my whole career
Beside this travelling Bird

1955

## 1656

Down Time's quaint stream
Without an oar
We are enforced to sail
Our Port a secret
Our Perchance a Gale
What Skipper would
Incur the Risk
What Buccaneer would ride
Without a surety from the Wind
Or schedule of the Tide —

1955

# 1657

Eden is that old-fashioned House We dwell in every day Without suspecting our abode Until we drive away.

How fair on looking back, the Day We sauntered from the Door – Unconscious our returning, But discover it no more.

1658

Endanger it, and the Demand Of tickets for a sigh Amazes the Humility Of Credibility—

Recover it to Nature
And that dejected Fleet
Find Consternation's Carnival
Divested of its Meat.

1955

1659

Fame is a fickle food Upon a shifting plate Whose table once a Guest but not The second time is set.

Whose crumbs the crows inspect And with ironic caw Flap past it to the Farmer's Corn – Men eat of it and die.

1914

1660

Glory is that bright tragic thing That for an instant Means Dominion – Warms some poor name That never felt the Sun, Gently replacing In oblivion –

1914

[678]



Guest am I to have
Light my northern room
Why to cordiality so averse to come
Other friends adjourn
Other bonds decay
Why avoid so narrowly
My fidelity—

1955

## 1662

He went by sleep that drowsy route To the surmising Inn – At day break to begin his race Or ever to remain –

1955

## 1663

His mind of man, a secret makes I meet him with a start He carries a circumference In which I have no part –

Or even if I deem I do He otherwise may know Impregnable to inquest However neighborly—

1914

# 1664

I did not reach Thee
But my feet slip nearer every day
Three Rivers and a Hill to cross
One Desert and a Sea
I shall not count the journey one
When I am telling thee.

[679]

Two deserts, but the Year is cold So that will help the sand One desert crossed – The second one Will feel as cool as land Sahara is too little price To pay for thy Right hand.

The Sea comes last – Step merry, feet, So short we have to go – To play together we are prone, But we must labor now, The last shall be the lightest load That we have had to draw.

The Sun goes crooked –
That is Night
Before he makes the bend.
We must have passed the Middle Sea –
Almost we wish the End
Were further off –
Too great it seems
So near the Whole to stand.

We step like Plush,
We stand like snow,
The waters murmur new.
Three rivers and the Hill are passed –
Two deserts and the sea!
Now Death usurps my Premium
And gets the look at Thee.

1914

1665

I know of people in the Grave Who would be very glad To know the news I know tonight If they the chance had had. "Tis this expands the least event And swells the scantest deed – My right to walk upon the Earth If they this moment had.

1955

## 1666

I see thee clearer for the Grave That took thy face between No Mirror could illumine thee Like that impassive stone –

I know thee better for the Act That made thee first unknown The stature of the empty nest Attests the Bird that's gone.

1955

# 1667

I watched her face to see which way
She took the awful news—
Whether she died before she heard
Or in protracted bruise
Remained a few slow years with us—
Each heavier than the last—
A further afternoon to fail,
As Flower at fall of Frost.

1914

## 1668

If I could tell how glad I was
I should not be so glad –
But when I cannot make the Force,
Nor mould it into Word,
I know it is a sign
That new Dilemma be

[681]

From mathematics further off Than from Eternity.

1914

# 1669

In snow thou comest –
Thou shalt go with the resuming ground,
The sweet derision of the crow,
And Glee's advancing sound.

In fear thou comest –
Thou shalt go at such a gait of joy
That man anew embark to live
Upon the depth of thee.

1955

## 1670

In Winter in my Room
I came upon a Worm –
Pink, lank and warm –
But as he was a worm
And worms presume
Not quite with him at home –
Secured him by a string
To something neighboring
And went along.

A Trifle afterward
A thing occurred
I'd not believe it if I heard
But state with creeping blood –
A snake with mottles rare
Surveyed my chamber floor
In feature as the worm before
But ringed with power –

The very string with which I tied him – too
When he was mean and new
That string was there –

I shrank – "How fair you are"!
Propitiation's claw –
"Afraid," he hissed
"Of me"?
"No cordiality" –
He fathomed me –
Then to a Rhythm Slim
Secreted in his Form
As Patterns swim
Projected him.

That time I flew
Both eyes his way
Lest he pursue
Nor ever ceased to run
Till in a distant Town
Towns on from mine
I set me down
This was a dream.

1914

# 1671

Judgment is justest
When the Judged,
His action laid away,
Divested is of every Disk
But his sincerity.

Honor is then the safest hue In a posthumous Sun – Not any color will endure That scrutiny can burn.

# 1672

Lightly stepped a yellow star To its lofty place – Loosed the Moon her silver hat From her lustral Face – All of Evening softly lit As an Astral Hall – Father, I observed to Heaven, You are punctual.

1914

# 1673

Nature can do no more
She has fulfilled her Dyes
Whatever Flower fail to come
Of other Summer days
Her crescent reimburse
If other Summers be
Nature's imposing negative
Nulls opportunity—

1955

# 1674

Not any sunny tone
From any fervent zone
Find entrance there –
Better a grave of Balm
Toward human nature's homeAnd Robins near –
Than a stupendous Tomb
Proclaiming to the Gloom
How dead we are –

1675

Of this is Day composed
A morning and a noon
A Revelry unspeakable
And then a gay unknown
Whose Pomps allure and spurn
And dower and deprive
And penury for Glory
Remedilessly leave.

1914

1676

Of Yellow was the outer Sky In Yellower Yellow hewn Till Saffron in Vermilion slid Whose seam could not be shewn.

1955

1677

On my volcano grows the Grass A meditative spot — An acre for a Bird to choose Would be the General thought —

How red the Fire rocks below – How insecure the sod Did I disclose Would populate with awe my solitude.

1914

1678

Peril as a Possession
"Tis Good to bear
Danger disintegrates Satiety
There's Basis there –
Begets an awe

[685]

# That searches Human Nature's creases As clean as Fire.

1914

# 1679

Rather arid delight
If Contentment accrue
Make an abstemious Ecstasy
Not so good as joy—

But Rapture's Expense Must not be incurred With a tomorrow knocking And the Rent unpaid—

1955

#### 768a

Sometimes with the Heart Seldom with the Soul Scarcer once with the Might Few – love at all.

1915

## 1681

Speech is one symptom of Affection And Silence one – The perfectest communication Is heard of none –

Exists and its indorsement Is had within – Behold, said the Apostle, Yet had not seen!

Summer begins to have the look Peruser of enchanting Book Reluctantly but sure perceives A gain upon the backward leaves

Autumn begins to be inferred By millinery of the cloud Or deeper color in the shawl That wraps the everlasting hill.

The eye begins its avarice A meditation chastens speech Some Dyer of a distant tree Resumes his gaudy industry.

Conclusion is the course of All At most to be perennial And then elude stability Recalls to immortality.

1914

# 1683

That she forgot me was the least I felt it second pain
That I was worthy to forget
Was most I thought upon.

Faithful was all that I could boast But Constancy became To her, by her innominate, A something like a shame.

1914

# 1684

The Blunder is in estimate. Eternity is there We say, as of a Station – Meanwhile he is so near

[ 68<sub>7</sub> ]

He joins me in my Ramble – Divides abode with me – No Friend have I that so persists As this Eternity.

1914

1685

The butterfly obtains
But little sympathy
Though favorably mentioned
In Entomology –

Because he travels freely And wears a proper coat The circumspect are certain That he is dissolute –

Had he the homely scutcheon Of modest Industry 'Twere fitter certifying For Immortality –

1914

r686

The event was directly behind Him Yet He did not guess
Fitted itself to Himself like a Robe Relished His ignorance.
Motioned itself to drill Loaded and Levelled And let His Flesh
Centuries from His soul.

1955

1687

The gleam of an heroic Act Such strange illumination

[688]

The Possible's slow fuse is lit By the Imagination.

1914

1688

The Hills erect their Purple Heads The Rivers lean to see Yet Man has not of all the Throng A Curiosity.

1914

1689

The look of thee, what is it like Hast thou a hand or Foot Or Mansion of Identity And what is thy Pursuit?

Thy fellows are they realms or Themes Hast thou Delight or Fear Or Longing – and is that for us Or values more severe?

Let change transfuse all other Traits Enact all other Blame But deign this least certificate – That thou shalt be the same.

1914

#### 1690

The ones that disappeared are back The Phoebe and the Crow Precisely as in March is heard The curtness of the Jay – Be this an Autumn or a Spring My wisdom loses way

[689]



One side of me the nuts are ripe The other side is May.

1914

# 1691

The overtakelessness of those Who have accomplished Death Majestic is to me beyond The majesties of Earth.

The soul her "Not at Home" Inscribes upon the flesh – And takes her fair aerial gait Beyond the hope of touch.

1914

## 1692

The right to perish might be thought An undisputed right –
Attempt it, and the Universe
Upon the opposite
Will concentrate its officers –
You cannot even die
But nature and mankind must pause
To pay you scrutiny.

1914

# 1693

The Sun retired to a cloud
A Woman's shawl as big –
And then he sulked in mercury
Upon a scarlet log –
The drops on Nature's forehead stood
Home flew the loaded bees –
The South unrolled a purple fan
And handed to the trees.

# 1694

The wind drew off
Like hungry dogs
Defeated of a bone –
Through fissures in
Volcanic cloud
The yellow lightning shone –
Their mangled limbs
Like animals in pain –
When Nature falls upon herself
Beware an Austrian.

1914

## 1695

There is a solitude of space
A solitude of sea
A solitude of death, but these
Society shall be
Compared with that profounder site
That polar privacy
A soul admitted to itself —
Finite infinity.

1914

# 1696

These are the days that Reindeer love And pranks the Northern star – This is the Sun's objective, And Finland of the Year.

1914

# 1697

They talk as slow as Legends grow No mushroom is their mind But foliage of sterility Too stolid for the wind—

[691]

They laugh as wise as Plots of Wit Predestined to unfold The point with bland prevision Portentously untold.

1955

# 1698

'Tis easier to pity those when dead That which pity previous Would have saved – A Tragedy enacted Secures Applause That Tragedy enacting Too seldom does.

1955

## 1699

To do a magnanimous thing And take oneself by surprise If oneself is not in the habit of him Is precisely the finest of Jovs –

Not to do a magnanimous thing Notwithstanding it never be known Notwithstanding it cost us existence once Is Rapture herself spurn –

1955

#### 1700

To tell the Beauty would decrease
To state the Spell demean –
There is a syllable-less Sea
Of which it is the sign –
My will endeavors for its word
And fails, but entertains

[692]

# A Rapture as of Legacies – Of introspective Mines –

1914

1701

To their apartment deep No ribaldry may creep Untumbled this abode By any man but God –

1914

1702

Today or this noon
She dwelt so close
I almost touched her –
Tonight she lies
Past neighborhood
And bough and steeple,
Now past surmise.

1914

#### 1703

'Twas comfort in her Dying Room
To hear the living Clock —
A short relief to have the wind
Walk boldly up and knock —
Diversion from the Dying Theme
To hear the children play —
But wrong the more
That these could live
And this of ours must die.

1914

1704

Unto a broken heart No other one may go

[ 693 ]

Without the high prerogative Itself hath suffered too.

1955

## 1705

Volcanoes be in Sicily
And South America
I judge from my Geography –
Volcanos nearer here
A Lava step at any time
Am I inclined to climb –
A Crater I may contemplate
Vesuvius at Home.

1914

## 1706

When we have ceased to care
The Gift is given
For which we gave the Earth
And mortgaged Heaven
But so declined in worth
"Tis ignominy now
To look upon —

1915

#### 1707

Winter under cultivation Is as arable as Spring.

1955

# 1708

Witchcraft has not a Pedigree
"Tis early as our Breath
And mourners meet it going out
The moment of our death –

With sweetness unabated Informed the hour had come With no remiss of triumph The autumn started home

Her home to be with Nature As competition done By influential kinsmen Invited to return –

In supplements of Purple An adequate repast In heavenly reviewing Her residue be past—

1955

## 1710

A curious Cloud surprised the Sky, 'Twas like a sheet with Horns; The sheet was Blue – The Antlers Gray – It almost touched the Lawns.

So low it leaned – then statelier drew-And trailed like robes away, A Queen adown a satin aisle Had not the majesty.

1945

## 1711

A face devoid of love or grace, A hateful, hard, successful face, A face with which a stone Would feel as thoroughly at ease As were they old acquaintances – First time together thrown.

A Pit – but Heaven over it – And Heaven beside, and Heaven abroad, And yet a Pit – With Heaven over it.

To stir would be to slip –
To look would be to drop –
To dream – to sap the Prop
That holds my chances up.
Ah! Pit! With Heaven over it!

The depth is all my thought—
I dare not ask my feet—
'Twould start us where we sit
So straight you'd scarce suspect
It was a Pit—with fathoms under it—
Its Circuit just the same.
Seed—summer—tomb—
Whose Doom to whom?

1945

## 1713

As subtle as tomorrow
That never came,
A warrant, a conviction,
Yet but a name.

1945

# 1714

By a departing light
We see acuter, quite,
Than by a wick that stays.
There's something in the flight
That clarifies the sight
And decks the rays.

Consulting summer's clock,
But half the hours remain.
I ascertain it with a shock —
I shall not look again.
The second half of joy
Is shorter than the first.
The truth I do not dare to know I muffle with a jest.

1945

## 1716

Death is like the insect Menacing the tree, Competent to kill it, But decoyed may be.

Bait it with the balsam, Seek it with the saw, Baffle, if it cost you Everything you are.

Then, if it have burrowed Out of reach of skill – Wring the tree and leave it, "Tis the vermin's will.

1896

## 1717

Did life's penurious length Italicize its sweetness, The men that daily live Would stand so deep in joy That it would clog the cogs Of that revolving reason Whose esoteric belt Protects our sanity.

Drowning is not so pitiful
As the attempt to rise.
Three times, 'tis said, a sinking man
Comes up to face the skies,
And then declines forever
To that abhorred abode,
Where hope and he part company—
For he is grasped of God.
The Maker's cordial visage,
However good to see,
Is shunned, we must admit it,
Like an adversity.

#### 1719

God is indeed a jealous God – He cannot bear to see That we had rather not with Him But with each other play.

1945

#### 1720

Had I known that the first was the last I should have kept it longer.
Had I known that the last was the first I should have drunk it stronger.
Cup, it was your fault,
Lip was not the liar.
No, lip, it was yours,
Bliss was most to blame.

1945

#### 1721

He was my host – he was my guest, I never to this day

[ 698 ]

If I invited him could tell, Or he invited me.

So infinite our intercourse So intimate, indeed, Analysis as capsule seemed To keeper of the seed.

1945

#### 1722

Her face was in a bed of hair, Like flowers in a plot— Her hand was whiter than the sperm That feeds the sacred light. Her tongue more tender than the tune That totters in the leaves— Who hears may be incredulous, Who witnesses, believes.

1945

#### 1723

High from the earth I heard a bird, He trod upon the trees As he esteemed them trifles, And then he spied a breeze, And situated softly Upon a pile of wind Which in a perturbation Nature had left behind. A joyous going fellow I gathered from his talk Which both of benediction And badinage partook. Without apparent burden I subsequently learned He was the faithful father Of a dependent brood.

[ 699 ]

And this untoward transport His remedy for care. A contrast to our respites. How different we are!

1896

#### 1724

How dare the robins sing, When men and women hear Who since they went to their account Have settled with the year! -Paid all that life had earned In one consummate bill, And now, what life or death can do Is immaterial. Insulting is the sun To him whose mortal light Beguiled of immortality Bequeaths him to the night. Extinct be every hum In deference to him Whose garden wrestles with the dew, At daybreak overcome!

1896

#### 1725

I took one Draught of Life – I'll tell you what I paid – Precisely an existence – The market price, they said.

They weighed me, Dust by Dust— They balanced Film with Film, Then handed me my Being's worth-A single Dram of Heaven!

1929

[700]



# 1726

If all the griefs I am to have Would only come today, I am so happy I believe They'd laugh and run away.

If all the joys I am to have Would only come today, They could not be so big as this That happens to me now.

1945

#### 1727

If ever the lid gets off my head And lets the brain away The fellow will go where he belonged – Without a hint from me,

And the world – if the world be looking on - Will see how far from home
It is possible for sense to live
The soul there – all the time.

1945

# 1728

Is Immortality a bane
That men are so oppressed?

1945

# 1729

I've got an arrow here.

Loving the hand that sent it
I the dart revere.

Fell, they will say, in "skirmish"! Vanquished, my soul will know

[701]

By but a simple arrow Sped by an archer's bow.

1896

### 1730

"Lethe" in my flower,
Of which they who drink
In the fadeless orchards
Hear the bobolink!

Merely flake or petal As the Eye beholds Jupiter! my father! I perceive the rose!

1945

#### 1731

Love can do all but raise the Dead I doubt if even that From such a giant were withheld Were flesh equivalent

But love is tired and must sleep, And hungry and must graze And so abets the shining Fleet Till it is out of gaze.

1945

## 1732

My life closed twice before its close-It yet remains to see If Immortality unveil A third event to me

So huge, so hopeless to conceive As these that twice befell.

[702]

Parting is all we know of heaven, And all we need of hell.

1896

#### I733

No man saw awe, nor to his house Admitted he a man Though by his awful residence Has human nature been.

Not deeming of his dread abode Till laboring to flee A grasp on comprehension laid Detained vitality.

Returning is a different route The Spirit could not show For breathing is the only work To be enacted now.

"Am not consumed," old Moses wrote,
"Yet saw him face to face" –
That very physiognomy
I am convinced was this.

1945

#### 1734

Oh, honey of an hour, I never knew thy power, Prohibit me Till my minutest dower, My unfrequented flower, Deserving be.

1945

#### 1735

One crown that no one seeks And yet the highest head

[703]

Its isolation coveted Its stigma deified

While Pontius Pilate lives In whatsoever hell That coronation pierces him He recollects it well.

1945

## 1736

Proud of my broken heart, since thou didst break it, Proud of the pain I did not feel till thee,

Proud of my night, since thou with moons dost slake it, Not to partake thy passion, my humility.

Thou can'st not boast, like Jesus, drunken without companion Was the strong cup of anguish brewed for the Nazarene

Thou can'st not pierce tradition with the peerless puncture, See! I usurped thy crucifix to honor mine!

1947

## 1737

Rearrange a "Wife's" affection! When they dislocate my Brain! Amputate my freckled Bosom! Make me bearded like a man!

Blush, my spirit, in thy Fastness –
Blush, my unacknowledged clay –
Seven years of troth have taught thee
More than Wifehood ever may!

Love that never leaped its socket – Trust entrenched in narrow pain – Constancy thro' fire – awarded – Anguish – bare of anodyne!

Burden – borne so far triumphant – None suspect me of the crown,

[704]

For I wear the "Thorns" till Sunset -Then - my Diadem put on.

Big my Secret but it's bandaged – It will never get away Till the Day its Weary Keeper Leads it through the Grave to thee.

1945

## 1738

Softened by Time's consummate plush, How sleek the woe appears That threatened childhood's citadel And undermined the years.

Bisected now, by bleaker griefs, We envy the despair That devastated childhood's realm, So easy to repair.

1896

#### 1739

Some say goodnight – at night – I say goodnight by day – Good-bye – the Going utter me – Goodnight, I still reply –

For parting, that is night, And presence, simply dawn – Itself, the purple on the height Denominated morn.

1929

#### 1740

Sweet is the swamp with its secrets, Until we meet a snake; 'Tis then we sigh for houses, And our departure take

[ 705 ]

At that enthralling gallop That only childhood knows. A snake is summer's treason, And guile is where it goes.

#### 1741

That it will never come again Is what makes life so sweet. Believing what we don't believe Does not exhilarate.

That if it be, it be at best An ablative estate— This instigates an appetite Precisely opposite.

## 1742

The distance that the dead have gone Does not at first appear —
Their coming back seems possible For many an ardent year.

And then, that we have followed them, We more than half suspect, So intimate have we become With their dear retrospect.

# 1743

The grave my little cottage is, Where "Keeping house" for thee I make my parlor orderly And lay the marble tea.

For two divided, briefly, A cycle, it may be,

[ 706 ]

Till everlasting life unite In strong society.

1896

1896

#### 1744

The joy that has no stem nor core, Nor seed that we can sow, Is edible to longing, But ablative to show.

By fundamental palates Those products are preferred Impregnable to transit And patented by pod.

1945

1945

## 1745

The mob within the heart Police cannot suppress The riot given at the first Is authorized as peace

Uncertified of scene Or signified of sound But growing like a hurricane In a congenial ground.

1945

1896

# 1746

The most important population Unnoticed dwell, They have a heaven each instant Not any hell.

Their names, unless you know them, 'Twere useless tell.

[707]

Of bumble-bees and other nations The grass is full.

1945

## 1747

The parasol is the umbrella's daughter, And associates with a fan While her father abuts the tempest And abridges the rain.

The former assists a siren
In her screne display;
But her father is borne and honored,
And borrowed to this day.

1945

# 1748

The reticent volcano keeps His never slumbering plan – Confided are his projects pink To no precarious man.

If nature will not tell the tale Jehovah told to her Can human nature not survive Without a listener?

Admonished by her buckled lips Let every babbler be The only secret people keep Is Immortality.

1896

# 1749

The waters chased him as he fled, Not daring look behind— A billow whispered in his Ear, "Come home with me, my friend—

[708]

My parlor is of shriven glass, My pantry has a fish For every palate in the Year" – To this revolting bliss The object floating at his side Made no distinct reply.

1945

## 1750

The words the happy say Are paltry melody But those the silent feel Are beautiful –

1945

## 1751

There comes an hour when begging stops, When the long interceding lips Perceive their prayer is vain. "Thou shalt not" is a kinder sword Than from a disappointing God "Disciple, call again."

1945

#### 1752

This docile one inter
While we who dare to live
Arraign the sunny brevity
That sparkled to the Grave

On her departing span
No wilderness remain
As dauntless in the House of Death
As if it were her own—

#### 1753

Through those old Grounds of memory, The sauntering alone Is a divine intemperance A prudent man would shun. Of liquors that are vended 'Tis easy to beware But statutes do not meddle With the internal bar. Pernicious as the sunset Permitting to pursue But impotent to gather, The tranquil perfidy Alloys our firmer moments With that severest gold Convenient to the longing But otherwise withheld.

#### 1754

To lose thee – sweeter than to gain All other hearts I knew. "Tis true the drought is destitute, But then, I had the dew!

The Caspian has its realms of sand, Its other realm of sea. Without the sterile perquisite, No Caspian could be.

# 1755

To make a prairie it takes a clover and one bee, One clover, and a bee, And revery. The revery alone will do, If bees are few. Twas here my summer paused What ripeness after then To other scene or other soul My sentence had begun.

To winter to remove With winter to abide Go manacle your icicle Against your Tropic Bride.

1945

#### 1757

Upon the gallows hung a wretch,
Too sullied for the hell
To which the law entitled him.
As nature's curtain fell
The one who bore him tottered in, –
For this was woman's son.
"'Twas all I had," she stricken gaspedOh, what a livid boon!

1896

## 1758

Where every bird is bold to go And bees abashless play, The foreigner before he knocks Must thrust the tears away.

1896

#### 1759

Which misses most,
The hand that tends,
Or heart so gently borne,
'Tis twice as heavy as it was
Because the hand is gone?

[711]

1945

1896

Which blesses most,
The lip that can,
Or that that went to sleep
With "if I could" endeavoring
Without the strength to shape?

1945

## 1760

Elysium is as far as to The very nearest Room If in that Room a Friend await Felicity or Doom –

What fortitude the Soul contains, That it can so endure The accent of a coming Foot – The opening of a Door –

c. 1882

## 1761

A train went through a burial gate, A bird broke forth and sang, And trilled, and quivered, and shook his throat Till all the churchyard rang;

And then adjusted his little notes, And bowed and sang again. Doubtless, he thought it meet of him To say good-by to men.

1890

# 1762

Were nature mortal lady
Who had so little time
To pack her trunk and order
The great exchange of clime –

[712]

How rapid, how momentous -What exigencies were -But nature will be ready And have an hour to spare.

To make some trifle fairer
That was too fair before –
Enchanting by remaining,
And by departure more.

1898

1763 -

Fame is a bee.
It has a song —
It has a sting —
Ah, too, it has a wing.

1898

# 1764

The saddest noise, the sweetest noise, The maddest noise that grows, – The birds, they make it in the spring, At night's delicious close.

Between the March and April line – That magical frontier Beyond which summer hesitates, Almost too heavenly near.

It makes us think of all the dead That sauntered with us here, By separation's sorcery Made cruelly more dear.

It makes us think of what we had, And what we now deplore. We almost wish those siren throats Would go and sing no more.

An ear can break a human heart As quickly as a spear,

[713]

We wish the ear had not a heart So dangerously near.

1898

1765

That Love is all there is, Is all we know of Love; It is enough, the freight should be Proportioned to the groove.

1914

1766

Those final Creatures, — who they are — That, faithful to the close, Administer her ecstasy, But just the Summer knows.

1914

1767

Sweet hours have perished here; This is a mighty room; Within its precincts hopes have played, Now shadows in the tomb.

1924

1768

Lad of Athens, faithful be To Thyself, And Mystery – All the rest is Perjury –

c. 1883

1769

The longest day that God appoints Will finish with the sun.

[714]

Anguish can travel to its stake,
And then it must return.

1894 1770 Experiment escorts us last -His pungent company Will not allow an Axiom An Opportunity c. 1870 1945 1771 How fleet - how indiscreet an one. How always wrong is Love -The joyful little Deity We are not scourged to serve c. 1881 1945 1772 Let me not thirst with this Hock at my Lip, Nor beg, with Domains in my Pocket c. 1881 1945 1773 The Summer that we did not prize, Her treasures were so easy Instructs us by departing now And recognition lazy-Bestirs itself - puts on its Coat, And scans with fatal promptness For Trains that moment out of sight, Unconscious of his smartness. c. 1883 1945

[715]

Too happy Time dissolves itself And leaves no remnant by – 'Tis Anguish not a Feather hath Or too much weight to fly –

c. 1870

1945

### 1775

The earth has many keys. Where melody is not Is the unknown peninsula. Beauty is nature's fact.

But witness for her land, And witness for her sea, The cricket is her utmost Of elegy to me.

1945

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Thomas H. Johnson

Lawrenceville, New Jersey 4 April 1960

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### Previous Collections

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- Ancestors' Brocades. By Millicent Todd Bingham. New York: Harper, 1945.
- Bolts of Melody. Edited by Mabel Loomis Todd and Millicent Todd Bingham. New York: Harper, 1945.
- The Complete Poems of Emily Dickinson. Edited by Martha Dickinson Bianchi and Alfred Leete Hampson. Boston: Little, Brown, 1924.
- The Poems of Emily Dickinson. Edited by Martha Dickinson Bianchi and Alfred Leete Hampson. Boston: Little, Brown, 1930.
- Emily Dickinson Face to Face: Unpublished Letters with Notes and Reminiscences. By Martha Dickinson Bianchi. Boston: Houghton Mifflin, 1932.
- Emily Dickinson's Letters to Dr. and Mrs. Josiah Gilbert Holland. Edited by Theodora Van Wagenen Ward. Cambridge: Harvard University Press, 1951.
- Further Poems of Emily Dickinson. Edited by Martha Dickinson Bianchi and Alfred Leete Hampson. Boston: Little, Brown, 1929.
- Letters of Emily Dickinson. Edited by Mabel Loomis Todd. 2 vols. Boston: Roberts Brothers, 1894.
- Letters of Emily Dickinson. New and enlarged edition. Edited by Mabel Loomis Todd. New York: Harper, 1931.
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- Poems by Emily Dickinson, Second Series. Edited by T. W. Higginson and Mabel Loomis Todd. Boston: Roberts Brothers, 1891.
- Poems by Emily Dickinson, Third Series. Edited by Mabel Loomis Todd. Boston: Roberts Brothers, 1896.
- Poems by Emily Dickinson. Edited by Martha Dickinson Bianchi and Alfred Leete Hampson. Boston: Little, Brown, 1937.
- The Single Hound. Edited by Martha Dickinson Bianchi. Boston: Little, Brown, 1914.
- Unpublished Poems of Emily Dickinson. Edited by Martha Dickinson Bianchi and Alfred Leete Hampson. Boston: Little, Brown, 1935.

# Indexes

## Subject Index

The principal purpose of this index is to aid the reader in finding a desired poem. Since there are no titles, and the arrangement is chronological, the index of first lines alone does not provide adequate means of recognition. The subject index is not intended to fill the place of a concordance, nor should it be regarded as an attempt at interpretation of the poems. It is a classification based principally on key words in the poems themselves. In instances in which the whole content is stated in terms of imagery, the image itself, rather than the meaning, is used as a heading. An example of this is seen in the list of poems under the heading *Grown*.

It will be noted that certain large groups, such as those headed Life, Love, and Death, contain the bulk of the poems. In some instances, however, a poem listed under one of these headings will have also an entry under one or more categories. For example, "Death is a dialogue between/The spirit and the Dust" is entered under Death, Spirit, and Dust.

Under each main heading will be found first the numbers of the poems whose entire content is clearly on the subject given. These include poems of definition and description, and they are entered in numerical order, without subheadings. Following these, under separate subheadings, are the poems that represent special aspects of the main subject and those in which only a part of the content can be so classified. The order of the subheadings is governed by the numerical order of the poems they refer to, each new subheading being followed by the least number in its group, and the numerical sequence is followed also within the groups. When not more than five or six poems appear under a main subject, the subheadings have been for the most

part eliminated, though sometimes a qualifying subheading has seemed desirable for the sake of clarity.

Another means of identification is offered under the headings Names mentioned in the poems and Places mentioned in the poems. Although names and places seldom represent the subjects of the poems, the author's use of such names as Cato and Carlo, Brazil and Himmaleh is often striking enough to linger in the memory. The heading Names rather than Persons was chosen since the list includes fictional and mythological as well as historical characters. The heading Persons has been used elsewhere with a more direct significance for a group of character sketches and verses dealing directly with personalities.

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